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DAUGHTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

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WHEN the young husband and wife, Prince Albert and Queen Victoria, began to consider the education and upbringing of their family, the memories of their own early years were much in their minds. These experiences were remarkably dissimilar: indeed the only point in common was that they both had known the care of one parent only.

Albert and his elder brother Ernest were brought up as motherless children by their father Duke Ernest of Coburg, and their grandmother, and Albert had only the dimmest recollection of his divorced mother. He was an extremely conscientious little boy, and recorded in his infant diary his various small naughtinesses and his tearful remorse for them. He was as studious as he was conscientious, and before he entered his teens he drew up for himself so strenuous a timetable of his lessons that no Board of Education of to-day would have permitted it to be used in schools. He was devoted to his relations, and his boyhood, consecrated to the acquisition of learning, was extremely happy.

He had among these relations a very able uncle, his father's younger brother.

Uncle Leopold, three years before Albert's birth, had married into the English Royal Family, and his bride was Princess Charlotte of Wales, the only child of George, Prince of Wales, and heiress after her father to the throne of England. But she had died in giving birth to a stillborn child, and Uncle Leopold could therefore never become the husband of the Queen of England, or the father of the King. While Albert was in his early teens Uncle Leopold, after refusing the Crown of the Kingdom of Greece, had become King of the Belgians, and took the greatest interest in the fortunes of the family.

Albert's Aunt Victoria, Duchess of Kent, was the mother of Princess Victoria, a girl just three months older than himself, and by the time these two children were ten years old it had become a practical certainty that Victoria, if she lived, would become Queen of England. Albert understood while he was quite a young boy that Uncle Leopold and Aunt Victoria and his grandmother were making plans which concerned him and Cousin Victoria very closely, but he took little interest in these or in the female sex generally. As a young student at the

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Universities of Bonn and Brussels he was a good rider and he fenced well, but he regarded all forms of sport and physical exercise as merely the needful refreshment for a mind weary of study. He looked on social functions such as balls and evening parties, with their senseless chatter, as a great waste of time, and, when obliged to go to one, far preferred a conversation with a savant in a corner to dancing. He had been a very pretty boy, and was growing into an extremely handsome young man.

Very different were the conditions of life in the Royal Household at Kensington Palace in which Princess Victoria of Kent was being brought up. It consisted, as regards her earliest impressions, of five persons: her widowed mother, the Duchess of Kent, whose husband had died when the Princess was a baby eight months old; her daughter by a previous marriage, Feodore, nine years older than her half-sister Victoria, who adored her; the governess of the two girls, Fräulein Lehzen; an Irishman, Sir John Conroy, who had been an equerry of the Duke of Kent's, and was now Controller of the Duchess's Household; and, most potentially important of them all, the Princess Victoria herself, a plain child, but of exuberant vitality. She gobbled her food, she laughed with wide-open mouth, she was naughty and self-willed and hated her lessons, but loved all forms of activity and diversion, her pony, her dogs, her dolls' house, dancing, the play and the opera. When she was seven years old her beloved Feodore, now approaching marriageable age, was taken back to Germany by the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, her grandmother and Albert's, and Victoria was left alone under the care of these three invigilants, with a troupe of tutors to give her the education suitable to a little girl who would one day be Queen of England.

Albert would have reveled in this life, which afforded such opportunities for acquiring knowledge, but to Victoria, in spite of diversions, it was a sad and

lonely childhood. The Duchess was very strict with her two daughters, but there was something more than that, felt by Feodore then, and felt by Victoria also when she grew a little older. This was their mother's dependence on Sir John Conroy. Charles Greville, the most scandalous of the world's best diarists, duly commented on this. He reports a conversation he had with the Duke of Wellington in which he asked him whether he believed that the Duchess was Conroy's mistress, and the Duke said he supposed that was so.

That such was the mischievous tittle-tattle of scandalmongers was certainly the case, and our most injudicious Duchess gave ample cause for the wagging of unfriendly tongues. It must be remembered, on the other hand, that until Victoria ascended the throne at the age of eighteen she always slept in her mother's room, which seems an unlikely arrangement to be made by a mother who was carrying on a secret intrigue.

By day and night Victoria was under the scrutinizing eye of her invigilants; she lived as on a desert island encompassed with guards. Lehzen was a friendly guard, but Lehzen loathed Conroy, and there were thus two camps in that small and isolated household. The mother, with Conroy at her elbow, was far too strict with the girl; indeed, after her death in 1861, when the Queen read the Duchess's diaries of those early years, she was filled with amazement and remorse to find that they breathed the tenderest love and solicitude for her. She had never suspected that beneath that crust of hardness and severity there glowed this deep affection.

It was not only in the domestic ordering of her house that the Duchess showed a great want of wisdom in her daughter's upbringing, but in her conduct towards Victoria's relations as well. Her position was a very difficult one, and she made the worst of it. Her brothers-in-law disliked the Duchess personally; they were jealous of her and of her fatherless child;

and instead of attempting to conciliate them, or behaving in a manner befitting the mother of a little girl between whom and the throne there still stood two of her uncles, she gave herself airs of ludicrous self-importance, as if she were the mother of the Queen already, and responded to their dislike with petty defiance.

When Princess Victoria was just seventeen, her uncles on both sides of the family simultaneously made the first definite moves with regard to her marriage. Her Uncle William (who had now succeeded his brother George IV to the throne) wanted her to marry Prince Alexander, the younger son of the Prince of Orange, and invited him and his brother to Windsor; and the Duchess of Kent, instigated by Leopold, asked her brother, Duke Ernest of Coburg, to bring his two sons Ernest and Albert to stay with her at Kensington Palace for a visit of three weeks. King William in a fury said he would not allow the Coburg aspirants to set foot in England, but there was no statute in the law of the land which could enable him to act, and the Coburgs braved the royal displeasure and came. All four young men danced with the Princess at the ball her mother gave on Victoria's birthday, but Albert in her eyes excelled them all in charm and beauty and intellect and gayety. She had never seen him before, but both the young people knew what Uncle Leopold hoped, and her heart thrilled with maidenly ecstasy.

On the tearful morning of the cousins' departure she wrote to Uncle Leopold: 'I must thank you, my beloved Uncle, for the prospect of *great* happiness you have contributed to give me in the person of dear Albert. He possesses every quality that could be desired to make me perfectly happy. He is so sensible, so kind, and so good, and so amiable, too. He has, besides, the most pleasing and delightful exterior and appearance you can possibly see. I have only now to beg you, my dearest Uncle, to take care of

the health of one now so *dear* to me, and to take him under *your special* protection.'

Again the isolating rigor of her mother's control closed round Princess Victoria for one more winter of discontent. She continued to write in her diary those minute elaborate entries which were proper for her mother to see, and kept to herself all that she silently brooded over in the heart through which ran a vein of iron. Next May, being eighteen years old, she came of age, and the King wrote his niece an autograph letter assigning her an income of £10,000 a year independent of her mother. He sent Lord Conyngham to Kensington Palace, with instructions to deliver this personally to Princess Victoria. Sir John Conroy received him, and when he had explained his errand the Controller of the Household admitted him into the room where the mother and daughter awaited him. The Duchess asked for the letter to be given to her, but Lord Conyngham said it was for the Princess. When the Duchess learned its contents she made her final *gaffe*. She would still be paying all the expenses of Victoria's board, lodging, and education, and she claimed that £6000 of this grant ought to go to her.

But the days of her domination were over: a month later the King died, and there was no longer any question whether Victoria should have an independent income of £10,000 a year or £4000. The Queen of England had long thought over what she intended to do when this day came. At six that morning she went alone, without her mother, to see the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, who had come from Windsor to announce to her the King's death. She received Lord Melbourne alone three hours later, and subsequently four officers of State. At intervals throughout the day she had interviews with Baron Stockmar, whom Uncle Leopold had sent to England in anticipation of the King's death, and to whom

he had enjoined her to give her complete confidence. She ordered that her bed should be taken out of her mother's room, and established herself in a suite of her own. She dined alone, she said a dutiful good-night to her mother; and for the first time in her life she slept alone in her own room.

No one, least of all perhaps her mother, had suspected that this homely little girl with the projecting blue eyes and the mouth that she opened so very wide when she laughed had such an indomitable will. Her complete self-reliance, her immense personal dignity, amazed all who came in contact with her, and she took up the power and responsibility of sovereignty as if she had been Queen all her life. To her mother she was ruthless in intention and in act. The Duchess had looked forward to the day when Victoria would be Queen of England and she herself the honored counselor and friend, directing and guiding the Queen and perhaps paying back with bitter interest the snubs which she had undergone from Victoria's relations and which her own lack of wisdom had so largely brought upon her. Instead, she ceased to exist; her life was blighted at the precise moment when she imagined it would burst into flower. As for Conroy, the Queen conferred on him a baronetcy and a pension of £3000 a year for his services to her parents and never spoke to him again. She was Queen: her mother knew that now, and in the years to come her children would know it also.

But, with all her native dominance, Victoria demanded throughout her life to have by her some man whose judgment she could trust, or on whom she depended for her sense of comfort. Since her early girlhood she had exalted Uncle Leopold to the oracular seat; now she deposed him and established Lord Melbourne in his place as counselor. 'Dear Uncle,' as she subsequently wrote, 'is given to believe that he must rule the roast everywhere. However, that is not a necessity.' And there was a project

on which Uncle's heart was set which she did not want to discuss.

It was the only subject which affected her intimately on which she could not make up her mind. She was twenty now, and three years had elapsed since the birthday party and ball her mother had given at Kensington Palace when Albert had made so engaging an impression. She had not seen him since, and neither of them had yet shown any desire to meet again. Her life had undergone an enormous change since then: she hugely enjoyed being Queen of England, and she was not sure she would like to be under a husband's control as a dutiful wife must be. But in the meantime Albert was being kept dangling, and he had intimated that he did not intend to dangle forever. Eventually she consented to see him again, on the understanding that she was absolutely free to refuse him. In October 1839, he came to Windsor with his brother Ernest, equally determined that she must say the word now or forever hold her peace. At the first sight of him all hesitation was over. He was perfection; she loved him more than she could say.

The marriage took place in February 1840. The Queen had ordained that they should have only two days of uninterrupted solitude at Windsor for their honeymoon, and when Albert, fearful of being plunged so soon into the pomp of Court life, asked for a small extension, she was very much the Queen. 'You have not at all understood the matter,' she wrote to him. 'You forget, my dearest love, that I am the Sovereign and that business can stop and wait for nothing. Parliament is sitting, and something occurs almost every day for which I may be required.' So after two days the Court and the Queen's Ministers and her mother and Lehzen streamed down on them, and the honeymoon was over. It is strange to think how completely in later years the Queen ceased to regard the sessions of Parliament as a reason for her presence in London.

II

On November 21, the Queen gave birth to her first child, a daughter. According to the barbaric usage of the day, Ministers of the Crown, with Archbishop Howley of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, were assembled in the room adjoining that in which the Queen was in unanæsthetized labor, the door of which was open. There was a little disappointment when Dr. Locock, who was within with the midwife and Prince Albert, was heard saying to the mother, 'Oh, Madam, it is a Princess!' but a confident voice from the bed answered him, 'Well, next time it will be a Prince.'

Then the newborn girl was brought out on a tray as Nature had just made her, so that the Lords temporal and spiritual might see with their eyes and hear with their ears (for the young lady seemed vexed) that there was now an heiress in the direct line to the throne of England, and the distinguished company dispersed congratulating themselves that another life intervened before the detestable Hanoverian Ogre, Ernest Duke of Cumberland, uncle of the Queen and now King of Hanover, could ascend the throne of England. Uncle Leopold was equally delighted. But he did not say quite the right thing when he hoped that she would presently be the Mama '*d'une nombreuse famille*.' She told him that such was not her wish. Childbearing involved 'hardship and inconvenience' to herself (men seldom thought of that) and her country would not welcome a *nombreuse famille* any more than she.

Within a year there was another addition to the family. No Prince of Wales had been born to the Sovereign for eighty years, and the only discontent was that of Albert Edward's sister, who was not at all pleased with her brother. The Queen was sure that everybody, like herself, must fervently pray that he should 'resemble his angelic dearest father in *every, every* respect, both

in body and mind.' Bertie, however, showed no signs of precocity, and when in the autumn his parents came back to Windsor from their first visit to Scotland it was a disappointment to find him so little grown either in mind or in body.

Before the Princess Royal was three years old the general lines of education for the children were established. Sarah, Lady Lyttelton, was the President of the Board, and under her (for the present) were three governesses, English, German, and French, who, as the children were weaned from the nursery, would teach them their lessons and look after them at their play. These governesses were very trustworthy women, and all of them were allowed to seek audience with the parents and lay before them any small problem that might arise about their charges. The Queen, remembering her sad childhood at Kensington Palace with its camps and its factions, was delighted with the freedom and openness of these arrangements.

But she longed for some *angulus terrae* to which she could retire without ceasing to be Queen and which should be her own personal property. In 1843 she purchased Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight, with eight hundred acres of ground, subsequently increased to two thousand. The house was far too small, and it was at once demolished; and then came an added, a consecrated joy, for Albert, with the professional assistance of that rising architect Mr. Cubitt, planned a residence suited to the dignity of the Queen.

This same year a second daughter was born to the Queen, Princess Alice, a very plump and sunny child, on whom her father, who now made the most apposite English puns, bestowed the nickname of Fatima. While Osborne was still in the throes of decoration and fresco, a second son was born, Prince Alfred. A son of Albert's would succeed to the Dukedom of Coburg, and, since the Prince of Wales was earmarked for the

throne of England, Alfred would inherit. He was a robust, skylarking boy, and, more fortunate than his elder brother in being allowed to have a profession, he was to enter the English Navy as soon as he was old enough to become a naval cadet. Two more daughters, the Princesses Helena and Louise; two more sons, the Princes Arthur and Leopold, brought the offspring up to eight; and finally the birth of Princess Beatrice in 1857 completed the tale of a family which might now be considered *nombreuse*. The Queen had gladly suffered all the hardship and inconvenience of a loving wife, and it would soon be the nation's business, according to precedent, to provide for the dignified maintenance of her offspring.

During this long period of fertility she had positively gloated over the happiness in the family circle. Albert remained perfection; never once did he cast an admiring glance on any other woman, and throughout the years of her marriage the greatest domestic trial she ever experienced was when on his father's death he went to Coburg for a fortnight without her. 'I have never been separated from him,' she wrote to Uncle Leopold, 'even for *one night*, and the *thought* of such a separation is quite dreadful. If I were to remain *quite* alone, I do not think I *could* bear it quietly. . . . I may be indiscreet, but you must think of *what* the separation from my *all* in *all*, even only for a fortnight, will be to me.'

The Hanoverian dynasty, she once exclaimed, was finished. Henceforth the Royal Family of England were the House of Victoria and Albert. But this doting did not extend to her children; few women indeed, if any, can fill the rôle of adoring wife and adoring mother with equal intensity. She was very fond of her children, so said the admirable Lady Lyttelton, but she was very strict with them. And mixed with their dutiful love towards her there was a very con-

siderable awe. Mama's wish must also be looked upon as the Queen's will.

The early years of the young family, particularly of the elder girls, must have been extremely happy. They adored their father and were at ease with him, and in Pussie, now promoted to the more dignified name of Vicky, he found a mind which in many respects exactly mirrored his own. She loved her lessons, she was quick to learn and retentive of memory; she had strong artistic tastes, even as he had; and while she was yet scarcely in her teens she was in these ways far more a companion to him than his wife. Victoria panted after him, glowing with admiration, but she did not care as Vicky cared for prolonged browsing on the subjects to which his mind instinctively turned in moments of leisure.

The Queen thought Vicky a plain child, whereas, without being beautiful, she had a most charming and attractive face. Alice, once Fatima, both parents were agreed was the beauty of the family, and unfortunately they both agreed that Bertie was backward and stupid. He had become very shy and timid with his father, and whereas Lady Lyttelton's report of him, when he was still under the sway of governesses, was that he was singularly truthful, a rather later verdict was that he was much given to telling fibs. That is one of the unfortunate effects of a child's fear of a parent who, even from the highest motives, is too apt to mark what is done amiss.

On Prince Albert's birthday the children always produced for their father evidence of their progress in various forms of art. He listened to their recitations, their performances on the piano and violin, and they made him presents of their needlework, their sketches, and their essays in composition, and jointly they gave their parents delightful surprises of a more elaborate sort. Where Bertie was concerned, Prince Albert was quicker to censure than to approve, and he took a very gloomy view of the boy's character and abilities.

Albert was not a clubbable man: to sit talking for the mere sake of human intercourse was to him a waste of time, when he might have been reading a book. He concluded, therefore, that anybody who liked to sit talking with his fellows, unless some useful discussion occupied their tongues, was idling. The only book that Albert never cared to study was the book of human nature; nor did he consider that anything worth learning could be drawn from it. A huge destiny awaited Bertie, and it was his father's duty to fit him for it by cramming him, like a Strasbourg goose, with the nutriment which Albert himself would have so eagerly assimilated. Except under strict supervision, Bertie was never allowed to consort with boys of his own age. Tutors prowled round him, like the hosts of Midian, and sent regular and unsatisfactory reports of his progress to a genuinely distressed Papa. So, in the domestic life which the Queen found quite idyllic, there was always this discordant note, and it is strange that she, remembering her own sad childhood, did not remonstrate with her husband about this régime of snubs and strictness. And yet how could she? Albert to her was the incarnation of wisdom, and all his judgments were true. It was not till many years after her husband's death that she began to see in her son the value of these genial qualities which Albert had despised.

The desire for remote domesticity grew. Osborne was too easily accessible, the Isle of Wight was almost suburban, and the Queen wanted some wilder and more untrammelled home. She rented a small Highland castle at Balmoral on Deeside; the distance from London was an advantage rather than otherwise. Here she could live the simple life with Albert and the children among glens and lochs and mountains. There was deer stalking for Albert, who made an exception in favor of that form of sport, which he found fatiguing but most interesting. For herself there were visits to the croft-

ers with presents of tea and petticoats, and there were picnics on the hill, and they made great excursions to the wildest unpopulated districts, staying incognito in country inns with only a lady and gentleman in attendance, and dining off skinny chickens. She purchased the house, with an estate of 25,000 acres, and Albert planned yet another paradise for her. Down came the little Scotch castle, and in its place there rose from his architectural designs a more royal abode built of granite and bristling with turrets, like a German *Schloss*.

In the spring of 1855 Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie paid a State visit to England. The Queen and Prince Albert returned the visit in August, taking with them their two eldest children, the Princess Royal, now fourteen years old, and the Prince of Wales, a year younger. The Queen was completely bowled over by their enthusiastic reception in Paris and the brilliance of the fêtes in their honor, and found the Emperor amazingly attractive. She would have been sadly disconcerted had she known that the impression of Paris formed by her small and (she was afraid) stupid son would have a far greater effect on the future relations of the two countries than her own presence.

III

Straight from the dazzle and pomp of Paris, the four returned to the simple life at Balmoral, occupying the new castle for the first time. The earliest guest they received there was Prince Frederick William of Prussia, eldest son of Prince William of Prussia, and nephew of the childless king. Prince Frederick had visited England once before, on the occasion of the Great Exhibition in 1851, and, though their eldest daughter was then only a girl of ten, she had roused in him remote matrimonial dreams.

The girl was not yet fifteen, but he had already obtained the consent of his parents and of King Frederick William

to his proposing marriage. He at once made up his mind, and duly asked her parents' leave. She was a little young yet to make so momentous a decision, and the Queen suggested that he should wait until Vicky was a little older and had been confirmed. But he wanted it settled now, and, perhaps remorsefully remembering how long she had kept Albert dangling, she allowed him to indicate his intentions by the delicate device of picking a sprig of white heather and presenting it to the girl with 'an allusion to his hopes.' Vicky responded in the most direct manner to this allusion, but then, appalled at her own unmaidenly conduct, went in floods of tears to her parents and confessed. As she had done exactly as they desired, they found no difficulty in forgiving her.

Both Albert and the Queen, in spite of her recent infatuation with Paris and the Emperor Napoleon, were strongly pro-German, as from their almost unmixed German blood was only natural, and they had long believed that a very great expansion was coming to the State of Prussia and its paltry dynasty. Prince Albert some years before had written one of his most thoughtful memoranda for the benefit of the King, recommending certain liberal reforms in the constitution of the State. Now he envisaged a Confederation of German States, under the controlling hegemony of Prussia allied with England. Prussia would develop into a Continental Power of huge military strength, and, with England's invincible command of the sea, the two would keep the peace of Europe inviolate. Both would be inspired by enlightened and liberal aims, and an era of progress and prosperity, of free trade and commerce, as foreshadowed by the Great Exhibition, would dawn on a distracted world. His aspirations were that his daughter, through her influence over her husband, should advance liberal and democratic policies, the comprehension of which in Prussia would automatically draw the two countries together.

The betrothal was formally made public in May 1857, and in the Queen's message to Parliament announcing it she asked that such provision be made for her daughter 'as was suitable to the dignity of the Crown and the honor of the country.' This was the first occasion on which the country had been asked to contribute to the support of the *nombreuse famille*, now consisting of nine members, and there was a little uneasiness as to what the response might be. The Government did not feel sure that the dowry of £40,000, with an annuity of £8000, which they intended to ask for the Princess Royal would be granted very graciously; it would be much wiser not to present to the country the total estimate of its future indebtedness. But all went well: only fourteen members of the House of Commons voted against the grant, and the Prince regarded this as practical unanimity, inspired by the respect of the nation for the Crown. It also established a useful precedent for the numerous applications which would be made in the future.

The marriage was fixed for January 25, 1858. The alliance with the paltry dynasty was still not popular in England, and Prussia did not feel unduly honored. Prussia had her suspicions: she wondered if there was a plot being hatched for her Anglicization. As if to test that in an inconspicuous manner, the Prussian Foreign Minister called on the British Ambassador in Berlin some months before the wedding and told him that it was the custom for Princes of the House of Hohenzollern to be married in Berlin. This impertinent suggestion was duly conveyed to the Queen, who dealt with it in the most summary manner: 'Whatever may be the custom of Prussian Princes, it is not every day that one marries the eldest daughter of the Queen of England. The question therefore must be considered settled and closed.'

The Queen decided that the wedding should take place at the Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace. A week before the

date set a galaxy of royal personages and their suites arrived; they were so numerous that the Prince Consort wrote to the Dowager Duchess of Coburg that it would be a most dexterous feat to find room for them all 'in a very limited palace,' and that if he succeeded he was thinking of going on a professional tour as a conjurer. A unique festival of entertainment ensued. One night there was a gala performance at Her Majesty's Theatre of *Macbeth*, followed by a farce, *Twice Killed*. 'We made,' wrote the Queen in her diary, 'a wonderful row of royalties.' Next evening there was a State Ball, and the evening after a gala performance of Balfe's *Rose of Castile*, with another farce. There was a State Dinner, with Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir to sing afterwards. Then on Saturday the bridegroom arrived. After lunch the whole royal company attended a demonstration by Mr. Rarey of his method of taming vicious horses, and after dinner there was a performance of *Sonnambula*.

Sunday was spent in worship and rest, and on Monday the wedding was celebrated: 'the second most eventful day in my life,' wrote the Queen, 'as regards feelings.' She noticed how small the 'old' Royal Family had become, but the young Royal Family, the dynasty of Victoria and Albert, more than made up for that dwindling. She walked with her two eldest sons, one on each side of her ('which they say had a most touching effect'), and the three eldest girls followed. All was happiness and joy at this wedding of the first of her children, and she felt that she could have embraced everybody. The newly married couple went for two days of solitude to Windsor, and there was a State Concert at Buckingham Palace.

Princess Frederick was received very cordially in Berlin; she had youth and charm and intelligence, and her new relations and the high circles were most willing to give her a fair chance. At the same time she was the centre of a circle of critical eyes, who watched her very

closely. Bismarck was still at the German Embassy in Paris, and did not come to Berlin for four years yet, but he saw her there soon after her marriage, and was at once aware from his own observation and from what he heard that she was prejudiced against him because of his 'alleged anti-English feelings.' His verdict, however, was conditionally favorable and agreed with the general impressions. He did justice to her charm and intelligence; he noted, with equal justice, that she was not clever at concealing her real sentiments; and he wrote to General Gerlach: 'If the Princess can leave the Englishwoman at home and become a Prussian, she may be a blessing to the country.' But to leave the Englishwoman at home was just what the Princess could not bring herself to do, and what her parents would not permit.

Her father continued his tutorial offices, writing to her every week long letters of advice, which could not have tended to Prussianize her: he told her that if her path of life was not always smooth, she must take such trials as designed to strengthen her mind and 'not be seduced by familiarity into approval of that which, while it was unfamiliar, the reason could not recognize as good or fitting.' In fact she must not adapt herself to new ways. To her mother she wrote, as desired, every day of her life. This policy of not leaving her alone was the worst possible: the Queen wished to exercise over her the old maternal authority, and the Prince backed that up by telling her, 'Your place is that of your husband's wife and your mother's daughter. You will desire nothing else, but you will also forego nothing which you owe to your husband and your mother.'

The only chance of the Princess's drawing England and Germany together was that she must first win the confidence of her adopted country. To do that she must understand it, and the way of understanding lies in appreciation rather than criticism. To be sure, she was very young and needed guidance,

but she should have sought that from her husband's parents rather than her own, not only because they knew better what Prussia expected (and did not expect) from her princesses, but because the fact of her seeking it from them would have roused in them the kindly protectiveness of which she stood in need. To do otherwise could only result in her influence over her husband alienating him from them. This was exactly what happened, and herein lay the primary cause of her troubles and her tragedy.

A fortnight before the expected birth of the Princess's first baby in the following January, the Queen sent out her favorite physician, Sir James Clark, so that an English eye should watch over her; an English nurse followed, and the Prince Consort would have liked his old tutor, Baron Stockmar, to go to Berlin also for the event. The delivery was very difficult; it was doubtful whether either mother or son would survive, and not till two days afterwards was it discovered that the baby's left shoulder was so seriously injured that, in spite of all subsequent treatment, Prince William's arm remained permanently powerless.

IV

At home, meantime, the rest of the family were growing up. The Prince of Wales, in the pangs of unmitigated education, had been sent for a winter to Rome under the care of General Bruce, and on his return to England he was placed at Edinburgh University to fill up in study the months of the deplorably long vacation before he went to Oxford.

Since Princess Frederick's marriage, Alice had been the eldest daughter at home, and the mother in her diary always speaks of Alice with the warmest affection, as the greatest comfort to her and a treasure of a child. But mixed with her affection was that maternal possessiveness with which the Queen always regarded her daughters. 'I shall not let her marry,' she wrote to Uncle

Leopold, 'as long as I can reasonably delay her doing so.'

Next to Alice came Alfred. If his elder brother was a disappointment, he did much to compensate for it. As destined for the Navy, he had to start early on his career, and was already lost to the permanent home circle. He came home when he was sixteen to be confirmed, and the Prince Consort was rejoiced to find that he had a brain 'in which no prejudice can maintain a footing against straightforward logic.' That was a boy after his own heart, and perhaps he turned with a sigh to the latest report from General Bruce about Bertie, now an undergraduate at Oxford. Bertie lived with his Governor and an equerry in a private house, Frewen Hall, under the strictest supervision. He did not attend lectures, but professors of the University came to instruct him privately in English literature, German literature, chemistry and modern languages, modern history, and ecclesiastical history. He was not allowed to mix with other young men or to dine in hall, except on special occasions, but, in spite of this invigilation and these bountiful opportunities for acquiring useful knowledge, he remained, as his father lamented, 'neither fish nor flesh.'

The Queen permitted her resolve to keep Princess Alice at home as long as she reasonably could to be remotely threatened the next year, but she had no intention of letting the threat develop into an act of aggression. She asked to her party at Windsor for Ascot week, in June 1860, Uncle Leopold and his two sons, and the two sons of Prince Charles of Hesse, brother to the childless Grand Duke. The Prince Consort noticed that the elder Hesse son, Louis, and Alice were mutually attracted, and he expected 'further advances from the young man's family.' He thought the Hesses a good respectable family, and they were well connected, for the Empress of Russia was Prince Charles's sister, and Louis was the heir presumptive to the

ancient Duchy and occupied in Hesse exactly the same position as did Prince Frederick in Prussia.

At the end of November, according to plan, Prince Louis was bidden to Windsor again, with just such an intention as that for which Prince Frederick of Prussia had been bidden to Balmoral, and one evening he asked Princess Alice to marry him. They went together to the parents, and with many embraces and 'squeezeings of hands' the engagement was permitted. But the young couple were told that the marriage could not take place for over a year yet.

The Queen was immensely pleased at the thought of having Louis, eventually, as a son-in-law. She found him good, amiable, honest, modest, warm-hearted, high-principled, and 'unassuming.' But Alice and Louis, though deeply in love with each other, must put off their marriage, and after that, since he was so desirable an inmate and had no particular duties at home, they would make their principal home in England, where Louis would have no duties at all. This was Mama's wish and the Queen's will, and Alice took it quietly and sensibly, like a dutiful daughter and a loyal subject.

Until the year 1861 the Queen had never lost anyone, friend or relation, to whom she was emotionally attached. But in March her mother, the Duchess of Kent, died after a short illness. Years ago the early estrangement between mother and daughter had passed and was forgotten, and since her marriage the Queen had long been on the most affectionate terms with the Duchess. Her grief was sincere and profound, but since her childhood the thought of death and all details connected with it had held a strange fascination for the Queen, and she wrote in her diary a minute account of the hours during which she watched by her mother's deathbed, of the associations they suggested, of the striking

of the clocks in the silent house, and especially of the chiming of the repeater watch in a tortoise-shell case which had belonged to her father, the sound of which had been so familiar to her when as a girl she had slept in her mother's room, but which she had not heard since the day of her accession.

Now, sleepless through the night, she heard once more the tinkled quarters, and it was just striking half-past nine in the morning when the breathing from the bed ceased. She held her mother's hand and kissed it, and Albert took her into the room next door. He brought to her the daughter with whom she was so loath to part, and left them together, saying to Alice, 'Comfort Mama.' To the girl that was a moment of self-dedication which she never forgot. Year after year, during her married life abroad, she wrote to her mother on that day renewing that vow, and telling her that neither time nor distance could ever loosen the dear obligation then laid on her by her father.

The Duchess's death produced an effect on the Queen that was strange to one possessed of so vigorous a vitality. She clung to her grief as if to something intrinsically precious in itself which must be cherished for its own sake, and she surrendered herself to the luxury of self-pity. Her doctors agreed that she must not attempt to make any effort. 'Long conversation, loud talking, the talking of many people together I *can't* bear yet, it must come *very* gradually.' Even the birthday of her youngest daughter three weeks later was most upsetting, because Beatrice's grandmother idolized her, and the presence of Louis was equally agitating: it made her 'long and pine' for her mother because she would have been so happy and proud. This fond embrace of sorrow foreshadowed the effect which the approaching tragedy of the Queen's life would have on her.

(To be continued)

AN ENGLISHMAN LOOKS AT THE STATES

BY GRAHAM HUTTON

I

TO-DAY, any visitor from the Old Country to the New is forced to jettison such ideas as the following: that American politics and business are imbued with a pioneer spirit of enterprise; that America is a 'young country' untrammelled by the traditions, conventions, and aspirations of Europe; that all the states beyond the eastern seaboard are solidly isolationist, uninstructed, and uncultivated; that the post-war generation of Americans is hectic, dynamic, and sure whither it is going.

In a country so vast, composed of racial and social groups varying between themselves as much as the nations of Europe, the visitor to the States to-day finds himself in an anomalous country — neither nation nor continent of nations; neither unitary State nor loose federation; neither quite young nor quite old in experience. And this country and its people he finds in the throes of a social, political, and economic convulsion, as critical for the future of America and Americans as anything which has yet developed in their three centuries of progress.

An English economist has certain advantages in trying to judge the significance of recent developments in the United States, and their probable effects. He comes from the oldest industrialized country in the world; from a country where the responsibility of the State for financial control and social security was

earliest developed; from a country in which both employers and employed have for long recognized that in a democracy stability of incomes, profits, and business activity is the paramount concern of government. In England the British version of the conflict between the A. F. of L. and the CIO — between the older craft organization of trade-unions and the later organization of the mass of workers in their industries — was settled in favor of the latter method as long ago as in 1889, when the casual laborers in the London Docks won their strike for an extra 6*d.*, the so-called 'dockers' tanner.' In England, again, the hand of the central government ramifies to all parts of the country, and into all branches of social and economic activity; for there are no States' rights, practically no conflicts of competence between central and local government bodies, the most highly integrated banking system in the world, and probably the most objective and efficient civil service.

Viewing American social, political, and economic problems from this standpoint, an Englishman runs the risk of transposing his terms from English experience to the American scene and of thinking them synonymous. This risk is increased by the use of what seems, at first sight, the same language. But the enormous differences of background and experience behind each of the two leading

Anglo-Saxon powers have necessarily altered the content of the same terms.

The task of the English observer is rendered still more difficult by another consideration. The United States has telescoped into eight years a process of social and economic development which in the European industrial countries has taken two generations. Secondly, no economist should assess the significance of such changes in economic terms alone.

Unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, sickness and incapacity benefits, the machinery of highly organized collective bargaining for wages and hours and the necessary statutory requirements, large-scale public works, the intensification of progressive taxation and of the machinery which distributes the national income between social and economic classes, and the influence upon domestic party politics of such rapid economic and legislative changes — all these innovations have taken place in the United States within the short space of eight years or so. And they have not taken place during the long-run development of booms and slumps, as in England, Sweden, or Germany. They have taken place during the worst slump in the whole history of America.

Since the beginning of 1933, President Roosevelt's two administrations have certainly adopted the supreme Anglo-Saxon motto, *Solvitur ambulando*. But America's problems in this worst social and economic depression have had to be solved, not while the economic system was walking along, but while it was being kicked, bullied, and coaxed along in violent and erratic progress.

II

My impressions of the social and economic scene in the United States must be judged by Americans in the light of these opening remarks. Undoubtedly, the most striking impression on my mind during the six months I was in the States was the surprising extent to

which Americans, American business and finance, American workers, have all become, like the British, obsessed with the idea of security in social and economic life. This may seem a hard saying. I can assure my American friends that it was as big a shock to me as it may now prove to them. I mean that American men and women from the age of twenty-one up to the age of about sixty seemed to me to have swung into line with the mentality which has prevailed ever since the war in both the propertied and the working classes of the chief industrial states of Europe. That mentality has ceaselessly demanded for twenty years, not rising standards of living, not continuously increasing profits and production, but a guarantee from the State of security and stability; security of wages and incomes, of profits and interest, of prices and production, of employment and investment. In thus demanding security, people have automatically demanded stability, not progress. And this differentiated America from Europe between 1922 and 1929.

But just for this reason what happened in the United States after 1929 is of infinitely greater significance than what happened in the industrial countries of Europe. The economic history of the United States from 1870-1929 is one of long and rapid development, in which the Great War was only an incidental, if ominous, interruption. This interruption actually accelerated the productive capacity of the United States, as well as turned it from a debtor into a creditor nation. Until 1929 the old pioneer spirit associated with the opening of the frontier was still ruling. Based on individual enterprise and individual risk-bearing, this spirit was loath to believe that the long process since 1870, though punctuated by periodic crises, could ever come to a halt. Exploitation of the world ran parallel with the exploitation of the United States up to 1914; expanding immigration and expanding business went hand in hand; and the process was

facilitated by expanding imports of capital. The industrial North and Northern Midwest were the stronghold of this prodigious economic development; and Wall Street, as much as the Republican Party, was its handmaiden. To many Europeans it seemed that up to 1929 the Old South and the New Midwest were the underdogs during a long process of industrialization and exploitation which came to a halt in that year.

Between 1920 and 1929, the American economy was trying to run on roughly the same lines as had existed up to 1914. This attempt, at a time when the drift towards monopoly of finance capital and large-scale productive units was becoming a rapid current, and when the United States had become the world's creditor while simultaneously raising its tariffs, resulted in the most prodigious expansion of any country's productive capacity in peacetime. Between 1922 and 1929 the onrush of technical progress and new investment had raised the output per employed man by 25 per cent. Moreover, in this heyday of American prosperity, the overextending industrial units adopted the practice of budgeting not so much on the annual basis of normal accountancy as on the presumption — justifiably during the years 1922–1929 — that the domestic and world markets would always expand at the rate to which American business men had become accustomed.

As in post-war Germany, the 1925–1929 boom was a capital construction boom — only in the United States the capital was not obtained as loans from abroad. It was obtained partly as war-debt payments, partly as the release of industry from its pre-war indebtedness, and partly as the ploughing back of enormous post-war profits from domestic and foreign reconstruction. The trends towards monopoly, price fixing, and 'oversaving' noticed by the Brookings Institution's study of income distribution and economic progress, were highly

marked in this period. And in this period, too, the Republican Presidents Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover were not called upon to do more than to 'let well enough alone.'

President Hoover's fate was to be the last of his line. An economic crisis which practically halves the national income, cracks the banking structure, and brings private enterprise and investment to a virtual standstill is more than a depression. To my mind, the first American depression from 1929–1933 spelled the necessary abandonment of the assumptions on which the American post-war boom was raised. Indeed, these assumptions were bound up with the notion that the entire world had been reconstructed upon a sound and durable basis of prices, currencies, debts, and trade. Nothing, as we now recognize, could have been further from the truth. By 1929, owing to the excesses of post-war economic nationalism, not only American but also world agricultural and industrial productive capacity had been vastly overexpanded in relation to the possible levels of monetary demand. When this post-war system collapsed in 1929–1931, and with it the foreign loans which had shored it up, the United States became a kind of symptom of what was plaguing the entire world: namely, the overcapacity to produce both agricultural and industrial commodities, and a notable overcapacity to produce the productive equipment of industry — so-called producers' goods, or investment goods.

Since 1929, therefore, the United States has been a fascinating laboratory for economists all over the world. American farmers and workers have installed an administration of their own choosing for their own purposes; have kept it in power for two terms. And after this administration had contrived, by what seemed to the American business men and financiers the most heterodox of economic measures, to set the feet of the American economy once more upon

the road to recovery, a second depression has put both the administration and its supporters all over America upon the defensive.

In essence, this situation scarcely differs from that which has long faced both French and British Governments, and which now begins to face the governments of countries like Sweden, Holland, and Australia. In brief, it is the outcome of government intervention in the economic sphere, which for some time procured domestic recoveries, but later encountered the basic problem underlying all state intervention within what had hitherto been the sphere of private enterprise, private investment, and private initiative. This problem begins now to look uncomfortably like a dilemma: Can the State, which has procured a recovery by means of intervention, call a halt to depression from that recovery without being driven further and further along the interventionist road? In fact, can the State, in a so-called democracy, stem such a depression without being inexorably driven — if only gradually — to encroach so much upon the sphere of private risk-bearing as to render that kind of risk-bearing, in the broad national sense, practically negligible?

It seemed to me during my American visit that this fundamental problem was being more clearly stated and appreciated in the United States than, say, in Britain or France. (In Sweden and Australia, of course, the scope and responsibility of state action have long been recognized and approved.) But whereas in Britain two successive Conservative Governments have pushed state intervention further, perhaps, than any Socialist Government would ever have been permitted to push it during these last six years, in the United States the conservative elements — in politics, business, and finance — have formed the spearhead of the opposition.

This raises very interesting questions in an English visitor's mind. For example, it appears almost axiomatic to the

mere English visitor that the vast American economy cannot be run in the same way as it was, say, between 1922 and 1930; that social security, relief, collective bargaining of a broadly industrial scope, and monetary management are inevitable; that the fundamental problem of the agricultural regions in the United States must be tackled on Federal lines; that the modern State, *especially if it is a democracy and wishes to remain one*, can only cope with the magnitude of the economic problems of our world by increasing the scope, responsibility, and efficiency of 'government' — that is, of all forms of executive authority. In that respect democracies, indeed, cannot afford to be 'superior' in attitude towards dictatorships; for they, the democracies, are being driven by the force of facts to recognize the need of self-discipline, coöperation, and collective efficiency. God knows the English have not yet secured much collective efficiency in their economy, not as much, say, as the Swedes; but they have shown — and despite bitter political divisions among them — abundant self-discipline and a good measure of coöperation in economic affairs during the last six years.

III

The Englishman in the States is utterly bewildered by the bitterness of the politico-economic opposition to the Roosevelt Administration. He finds no alternative programme, beyond a vague yearning for the Coolidge days — which, as I said, seem to the Englishman, on purely objective economic grounds, to have 'gone with the wind.' He asks his Republican friends — business men, bankers, industrialists, investors, lawyers, doctors — what, if a chariot of fire carried off the entire Roosevelt Administration, including the Democratic Party, the Republican Party would *do*.

What, for instance, would it do with the railroads? Use the RFC to bail them out — that RFC which President Hoo-

ver set up in an access of reflationary zeal, which President Roosevelt is using to-day for that purpose, and which is essentially in flat contradiction to the Republican demand for a halt in the process of increasing national indebtedness? What, again, would it do with the banking system of the states? Leave to them the task of filling that long-felt want, the establishment of a national new-capital market? That would be a return to 1929 without the business of 1929; and what would that do to bring back the business? What, further, is the alternative programme to that of Mr. Secretary Wallace? How is one really to deal with the agricultural problem?

If the Englishman has the temerity to broach purely political questions, he gets into a worse jam. He sees the Democrats split, and the Republicans split; and both are split because of differing reactions to the Administration's programmes. He is reminded of home when he sees no third party forming, unless it be in the nature of a 'ginger-group' of the Wisconsin brand, which can be easily paralleled in England. He delves beneath the sociological surface of America, and is again surprised to find almost the same confusing divisions as in England.

For example, the younger generation in America — the young men and women between twenty-one and thirty — are rapidly tending to meet on common ground, whatever their politics; but that common ground has been reached by way of cynicism and disillusionment over both the older parties. In short, they go round opposite sides of the political circle and meet at the other extreme. It is the same in England, in France, in Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland, in the British Dominions: wherever free thought still flourishes — or flags. In the universities, the good old extremist philosophies still catch the young student's zeal — from rabid authoritarianism of the Right (not much of that in America did I find!) to Social-

ism and Communism, vaguely refurbished for American application. Once out of the university, however, the young American man and woman, like their British coevals, fall a prey to doubts and disillusionments which, in any other age, might have been reckoned healthy and constructive.

But I found myself wondering if, in America as in England and France, they were now quite so healthy a set of doubts. A young person who doubts the political and economic implications of the only alternative policies and philosophies may soon find himself or herself doubting the power of human rationality altogether. The discovery of a solution, a salvation, for such young people is the responsibility of the older generation, — above all, of the next generation, those between thirty and fifty, — to provide a focus for thwarted energies and distracted wills. The English visitor to the States recognizes the symptoms all too well. He is painfully familiar with them. But he has to admit, in fairness to his hosts, that one of the most depressing features in American politics, as he views the scene, is the apparent lack of focus in the political vision of Young America.

Let me hasten to add that he is depressed because, in so many walks of American life, he has been struck by the rich fund of resourcefulness, energy, and adaptability. He had hoped, as many Englishmen hoped, that from the more resourceful, less hidebound, United States might come a new social and political gospel; a gospel which might fire the youth of the older democracies, by destroying the litter of ancient shibboleths and consuming both the fearful alternative 'ideologies' which still beset Europe. (Incidentally, that may explain to Americans why the New Deal was acclaimed, from the outset, even by English Conservatives and *a fortiori* by more liberal-minded Europeans.)

I mean no reproach to Young America if I say that it seems to me to lack political focus. No Englishman under forty-

five could ever dare to make such a reproach. But I found myself distressed to think that, in the States as at home, the perhaps too rapid approach of two equally repugnant political philosophies had given even Young America a kind of political astigmatism, an inability to keep both objects in clear focus.

But there again one must look at the broad canvas of American economics and politics. It is not strange that Young America's political vision should be askew, when the two older generations find themselves unable to recognize their political and economic bearings because since 1932 all the old landmarks have disappeared. To change the metaphor, the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.

The United States, which every Englishman has been brought up to consider as the arch-exponent of isolationism, and high tariffs, and business men's governments, and individualism of the 'Devil take the hindmost' variety, has suffered the most Lucifer-like descent from economic heights. And now, within five years, the wandering and wondering Englishman is bidden to observe the succession of unbalanced budgets, a doubling of the national debt, the reciprocal trade agreements, the bewildering alphabetical combinations that connote Federal economic agencies like the PWA, WPA, RFC, CCC, AAA, HOLC, SEC, and legislative acts or proposals like those associated with the New Deal, the Farm Relief acts, cotton control, hours and wages, housing, and so forth. He sees taxation scaled up on the higher incomes, but very little taxation (if any) paid on the incomes of whole groups of persons who, in England, would pay at least a sizable sum in direct taxation, as well as a good deal of indirect taxation. He sees what looks to him something like a nationwide strike of capital, investment, and business enterprise; but he also sees the danger that, if such a strike persists, governmental responsibility for all basic

enterprise and investment will become an inevitable necessity.

In these circumstances, the English economist visiting the States must confess to an utter inability to comprehend what political passion keeps the disarrayed Republicans and the discomfited Democrats, the embittered business men and the unenviable Administration, from joining forces in a national effort of coöperative reconstruction. Old jealousies, old powers and privileges, die hard. We English know that only too well. But when I heard loose talk in the States about the President's 'Fascist' or 'Bolshevik' tendencies (I heard the same speakers use the terms synonymously), and when I looked at the map of the States, when I motored through half of them, when I took into account the lack of a national civil service and of centralized authority such as we possess in England, I found myself wondering how on earth *I* would set about introducing an authoritarian régime in the States!

It seemed to me that most of the embittered disputes between Washington and Big Business were depressingly dangerous just because they were more emotional than economic; more the result of outraged conventions (in a land not so hag-ridden by convention as my own) than of profound convictions, violently assaulted. If that is so — and I have only an Englishman's hunch to go on — it would seem that to find a common ground in convictions held by both sides would be fairly easy, but that the problem is to convince each side of the other's goodwill, integrity of purpose, and intention to perform what is promised.

I am still at a loss to understand why this has not yet been achieved. Nearly all English observers of the American scene have concurred in wonderment at the maintenance of the wide gulf between the two groups responsible for the conduct of America's political and economic life. It seems more remarkable

to us when we view the disarray of both political parties, when we observe the utter lack of any clear-cut alternative programme to that of the Administration.

IV

The visitor to the States cannot return without being struck by the great increase in the feeling of 'regional loyalty' which characterizes at least four main regions of the country.

It is scarcely surprising that the feeling of the Old South against the industrial and financial North and East should have notably increased during the last two or three years. The reason for this seemed to me not so much the realization that the depression after 1929 was in no small measure due to the tie-up between Northern and Eastern finance and industry, on the one hand, and the Republican Party machine on the other. Rather did it seem to me that the Old South has begun to suspect that the unparalleled bitterness of the opposition to Roosevelt has something to do with Northern and Eastern industrial and financial supremacy — that same supremacy that achieved the continuously rising industrial tariffs of the last forty years, and engaged in every kind of economic development except that of the Old South.

This growing embitterment in the South has been confused, if not weakened, by the introduction of the Wages and Hours Bill. I was often asked by Southern farmers, industrialists, and business men, 'Why, after keeping us derelict under Republican administrations all these years, does a Democratic administration now attempt to wipe out the only differentials which assisted the South to find its own feet after the War between the States? Why should anyone think that the North, with its abundant capital and its large holdings of the entire country's debt, is threatened by a lower rate of wages in the South — a lower rate which only corresponds

to a lower standard of living, and a narrower range of choice in which wages can be spent?'

Again, I was asked how it would be possible to prevent a new 'spread' between Northern and Southern costs from arising, even if the Wages and Hours Bill passed. For instance, is not the relationship between the North and the South in industry comparable to that between the textile industries of England and Japan? England has greater skill and greater capital, Japan greater labor supply at cheap wages and less capital equipment per worker. Many Southerners told me, what the Iowa farmers have already expressed in their support of Secretary Cordell Hull's trade agreements, that it is as impossible to equalize all industrial costs inside the United States by equalizing hours and wages as it is to try to equalize the same elements of cost between whole nations by instructing their respective Tariff Commissions to fix customs duties at a level that will equalize costs.

This regional feeling in the States remains as one of my clearest and most disconcerting impressions. After all, practically half the population of the United States live in the Northern and Eastern financial and industrial region; and this region holds most of the debt of the States, and also pays two thirds of the entire Federal internal revenues.

Similarly the Administration's agricultural controls, together with the Wages and Hours Bill, have begun to evoke regional loyalties as between the Old South and the newer Middle-West South of Indiana and South Dakota. Such problems as the division between these two regions of forestry, cereals, and substitution crops constitute grave difficulties not only for the AAA, but also for the natural economy of the entire United States outside the Northern and Eastern industrial region. These problems of economic regionalism seem to me

to have been accentuated by the necessary political and governmental negotiations for securing adequate allocations of Federal funds for public works, housing, and so forth. This financial influence is not at all new in itself; for, long before President Roosevelt sat in the White House, regional sentiment in the country as a whole had already begun to follow the lines of economic and financial interests. Nevertheless, I have heard many observers from Europe remark that the sentiment of economic regionalism, to which may be linked that of common social and economic destiny, has increased during the years since 1929 to the extent that the feeling of purely state patriotism has declined. In this broad development, the foreign observer can, perhaps, distinguish more clearly than the American the influence of the newly awakened awareness by Labor of its economic and political power.

As I said at the beginning, the dispute between the CIO and the A. F. of L. is not strange to a visitor from any industrial European country. But it stands to reason that if the economic interests of Labor are strongly identified with governmental economic activity, — both in each state and in the Union as a whole, and in both the agricultural and the industrial regions of the country, — then the political picture of the country must alter from the aspect it presented before 1929. Then, the industrial, financial Northern and Eastern region and its chief political instrument, the Republican Party, easily and successfully contrived to develop the entire Union in the way with which we are now familiar. No matter if current political disputes take place both within and between the two old and venerable parties. In fact, both of them — and this reinforces the impression of the 'Anglicization' of America, which I described earlier — have already fallen a prey to grave heart-searchings about their true aims and possible programmes, without yet

being clear on either. The result is naturally as great a political confusion of thought in America as in present-day England or France.

Without intending to be captious, I must confess to having had the impression, long familiar to me as an Englishman, that neither government nor opposition knew whither they wanted to travel, nor where their present proposals might ultimately lead them. This observation must in no way be taken as an implied criticism of the American political system; indeed, despite their significant differences, the British and French democracies, ruled by widely dissimilar parties of widely divergent views, are now in precisely the same boat. Here I can do no more than urge upon my American readers the implications of such an observation. Despite striking differences of attitude, aim, and experience, the three remaining democratic Great Powers of the world face, if not the same external contingencies, certainly the same internal dangers. These dangers, to my mind, arise from that confusion over social and economic aims out of which, in the other four Great Powers of the world, a horrifying authoritarian Minerva has already sprung, fully armed.

I said earlier in this article that I was greatly impressed by American appreciation of the danger in which democracy all over the world now stands. That danger, to my mind, can best be defined in the following terms. Private capitalism, which nowhere achieved greater records than in the United States during the last one hundred years, has since the Great War been engaged in a suicidal race to control the apparatus of State. In so doing, it has belied its earlier and essential *international* nature; for its development in the nineteenth century of the world's resources — men, materials, and machines — has since the war, as a result of its political acts, been replaced by cutthroat domestic competition leading to monopoly and overcapac-

ity. Nowhere is this more observable than in the post-war history of the United States. And in the United States in 1929 came the first of the great industrial and financial crashes of the post-war world structure.

Since then, and in every leading industrial country, the apparatus of State, even when it has continued to be controlled by the agents of private capitalism themselves, has had to cope with this fundamentally economic problem — the aftermath of private capitalism's 'fat years' — by political means. The outcome in every industrial country has been, quite naturally, that as the individual private capitalist's fears and anxieties about the future earning capacity of his capital drove him to abstain from undertaking the risks of enterprise, the State has had to stand in the gap. National problems of unemployment, falling revenue, general preference for liquidity of capital assets, falling prices, and rising annual burdens of national debts, have had to be solved — or at least temporarily palliated — by action of a political kind in the realm of business, and, what is more, action by political parties and political machinery which were only devised to deal with the purely incidental difficulties of nations in which economic activity as a whole was the responsibility, and lay in the province, of business. I repeat, what is now taking place in the United States under a Democratic administration — against the wrath of conservative business men (and all business men are conservative) — is also in process in France and Britain under widely differing governments, and against opposition from different quarters. Assuredly it behooves liberal-minded men in the remaining democratic Great Powers of the world to ask themselves whether this politico-economic confusion in the democracies, if it goes on, may not drive Democracy itself either to commit suicide violently or to die of pernicious economic anæmia.

V

But when all's said and done, the Englishman on the foredeck of the *Queen Mary*, as she gathers speed down the Hudson and catches up with the Statue of Liberty, cannot repress those strange emotions that first stirred him when he arrived. His emotions were, are, and probably always will be strange; for in this America, compounded as much of Europe entire as of England's finest and most independent stock, he senses still that vigor, that sturdy realism, that individual independence, — almost a sardonic self-reliance, — which constitute perhaps the greatest of America's natural resources. Nothing is too big to tackle, nothing too hard to try; no idea too apparently absurd to be given a break; no man too young to be placed in responsibility, no one too old to give effective counsel.

In face of the overpowering vastness, the incompatibilities, of America and her regional divisions, in face of the lack of national organization and of the necessary civil service, the citizens of the United States seem to the visiting Englishman wonderfully united at heart and in their typical reactions. This may surprise Americans, accustomed to think that only the English are fundamentally united as a people. But I am by no means the only European observer to have remarked, beneath all the manifold superficial and embittered differences of outlook and attitude among Americans, a real and vigorous common fund of energy. This fund has perhaps not yet been drawn on. But that it is there is indubitable; and when it is released, by appropriate political agreement, the natural vigor and resourcefulness of Americans will probably double and treble its effects — and utterly confound Europe's tired, confused peoples and their desperate rulers.

America's escape from the same dilemmas that vex European democracies depends on a return to, a rediscov-

ery of, not the old rugged individualism which could only flourish and profit in an expanding America, an expanding world, but the pioneer spirit which imbued that individualism with its strength and resourcefulness. If that essentially American spirit be released, — for its existence is still beyond question in that vital country, — the United States can indeed lead the world and its remaining democracies out of the valley of the shadow of depression.

The question is: Who can do it, and how? Here is a greater opportunity, in a greater laboratory with greater resources, than any European country can command.

Clearly, the days of the individual pioneer and his covered wagon have gone. That the pioneer's vigor has not gone is obvious from the feverish expediency, the explosive bitterness, the powerful reaction from frustration, which characterize American public life — on the sides of both government and opposition — to-day. To loosen this psychopolitical log jam is beyond the power of banks, business men, labor, or political bosses. Something national, something of a crusade, something to pioneer about, something that fires those American imaginations which are most stirred to-day by the growing awareness in books and films of their past and its achievements, something that not only defines the American tradition but epitomizes it — this is what all America, young, middle-aged, and old, seems to be calling for, and insistently. If, in depression, America has discovered deep within herself the vexed soul, the uncertain values, the divine discontent of Mother Europe, she can face this perhaps chastening self-revelation in the knowledge that her spiritual resources are unmortgaged, her strength is free of traditional encumbrances, and her faculties are unimpaired.

That knowledge alone distinguishes chaos in America from chaos in Europe. For the chaos in America — I hope

young Americans will at least note this impression on an Englishman — seems to me not unlike the 'chaos of preordination.' The demand for a new order in America is clamant and comprehensible. And only Americans themselves can produce that order. No foreign observer can presume to do more than remark this possibility. The How and the Whither are for Americans to determine. The foreign observer can only beg Americans, for all our sakes, to solve their country's problems without a false and misplaced esteem for European methods.

VI

In depression, America has found she possesses a tradition of her own. To clarify and follow it is the most urgent social and political task before the people of the United States. I believe President Roosevelt has been groping towards it. I think he has been groping in the right direction. What is more, foreign observers of America's problems feel that the mass of the American people think that, and are still thinking it. But at least one foreign observer, after a memorable sojourn in the States, believes that Americans would be betraying both their own heritage and that of the European culture from which they sprang if they 'stayed put' in their present discontents, satisfied with merely copying the wistful and backward-looking expedients of democracy in the Old World.

The United States came into existence by moving forward faster than its kin. It cannot belie its nature. It can only go forward. If it tries to back up, it will fall a prey to internal convulsions, disintegrate, collapse. That is why the eyes of the younger generation in England and in Europe are tending more and more to focus upon the United States. It may well be that in America, and not in England, the destinies of democracy and of its citizens' economic functions will be ultimately decided.

'OPEN 'ER UP!'

BY WILLIAM C. ROGERS

I

THE rain chased itself straight down the shatterproof plate-glass windows of the streamlined train. The Chicago passengers and porters with the luggage hurried along the red carpet under the canopies to each car entrance. A half minute to eight. 'All aboard!' Along the smooth steel length of the train the steps folded up as the doors were shut—except for the observation car, where the conductor stood to see that everything was in the clear before pushing the signal button to the engineer's gong. Eight o'clock! The last door shut, its steps folded, and the train slid out.

All lights ahead were green. With a wide-open throttle the streamlined train roared out of Chicago, and the speedometer touched ninety before the yard limits disappeared. The Service Man noticed that the rain, which had flowed vertically down the windows, then diagonally, now flew in streaks parallel to the flying train. The passengers relaxed in seats designed by an expert on curves most comfortable to the twentieth-century spine. The radio sang and sang. A uniformed hostess-nurse came smiling down the corridor to put everyone at ease, followed by the steward, who would take orders for your dinner—to be served at your seat or in the buffet. On the rear window of the observation car a mist began to gather—the drop in temperature caused by the vacuum created at high speed was frosting the glass.

So time passes in the passengers' sec-

tion of the train. In the power car the engineer operates controls arranged like those in a steam engine. And behind the engineer there occasionally rides a Service Man, the instructor and representative of the train builder. Such is the writer.

The engineers are men long in the service—men who operated steam locomotives on good runs ten years before the Service Man was born. 'Open 'er up, John!' 'Open 'er up, Walt!' yelled the Service Man day after day. 'Get the acceleration out of her. This train *accelerates!* After you get up to speed you can slack off.'

'*Exhilarate* her' was the way John, Walt, Old Man MacKenzie, Sour-Puss Johnson, Stub-Nose Smith and others put it, as they reached for the new fast schedule.

At first they wanted to slow down for curves. 'Passengers' coffee'll be half 'n half—half 'n the saucer, half 'n the lap,' grumbled Old Man MacKenzie. But instead of dropping down to forty for curves the Service Man made them hold top speed; he demonstrated that the centre of gravity of the streamlined train had been lowered, causing the train to ride solidly *down* to the already banked curves.

II

The public interest in every streamlined train was, and is, overwhelming. Thousands of people appeared at stations where the trains were opened for

inspection. Thousands lined the tracks and cheered the new trains on their first runs, and to this day, as the trains pass, people will stop, stare after them, and respond to the same thrill.

The Service Man has overheard a million comments. Down the aisles trooped the sight-seers, and what seemed to impress them most was that *they* (in person) had been on the train. People would shout to each other on leaving, 'I been through it!'

In one city the characteristic exclamation would be 'My, my!' In another, 'Unh, ungh!' And in a third, 'Boy, ain't she *ready*!' 'Oh, how *ready* she is!' At one station, as the multitude filed by a made-up berth, more than half of them called out, 'There's a little hammock Hambone could n't get in!' (referring, of course, to a comic strip in their morning paper). At an exhibition in Tennessee a loud, dubious voice from the crowd remarked, 'Funniest durn train *I* ever see — all jinted like a snake.'

To the railroad crew and the Service Man a streamlined train on a regular schedule soon becomes No. 777 or 778, but to a Vice President or a General Manager the newness never wears off. The lighting on a picture in the solarium, the clarity of the mirror in the Ladies' Room in Car C, the minute tinkling of the curtain rings in a stateroom, become matters of almost transcending importance. (Maintaining the train schedule is, of course, only routine.) Spectacles long to remember were a group of Directors commenting on the way the toilets flushed and the way a toilet *should* flush; a Very Great Railroad Man moving from the sunny side of the car and back again to determine if the air conditioning was perfect; two Vice Presidents investigating the water coolers — each dabbling his fingers under the faucet thoughtfully, then hurrying to the water cooler in the next car, wiping his fingers on a clean handkerchief, and calling in the honeyed tones used only in addressing each other, 'I think, Alfred, the water in Car A

and Car B was a little warmer than in Car C.' 'Yes, R. B. That's just the way it felt to me.'

III

On the front of the streamlined trains, in one form or another, are three or four raised metal streamlines, called anti-climbers. In the winter, broad wings are bolted to the anti-climbers, and when the trains hit snow the wings throw it to either side so that it will not curtain the vision of the engineer. Anti-climbers are the equivalent of a cowcatcher; when an animal is hit, instead of its sliding up the front of the train these streamlines deflect it.

A diesel train running two or three times as far as a steam engine every day is bound to have two or three times as many animal accidents. You have to allow a certain distance for stopping a train speeding above seventy miles an hour, and by the time an engineer sees a cow or a calf or a horse turn and walk on the track it is too late. The engineer shuts the throttle and applies the brake, but the animal has already been hit. A cow or a horse will dent the train pilot, and what you see as you sit in the cab, watching, is the cow or the horse taking off through the air — slow motion for a split second, tail over head — and then a smear on the front of the train. You wire ahead to have a hose ready at the next station.

The Service Man remembers one night in the cab of a train cruising well above seventy-five miles an hour. A thunderstorm was in progress, and the engineer and the Service Man were staring into the torrent of rain when a sudden flash of lightning showed five horned cattle on the track not ten feet ahead. The sound was like thunderbolts as we hit them. The front end of the power car rose a little off the rails and banged down with a jolt that jarred the teeth and spines of the men in it. Outside the thunder rolled and crashed — and the train kept on without a moment lost. But after-

wards the boilermaker and his helper had to do four days' work on the steel pilot between trips.

In certain states which have no fencing laws it is believed that the Animal Claims Departments of the railroads settle their yearly business for a sum about equal to the interest on the investment that would be required for fencing the right of way. Occasionally, however, the Animal Claims Department objects to passing out the ten or fifteen dollars expected by some owner of a prize animal destroyed by a locomotive. The Service Man remembers one such instance — it was in the South — when the carcass of a horse was found with a rope tied around its neck and the other end of the rope made fast in a double knot to a railroad tie!

Investigators say that there are many more animal accidents in the evening than by day. The animals graze and lie in the shade all day. But when darkness falls the mosquitoes rise viciously from the grass. So the cattle head for the railroad tracks and stand on the rock ballast — where there are fewer mosquitoes to attack their bellies.

In crossing the enormous King Ranch in Texas it has proved better for the trains *not* to blow the whistle or ring the bell, since this, authorities believe, frightens or transfixes the cattle into immobility. So the train comes on and on, the rails hum and sing, the earth shakes a little and a little more, the noises get louder and louder, and at the last possible moment the cattle generally step off the track, throw up their tails, kick out their hind legs, and gallop away.

Buzzards are another serious menace in the South. Up to a certain morning we in the power car had felt secure at the highest speeds behind the heaviest obtainable thickness of shatterproof glass. But on that day a buzzard swung across in front of the train and the whole centre section of the window blew in. Millions of pieces of glass flew over the cab, and on the engine-room floor lay a stunned

buzzard. While the train sped on and air roared in through the empty window space, the buzzard turned his neck, looked at us, and vomited. We pushed him off at the next stop not much the worse for wear.

Thereafter still heavier shatterproof glass was ordered for the front windows. Where an animal had been hit you knew the buzzards would gather. Far ahead you could see the black flock, sitting on the rails. As the train approached, fifty, seventy-five, a hundred or more of the heavy birds would run, rise, circle, and wheel, slowly flapping back and forth across the track. The engineer would slow the train down, and that part of the day's schedule would be ruined. Then the new glass arrived. After one bird hit it, it was so badly cracked that the wind blew it out on the following trip. So now trains for Southern operation are provided with buzzard bars across the front windows. But the bars are arranged so that you would think they were decorative streamlines — unless you knew.

Even the headlight must be provided with extra-thickness glass for high-speed trains. One of the Chicago streamliners came in with a smashed headlight, and the boys say there was a trout in it. The theory was that an eagle carrying the fish struck the headlight, and the trout got stranded. The Service Man did not see the trout, but he believes the story.

IV

Only once in the 135,000-mile run of the first streamlined train my company built was there a train-automobile accident. The Service Man was in the cab at the time. It happened like a moving picture: you were sitting back watching and could do nothing — absolutely nothing — to interfere. An old man drove round a corner in his rattletrap, and, while seven or eight school children shouted and waved at him to stop, he turned on to the crossing directly in front of the hurtling train.

The brake shoes smoked and shrieked as the train came to a stop, and we ran back to find the old man on his feet and the kids brushing him off.

'What railroad does that-air train belong to?' he yelled at us. 'Eleven hundred dollar I had in that car. Bought her in '24, I did, and I got the bill of sale to home. I'm going to sue you fellows!'

The car was no more. Few fragments could be found even a hundred feet away. When the train struck, the car had disintegrated as completely as the one-hoss shay and dropped the old man back in the dirt road. Whether he sued or not, it cost the railroad almost eleven hundred dollars to repair the front end of the train.

As a matter of fact, 70 per cent of train-automobile accidents are caused by automobiles driving into the sides of trains.

The streamlined trains have been made the safest equipment ever constructed. Vertical headlights with automatic flashing devices warn motorists miles before the front headlight can be seen. New types of horns, operated by air instead of steam, have been devised, which carry distinctive sounds farther and with more penetrating power than

ever before. The bell is rung rapidly by air power. Every engineer is provided with a 'Dead Man' pedal. Should he die, faint, fall asleep, or become forgetful, his foot eases off the pedal — and the train brakes are automatically applied, the diesel power is shut off and the engines slowed down, a red light shows up in front of him and the fireman, a whistle blows in the cab, and the gauge board registers every one of these changes.

But the greatest step in safety has been the new high-speed brakes, electrically actuated, that apply the brakes on every car in the train at the same instant — no longer is there the jerking as each car in a train bangs into its neighbor. A remarkable device called the Decelakron permits much higher brake pressure to be used and automatically brings the train to a stop without a jerk and without depending upon the skill of the engineer — who, even at his best, occasionally jarred the passengers on steam trains.

Less than a decade has passed and people no longer ask the Service Man if the diesel engine and the streamlined trains will be a success. Throughout our machine-minded country, people know that the high-speed diesel era has begun.

POEMS BY ROBERT FROST

CARPE DIEM

AGE saw two quiet children
Go loving by at twilight,
He knew not whether homeward
Or outward from the village,
Or (chimes were ringing) churchward.
He waited (they were strangers)
Till they were out of hearing
To bid them both be happy.
'Be happy, happy, happy,
And seize the day of pleasure.'
The age-long theme is Age's.
'Twas Age imposed on poems
Their gather-roses burden
To warn against the danger
That overtaken lovers
From being overflooded
With happiness should have it
And yet not know they have it.
But bid life seize the present?
It lives less in the present
Than in the future always,
And less in both together
Than in the past. The present
Is too much for the senses,
Too crowding, too confusing —
Too present to imagine.

HAPPINESS MAKES UP IN HEIGHT
FOR WHAT IT LACKS IN LENGTH

Oh stormy, stormy world,
The days you were not swirled
Around with mist and cloud,
Or wrapped as in a shroud,
And the sun's brilliant ball
Was not in part or all
Obscured from mortal view,
Were days so very few
I can but wonder whence
I get the lasting sense
Of so much warmth and light.
If my mistrust is right
It may be altogether
From one day's perfect weather
When starting clear at dawn
The day went clearly on
To finish clear at eve.
I verily believe
My fair impression may
Be all from that one day
No shadow crossed but ours
As through the blazing flowers
We went from house to wood
For change of solitude.

FLOOD IN THE NIGHT

BY DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

I

TJERK did not know what had awakened him; it all seemed like a dream which would soon vanish. But the dreary, heavy tolling of the old tower bell and the strange quivering motions of the old house continued to make him uneasy.

From the pitch-dark bedstead he looked through the bed-door, which stood ajar, into the gray blackness of the room beyond, in which only the oil lamp suspended from the beams was recognizable by the faint gleams upon it. He realized then that the lamp hung still, but outside the bell tolled on, thudding the alarm, and suddenly a high woman's voice shrieked near the window: 'Come, come, Pier! Why, oh why . . .' He could n't hear the rest, but he heard the gurgling again, and the footsteps creaking up the attic stairs, and voices inside the house, muffled as if they were wrapped tightly by the darkness.

He leaned over his older brother, Maarten, who lay asleep beside him, and pressed his face close to Maarten's face, so that he felt Maarten's warm breath against his cheek. Then he shook him, pulled the bedcovers away, and tugged at his shoulders. 'Maarten, the bell!' he cried. 'The bell, and there is water!'

He felt Maarten stir out of sleep, shrug fretfully, and sit up. Together they sat in the dark bedstead, listening to the monotonous bell. 'It's nothing,' Maarten said drowsily, 'nothing.'

He slumped down again, took a deep breath, and slept. Tjerk said no more, but crept close to his brother and laid his

face against Maarten's shoulder, again trying to convince himself that the bell was a dream. Only for a moment. Then reality came again, more starkly, persistently, not at all a dream. The voices outside were more distant, but all the old house soughed and creaked. He heard the goats bleat from the big barn. He recognized his grandfather's voice in the left wing of the house, where the rest of the family slept. He heard his sister Jantje, and she was crying.

Voices came closer, and a gleam of yellow light wavered into the room. He listened to the strange sound of feet wading through water. Then he was sitting straight up in bed, peering over Maarten, when the bed-door opened wide, and his father stood there, holding a lantern aloft. Behind him Grandfather was fumbling with a match, trying to light the kerosene lamp overhead.

His father started shaking Maarten, but when Tjerk cried, 'Father, the bell!' he said soothingly, 'Now, now, Tjerk, don't be afraid. It's the dike. The water's coming over it, and you boys will have to put on your clothes and get out of here.' Maarten sat up, blinking against the sharp light. Father repeated, 'You must put your clothes on and get out of here.'

Grandfather had finally lighted the lamp; he turned and, glaring at Tjerk, barked out: 'Don't sit there like a scared bird. This is no time to sit still. Get up.' Then Tjerk knew fully that this was no dream.

He saw that the floor was covered with water, on which the straw mats were floating. He tried to struggle over Maarten, but his father restrained him. 'Give the boys their clothes,' he said to Grandfather. 'They can't dress on the floor. And this is no time to scare them,' he added sternly. He turned to Tjerk and continued more quietly: 'There's no great danger yet, but we may as well get out as soon as possible.'

Unreality seemed to return then. Tjerk and Maarten struggled into their clothes. Father waded out of the room, and where he waded in his heavy boots the water gurgled. Grandfather commanded: 'Hurry, hurry! It's coming over the dike now, and if the dike should break, who knows . . .'

Then Father came back carrying their wooden shoes, and put the shoes on their feet. Grandfather lifted Maarten on his back and waited, standing grotesque in the room, which now seemed to be drifting. Maarten was protesting that he was n't a baby — that he was ten, and could walk. But Father said: 'Be still. You'll walk as soon as you're on dry land.' Then he lifted Tjerk on his back and they waded out of the room, in the ghoulis light of the lantern Father carried.

The doors along the passage stood ajar upon darkness and more water. Nowhere did Tjerk see or hear his mother, his sister Jantje, or his grandmother. Not even beyond the living-room door, which stood wide open, showing the blue-tiled fireplace that seemed to be kneeling in the water.

'Where's Mother and Jantje, and —'
'They are safe,' Father said.

This was n't like a flood, Tjerk kept thinking confusedly. There were no great sounds, apart from the bell, no great waves, no churning wild water — only this silent water rising almost peacefully to the sound of the bell and the distant voices. Then they were outside, among the black blocks of houses in the black night, where the yellow lights

reflected on water where water should not be. Lanterns moved; voices called. 'Is the dike breaking?' Tjerk asked his father. 'If it breaks, what shall we do?'

'Only if it's God's will will it break,' his grandfather answered, wading ahead.

Suddenly Tjerk realized that they were not going down the street, but around the front gable toward the graveyard, which flanked Grandfather's house. The wall loomed in front of them, and Maarten was scrambling to its top. Father lifted Tjerk up, and then he sat beside Maarten on the wall. 'Now jump down on the other side,' Father told them. 'The graveyard is high, and the water can't be there yet. Go to the church and stay there with the other people.'

Father and Grandfather waded back toward the house. Suddenly they were gone in the lantern light. Tjerk and Maarten sat alone, amazed at this thing which had come in the night, silently. The bleating of the goats brought Tjerk to his senses again. Maarten was descending the wall on the graveyard side. Maarten said, 'Come,' and Tjerk landed on the soft sward; then they climbed the slope together toward the high windowless back wall of the church, above which the heavy bell was clamoring. They felt their way between the white gravestones, and when they turned the corner they saw the people clustered blackly beneath the lit windows.

'But Mother and Jantje!' Tjerk said.
'Father said they were safe, did n't he?' Maarten said impatiently.

They walked into the faint halo of yellow light which fell from the windows, along the gray buttresses of the church. Now they could see the front gates of the graveyard, where lanterns swung and were reflected in water. People were mounting the slope there, carrying bundles and children. Dogs barked and sheep bleated. Most of the people who were huddled around the buttresses were women and children, Tjerk saw, and

most of them were silent. Only in front of the church the voices were high and frantic.

When Maarten took his hand Tjerk felt more at ease, but when he wanted to linger to hear what the people were saying Maarten would tug him away. He heard only women's voices, except an occasional crackling voice of an old man. One old man was croaking: 'The sea has always been our enemy. We Dutch have no man for enemy — only this sea, which God sends. It has always been our scourge.'

'Come,' Maarten said, tugging. They pushed through a group of women who were clustered at the church door and went inside. In the vestibule old people sat among their bundles, and small children slept. They stood uncertain in the aisle, looking at the people huddled in the pews, at household goods piled beneath the pulpit, and three goats comically solemn behind the railing where the consistory sat on Sundays. In one of the pews Tjerk saw old Hinke from the Court of the Widows. 'Hinke,' he asked, 'have you seen my mother?'

'God bless you, boy,' she said, shaking her head gravely. 'And God have mercy on your mother who is having her baby this night.'

'Come, Tjerk,' Maarten said, pulling him away.

They were outside again among strident voices. But Tjerk looked back at the graveyard wall above which loomed Grandfather's house. Then he saw the light behind the loft windows. 'Look, Maarten,' he cried. 'There are lights in the attic. That is where they are.'

'Yes, I think so,' Maarten said. 'But come.'

Men's voices bellowed from the front gates. 'All men, anybody who can, go to the dike, to the dike! All men to the dike and to Herring Court! All men!' Lanterns swayed from rowboats in the square. Tjerk followed Maarten mechanically. 'But why are they in the attic? If the dike breaks, they . . .'

'Be still,' Maarten said.

Near them a woman's voice cried, 'And when the dike breaks, God have mercy! God have mercy!'

From the rowboats at the foot of the graveyard mound, men shouted again. 'All who can, help! All lanterns!' Tjerk peered at the people near him in the glimmering dark. Unexpectedly Maarten let go of his hand and shouted: 'I'm going! I'm going!' Tjerk ran after him down the flat sandstone steps, but Maarten was far ahead and was soon swallowed up among the men crowding toward the rowboats. Tjerk saw him again in one of the rowboats, momentarily sharp in the gleam of a lantern. The boat moved off over the square. 'Maarten!' he cried futilely.

II

He was alone. With a group of people who had also come to the water's edge, he walked back toward the church. He listened to the voices, a confusion of voices, explaining, protesting. One woman's voice went on insistently, more shrill than the others. He walked close to her, listening: 'And the fishwives that were on the dike said they saw the water come up like a big hand, like the leviathan. There was no wind, no . . . ' Someone interrupted her, crying, 'God have pity!' The woman continued again: 'And it crawled up the dike, and they ran. And the water went over and fell on Herring Court and all the poor souls asleep there and nobody to warn them. And it washed the entire court into the canal. And they saw Minne's Doetje run, but the water swept her into the canal, and sheep washed from the dike, and . . .'

With the group Tjerk reached the church again. He walked away from them, afraid and lonesome. Maarten should n't have left him. 'The dike won't break,' voices argued. The heavy bell clanged on above him. Lanterns flickered. But the Herring Court was swept away. 'The tide ought to go out soon,' somebody said. Someone an-

swered: 'But this is n't a thing of tides. This is God's hand.'

Miserably he wandered into the church again and sat for a little while in a pew, remembering Herring Court, where only fisherfolk lived, the court wedged between the dike and the deep canal.

He rose and walked dismally to the vestry rooms, where old people sat beneath the oil lamps and an old man was reading in a plaintive voice from the Bible. Tjerk went on toward the tower, where he saw two old men pulling the ropes, tediously, their shadows jerking fitfully up and down the gray musty walls. They did n't speak; they only looked at him in silence. People were climbing up the tower steps toward the belfry. Then someone came down the steps and said, 'Well, dawn is coming.'

Tjerk realized that all this while he had n't known what time it was. He pushed through the women at the door. 'The water is no longer coming over the dike,' an old seaman said. 'Dawn is coming,' voices repeated. When he was outside he saw a vague grayness in the east. Then the bell stopped tolling. There was a great silence, and when voices sounded again they seemed to have become subdued. The light was increasing. Tjerk could see the outline of the dike now, a long black wall against the gray sky. Dim figures were walking over it. No sheep, he saw. People came out of the church and looked at the dike. A woman touched Tjerk's sleeve and asked, 'Did your mother have her baby yet?'

He stared and shook his head. Then he was afraid he was going to cry. He ran away from the people and huddled alone against one of the dark buttresses, shivering in the cold wind which came blowing from the sea. But he did n't cry. He saw the sky grow lighter over Grandfather's house. The gravestones grew gradually starkly white. He huddled closer to the buttress, and saw far over

the graveyard wall, beyond the town, the gray sheet of water.

Suddenly he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. 'Tjerk, boy, I could n't find you,' his father's voice said.

'Father!' he said, and suddenly he started crying.

'Now, now, now,' his father said, 'a big boy of eight does n't cry.'

'No, Father,' he said obediently, rubbing at his tears.

'And, Tjerk,' his father continued, 'you have a baby brother. And all is well. In this night, in the attic, but all is well.'

'Yes, Father,' he answered, not knowing what else to say.

'But where is Maarten?' his father demanded.

He explained. 'You should n't have let him go,' his father interrupted. 'No,' he answered, but he wondered how he could have prevented it. Maarten was two years older than he. But his father bent over him and said, 'Now, Tjerk, stay here till the water is gone. It's receding fast. The canals are carrying it away. Then you can go home.'

'Yes, Father,' he answered dully.

'Because I must go to the dike and Herring Court. Things are terrible there, Tjerk. Terrible. But why don't you go into the church, boy? It's so cold here.'

With his hand in his father's, Tjerk walked toward the front of the church. People shouted things to his father about the baby and about his mother. But he walked silently along, waiting when his father stopped to answer them. At the foot of the graveyard steps his father waded with his hipboots into the water. He turned and said, 'It'll be gone soon; then you can go home.'

He nodded. He stood in a long row of old men waiting at the water's edge. As the water receded they stepped automatically forward. The old men chattered among themselves, and did not seem to notice him. People started wading through the water toward the dike

and running along it toward Herring Court. Water sheened in the square, and gulls swooped and cried over it. The old men muttered about other times and other floods. Tjerk saw his father step out of the water and climb the dike steps, and then walk hurriedly toward Herring Court. Gradually he recognized the strange wreckage on the dike — dead sheep, broken boats, strange things he could not identify.

People were taking off their wooden shoes and woolen socks and wading into the square toward their own homes. But he waited obediently, aware of the gnawing hunger in his stomach, very much alone.

III

At last there was a rim of dry land along the outer edge of the square. Carefully, gingerly, he walked along it, but even so the water and silt oozed over his wooden shoes. At the inn, women were scouring the steps and shouting at each other. The tower clock boomed six when he entered the court in which Grandfather's house was.

When he came to the house he saw that his grandmother and Jantje were also sweeping and mopping. They seemed hardly aware of him. Nowhere did he see his grandfather. But he, too, would be at Herring Court. He stood behind his grandmother. A strange woman looked out over the underdoor of the house, smiled distantly at him, and then disappeared — the woman who helped when babies were born, he knew. 'Beppe,' he cried, 'I want to see Mother.'

His grandmother turned, frowning a little. 'Not now, boy. Can't you see, the house has to be cleaned. Later. *Ach*, this has been such a night.' She stooped over the tiles, mumbling, 'This has been an evil night, and many will rue it. But there is no time for big boys now.'

'No, Beppe,' he said.

For a little while he stared dejectedly at his sister Jantje, who looked important now that she was doing older peo-

ple's work. 'You'd better go away,' she scolded importantly, as busy older women did.

'But I'm hungry,' he complained.

'You're always hungry. We're very busy.'

Disconsolately he walked away. He felt tired and alone, and it was so early. On other days, days without floods and drownings and babies, he'd be still asleep. And now — there seemed no one to speak to even. Everybody was frantically busy. He sauntered back to the square again, and watched people scurrying along the dike; people stopped and pointed at dead sheep, and then hurried on toward Herring Court. The village dogs barked at them, because most of them were strangers.

He pushed through the crowd on the steps of the dike. Behind it the sea lay flat and gray, already sunk many feet below the top. People walked around piles of *débris*, and the dike guards shouted at them. But the sea lay distant and aloof and innocent. He stared at it. Even the past night was no longer real. It might never have been.

But when he looked down the land side of the dike he saw the wide stretches of white water, and no outlines where the canals had been, and the roads ribboning from other towns ending in water, on the edges of which black huddles of people stood. Only along the dike was the town approachable. A stranger near him said, 'And it happened only here in Meersum. Only here! I tell you, it was a seaquake.'

'It was God's hand,' an old gray man protested truculently.

Tjerk ran, hurrying toward Herring Court.

For a long time he stood tense in a row of people on the land slope of the dike. Herring Court lay in ruins, the houses fallen in, and some of the fisher-folk who had lived there stood aimlessly about, while strangers in rich clothes pressed money in their palms. Where the canal was supposed to be, there was only

wide muddy water, into which men kept prodding with poles. The canal boats were crowded with people dragging the water with grappling hooks. Then suddenly there came a hush, and people crowded forward. From between a canal boat and the edge of the canal, where men stood waist-deep in water, something black emerged at the end of the poles. The men strained, and gradually they lifted the black thing out of the water.

Then Tjerk swallowed hard and shuddered. It was a woman's body — the eyes wide, the mouth open, filled with silt and seashells. He could stand it no longer. He stumbled blindly against a stranger, who picked him up and said, 'Now, now, be careful.'

And then he was running. Momentarily he recognized his father and his grandfather among the people prodding with poles. For a second he stopped and stared, terrified. Then he ran again, on top of the dike, toward the open country.

When he was beyond town he looked up and saw a familiar red stocking cap in the distance on the dike. It was Maarten. He ran toward his brother. He passed a group of sheep, dead and bloated, bobbing against the basalt stones of the dike which were just emerging from the water. He ran on, slipping and stumbling on the wet dike.

Maarten had gone down the sea side of the dike and was trying to drag a large plank out of the water. He looked up unconcernedly at the sound of Tjerk's footsteps. 'Come on down here and help me,' he commanded.

Tjerk was glad there was something to do to make him forget all the dead that he had seen. He helped Maarten lift the heavy plank from the water. 'It's a good plank,' Maarten said proudly. 'Help me carry it over the dike. That makes seven I found.'

Behind Maarten he struggled up the slippery dike, holding one end of the heavy water-soaked plank. Suddenly

he remembered. 'Maarten,' he said, 'do you know that we have a little brother?'

Maarten walked on, over the top of the dike, down the other side, and not until they had dropped the plank did he say: 'Yes, an old woman on the dike told me. I hope it is n't a crybaby. I hate crybabies,' he said good-naturedly, pushing his red cap back.

There was little concern in his bright blue eyes, only preoccupied pleasure as he looked at his pile of salvaged boards. 'Look at all the dandy boards. Boy, Tjerk, I'm not going to give them to the dike warden. You know what? Tonight, when it's dark, you and I will get a rowboat and we'll carry them away. Everybody'll be so busy out there in Herring Court, they won't notice. Look at the beautiful boards.'

'Yes,' Tjerk said. Disinterestedly he stared at the wet boards piled between last year's old browned reeds. 'I just came from Herring Court and they dragged a woman from the canal and her mouth was open and —' He stopped and shuddered.

'Oh, lots of people were drowned,' Maarten said complacently. 'Come on, help me pile these up there where nobody can see them.'

Silently Tjerk helped him, wondering how people could forget so easily about the dead. Maybe only when you looked at the dead; because Maarten . . . He dropped his end of the heavy board.

When they were through Maarten pulled his red cap off his head and wiped his face with it. He said, 'I'm hungry. I have n't had anything to eat.'

Suddenly he flung his cap in the air and grabbed Tjerk. 'But, don't you know? There'll be sugar rusks and hot chocolate and everything! We've got a little brother! There's going to be lots to eat. Come on.' He grabbed Tjerk's wrist and pulled him along.

They ran along the top of the dike, almost scudding with the stiff west wind behind them. 'Oh boy, sugar rusks, and

everything!' Maarten shouted, nearly out of breath.

They ran so fast, Tjerk hardly saw the dead sheep. They did n't even stop near the crowds at Herring Court, but hustled past them, and ran even faster when Grandfather's house was in sight. 'Why did n't I think of it before?' Maarten panted.

They were out of breath when they reached the house. For a moment they stopped in amazement, looking at the new mats spread over the scoured stoop and the women who stood at the door and smiled at them. Then they rushed inside and stood in the wide kitchen, among other women, all smiling, their voices high. Laughter sounded among them, and they were surrounded by auras of eau de Cologne. Women kept mounting the stairs to the attic; others came down, laughing, saying bright things. This was because of the baby, Tjerk thought.

He followed Maarten to the table near the fireplace. The table was piled high with sugar rusks, figs, and oranges; hot

chocolate steamed in a big pot near by. Women smiled at them and pushed them on the bench behind the table, and said things Tjerk could n't remember later. He felt confused, but suddenly happy. Many women gave them rusks and oranges and poured chocolate. Grandmother came for a moment, and, planting her hands on her hips, she said, 'Now, that's better, is n't it, Tjerk?' Jantje flitted importantly past, carrying things. The women chattered, and Maarten was already crunching a rusk.

'Oh yes, Beppe,' Tjerk said hurriedly. Then he too ate, looking across the table at all the women. They did n't speak of death at all, nor of the flood — only of the new child. The night was a dream after all, perhaps. He could imagine it a dream, a bad dream. But this . . . Happily he nudged Maarten, and smiled at him, his cheeks smeared with the sugar rusk.

'Look at those boys,' a red-cheeked woman shouted, and started a gale of laughter.

Tjerk laughed. This was good.

CATHOLICISM AT THE CROSSROADS

BY PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN

I

A HUNDRED years ago Catholicism seemed in danger of being swept away by the rising flood of materialism and its negation of all things supernatural. Since then science has outgrown its naïve pride in the newly discovered 'all-explanatory natural causes' which, many believed, left no room for a personal God. Matter, the reverently worshiped substitute for Him, has again lost its character as the Absolute and has been recognized for what it is: a thin veil over still inexplicable forces.

We are witnessing to-day in some quarters a religious revival of great intensity, and a growing understanding of what Christ's incarnation means: He became Man in order to bring His Realm of Peace and Justice to this world. Therefore, our return to greater religious life is not a return to monastic aloofness. On the contrary, Christianity must be realized in the daily needs of every human being. Not only must individual freedom and full civic liberties be guaranteed by Christian society; not only must 'charity' be given to the poor; but true social justice must be established, granting to each and all a physical existence according to the dignity of human nature, as restored by Christ. This consequence of His life has not yet been generally understood, and it is at the bottom of all conflicts between the temporal policy of the Church and Catholic dogma, between certain parts of the Catholic Hierarchy and the broad masses of the people and their intellectual spokesmen.

Men like Don Sturzo, the eminent priestly scholar and former leader of the anti-Fascist People's Party of Italy; the American scholar George N. Shuster; the Thomist Jacques Maritain in France; Dr. Heinrich Brüning, last chancellor of republican Germany; all groups of religious socialists, American and European Christian trade-union leaders, and many others less well known to the public, are champions of this 'political' consequence of Catholicism.

As far back as the fourth century, the Church Fathers Saint Basil and Saint John Chrysostom expressed similar ideas, which still impress us as amazingly 'modern.' 'The rich take possession in advance of that which belongs to all and seize it on the ground of the right of the first occupant,' Saint Basil wrote in the seventh chapter of his first homily. 'If everyone would take only according to his needs and would leave the surplus to the needy, no one would be rich, no one poor, no one in misery.'

The views of Saint John Chrysostom are even more 'radical.' As God in the beginning did not create this one rich, the other poor, he declares, in the twelfth homily on the First Letter to Timothy, that the rich man will, in the ordinary course of events, be unable to prove that his possessions were rightfully acquired. 'I inherited my riches from my father — and he from my grandfather,' the rich will answer; but this is no suitable argument, for 'at their origin and source there has been injustice.'

We may perhaps be not altogether wrong in stating that the substance of these ideas may be found again in Karl Marx's economic system, which is usually described as 'profoundly anti-Christian.' Like 'Marxism,' Catholicism condemns the exploitation of the working class by our present economic system. 'Just wages,' established through 'free agreements between workers and employers,' were demanded in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* (1891) of Pope Leo XIII, who declared: 'If through necessity or fear of worse evil the worker accept harder conditions because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice.' And the present Pope, while denouncing atheist Communism, emphasized the culpability of those who abuse property rights 'to deprive the worker of just wages and of the social rights belonging to him.'

There is no dogmatic reason why Catholics should not join the various progressive parties which fight for industrial democracy. We do not mean to suggest that the Church should always back these parties, for such a generalization would obviously be absurd. We do say, however, that by rejecting them *a limine* the Church has already lost contact with the working class and other progressive forces. She has also lost, for the time being, her natural ally in the fight for Christian democracy. Consequently, if the names of Darwin and Hegel and not those of Christ and His saints are emblazoned on the banner of many labor leaders, it is not the doing of Karl Marx alone.

II

Catholic and non-Catholic workers, middle-class people and intellectuals, are filled with an increasing distrust of the temporal policy of the Church; they feel that there are many contradictory attitudes among her various leaders, and a frequent discrepancy between their words and deeds.

The Holy Father, in his Encyclicals *Non abbiamo bisogno* of June 29, 1931, and *Mit brennender Sorge* of March 14, 1937, declared the Fascist and National Socialist 'totalitarian State' incompatible with Christian principles; yet the Holy See maintains its relations with National Socialism and Fascism, and, as far as Italy is concerned, even keeps on friendly terms with the State.

This comparative leniency towards the totalitarian States of the Right is in contrast to the relentless fight of the Church against totalitarianism of the Left as realized in Soviet Russia. The fact that the totalitarian State of the Right — like Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, and Franco's Spain — calls itself 'national,' while the totalitarian State in Russia calls itself 'proletarian,' is, in the opinion of many people, of no great importance. Any form of totalitarianism denies the right of the individual to freedom, life, and objective justice; and that this cannot be accepted by a religion based upon the dignity of man needs no further emphasis.

In Germany, men like Cardinal Archbishop Faulhaber of Munich, or the Bishops of Berlin and Münster, have won world fame by their courageous defiance of State despotism — not to speak of those Church laymen who died during the 'blood purge' of June 30, 1934. Yet we have seen other high prelates, like Cardinal Schulte of Cologne, endorsing National Socialism. In March 1936, when Hitler tore up the Locarno Treaty, the Cardinal sent a telegram to War Minister Von Blomberg in which he called that action, which brought the world to the verge of another war, 'an elevating example of sacrifice, ready patriotism, earnest discipline, and upright fear of God.'

In the spring of 1933, when the German Republic, which had tried to bring about social justice and liberty, was crushed by National Socialism, the German Episcopate lifted the religious ban which had been imposed on the Nazi

Party for many years. The Apostolic Nuncio in Berlin openly favored the entente between Catholic and Nazi leaders, and the way was prepared for the Concordat of July 1933, which sacrificed not only the Catholic Centre Party to Nazi totalitarianism, but also the Catholic trade-unions and other workers' organizations which had loyally served the cause of Christianity. It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that devout Catholics are wondering whether the active opposition of the Church forced upon her by Nazi totalitarianism would not, in spite of all authoritative condemnations, be withdrawn if the rights of the Church were no further infringed.

How the so-called 'Christian-Social Party' and the Catholic press of Austria dealt with the Viennese Socialists has certainly not been forgotten. It was out of the blood of two thousand workers, their women and children, that the 'New Austria' rose in February 1934 — hailed by many as an example of a 'truly Catholic State.'

Don Sturzo's admirable book, *L'Eglise et l'Etat*, summarized the situation recently prevailing in Austria as follows: —

The Austria of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg pretends to be a Catholic State founded upon the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, but in reality it is a dictatorial State with a Catholic and Fascist predominance; the government represents only a minority and is staying in power only on the ground of martial law. The social measures inspired by papal Encyclicals are not realities . . . the masses of the workers have not forgotten the bloody repression of February 1934.

It was due to these discrepancies between words and facts, and not to the National Socialist inclination of a small part of the people, that the tragedy of Austria took place on March 12 of this year. Austria is 90 per cent Catholic, and the Church exercised a decisive influence there. Many wonder why, then, it was not used for the maintenance of democracy and social justice, which alone could

have guaranteed the stability and independence of that unfortunate country. How is it reconcilable with the religious principles of the Church that her temporal policy could compromise on such an important battleground with Fascism and all it stands for?

I should like to quote from an editorial in the Catholic weekly *America* of January 15, 1938, entitled 'The Pope and Fascism': —

It is true that frequently the Church is obliged to tolerate for a time being the lesser of two evils; this does not mean that she approves the evil. On the contrary, she condemns all that is unjust. With Fascism it is possible for her to establish a temporary *modus vivendi* and to wait for better times. But with Communism, essentially based on Atheism and committed to the fostering of Atheism, no such arrangement is possible.

It seems to me that compromising with something clearly recognized as an evil is always a very dubious act. The idolization of 'blood and race,' of 'State power' and allegedly semi-divine leaders, is no less Atheism than the form of society practised in Soviet Russia. On the other hand, that 'temporary *modus vivendi*' to which the editorial in the Catholic paper refers has led already to serious inner conflicts for many Catholics, without relieving the troubles with which the world is faced; for instance, the Abyssinian War, that fatal turning point in contemporary history, when high Italian prelates donated the treasures of their churches to Mussolini's war chest.

When the League of Nations imposed economic sanctions to end international lawlessness, the defiance of Fascist Italy was hailed in Italy's most important Catholic review, *Civiltà Cattolica*, organ of the Jesuits, as 'a wonderful spectacle of abnegation, cohesion, and Christian strength.' Coinciding with the news about the Fascist massacre in Addis Ababa on February 19, 1937, there came a circular from the president of the Catholic Action in Italy approving the

colonial and international policy of Fascism. Coinciding, too, was the news about the formation of the Rome-Berlin Axis, which is now threatening the security of all peoples.

Don Sturzo himself affirms that the Catholics in all other countries openly disagreed with the pro-war attitude of the Italian Hierarchy, though the latter was — to say the least — not discouraged by still higher ecclesiastical personalities. The most representative publications, *Études* of the Jesuits in Paris, *La Vie Intellectuelle* of the Dominicans in Oxford, and Catholic writers in France, Spain, and the United States, were unanimous in their condemnation of the Fascist aggression.

There is a direct connection between this aggression and the declining influence of the League of Nations, National Socialist rearmament, the breakdown of collective security, the final encouragement which Japan needed for its invasion of China, the Rome-Berlin Axis, involving its carefully prepared interference in Spanish affairs, and the rape of Austria. It was then that the rift in Catholic opinion became apparent. Only a fundamental revision of policy can heal this fundamental rift.

III

Can a revision of Church policy be expected, and, if so, is there still time before greater, maybe irreparable, damage is done to Catholic and non-Catholic Christianity? There are men and women in all countries who believe that financial considerations prevent the Church from taking a firm stand against Fascism — though Fascism is to-day the chief aggressive danger for Christian civilization.

The war in Spain brought these latent resentments to a climax. Forty-eight out of the fifty-one Spanish Bishops came out openly against their government, and the official paper of the Vatican, *Osservatore Romano*, stated that 'in the

Spanish Civil War the one party is formed by Franco and the Church, the other by the "Reds." Similar pronouncements can be found daily in most of the leading Catholic papers in all countries. When the German Bishops, on January 1, 1937, pledged their support to Hitler to fight 'Bolshevism,' they quoted Spain as a special example of 'Red terror,' thus using Nazi language to win Nazi friendship. Not one word is printed in Catholic papers about the Spanish Hierarchy, which long since lost all contact with the people and became an institution for the rich, the landowners, the aristocracy.

But this is a 'Holy War,' we are told by a spokesman of the Rebels, the Reverend Father Ignacio G. Menendez-Reigada, in a work entitled *Thomist Science*, published in Salamanca in 1937.

To this the greatest Thomist of our day, Jacques Maritain, answered in the English monthly *Colosseum* of September 1937: 'War does not become holy: it runs the danger of making what is holy a blasphemy. And the abominable means it uses to-day render such a result inevitable.'

But Maritain is called an 'idealist,' as if his views required apology. How difficult it is to get a fair hearing I can testify out of my own experience, for when I returned from Spain last autumn and reported what I had seen I was called a 'Red,' or at least a 'dupe of the Reds.'

'We [Catholics] are certainly not apologists of Hitler,' the *Catholic Herald* of November 19, 1937, wrote in this connection, 'yet the fact remains that Catholic sacramental and devotional life in Germany continues in full vigor.'

I do not know how this view, which we find expressed in Catholic circles only too frequently, is reconciled with facts. That sacramental life in Germany — though already severely hampered — has not yet been suppressed should not deceive anyone. Rather will one have to agree with Cardinal Faulhaber, who said in his

great sermon of February 13 of this year, 'It is not necessary to burn churches to have religious persecution.' The illiterates who burned churches in Catalonia after the army, that 'defender of law and order,' had mutinied are certainly less guilty in the eyes of God than Franco's neopagan allies who in Germany and Austria are burning the Church. The policy of the Church towards the legitimate government of Spain reminds us of the most tragic periods in the Church's history.

Because of a misguided temporal policy, the mediæval Popes fought continually against the legitimate rulers of Lombardy and Sicily, the Hohenstaufen Emperors, and were in league with all anti-Imperial rebels. In this struggle the Papacy remained victorious, but with the downfall of the Hohenstaufens began the downfall of Christian unity, the seeds for 'national Churches' were sown, and ultimately the Protestant forces broke away from the Holy See.

To-day the danger of an internal landslide must not be overlooked. The lesson of Spain, once one of the most solidly Catholic countries, of the devastation of religious life in Germany, and of the fate which has befallen Austria, should be taken as a final warning.

IV

American Catholicism, bred in the atmosphere of democracy, could be a decisive force in making such danger understood. I have come in contact with many Catholic students in colleges like St. Ambrose in Davenport, Iowa, Assumption College in Windsor, Canada, and in non-denominational institutions like Swarthmore College, the University of Virginia, and Rollins College, Florida; and I found them never more interested than when I discussed with them the outlines of Catholic social justice. I was impressed with the progressiveness of their political and social views. 'If we want to fight the ideology of the Com-

munists successfully, we must offer a social justice which is greater than theirs,' is the thought I heard expressed wherever I met young American Catholics.

Among the Catholic teachers of American colleges I found some remarkable representatives of progressive Catholicism; I am thinking in particular of the former President of St. Ambrose, Monsignor Cone, whose whole work was dedicated to a truly democratic community, and of the Father Jesuits of Regis College, Denver, which I visited this spring. Nor should the group of young Basilian Fathers in Assumption College, whose 'Cultural Forum' holds a high intellectual level, remain unmentioned.

In October 1937, when the letter of the hundred and fifty Protestant clergymen and educators on the Spanish situation was published, I witnessed the reaction of my Catholic students at Swarthmore College. 'Imagine non-Catholics having to tell us what to do!' my discussion group said. 'But some day, when we are out of college . . .'

Yes, I do believe that 'some day' these young American Catholics will have a great deal to contribute to the world cause of the Church, and it would not be the first time that the United States took such a lead. It was due to Cardinal Gibbons's personal intervention with Pope Leo XIII that the first Catholic workers' organization of modern times, the Knights of Labor, remained uncondemned by the Church. It is said that the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* which outlined the Church's social programme was directly inspired by this great American Cardinal.

'I can never forget the anxiety and distress of mind of those days,' he wrote in the *Dublin Review* of April 1917. 'If the Knights of Labor were not condemned by the Church, the Church ran the risk of combining against herself every element of wealth and power. . . . But if the Church did not protect

the workingman, she would have been false to her whole history; and this the Church can never be.'

It is therefore strictly in line with Catholic tradition, and with the spirit I have found prevailing in this country, to indicate the decisions which the Church might well take at this crossroads of world history.

Wherever there is a popular front movement the Church should become its leader; where men and women are fighting for better living conditions and for the right to organize, the Church must be on their side; where democratic States are threatened by dictatorship, the Church

has to oppose it — unconditionally. Where better and more progressive education is advocated, it is the Church's fight. Where the issue of anti- or super-Semitism arises, the Church has to demonstrate that Nazis and Jews who boast of their 'blood and race' are atavisms belonging to the time when the Book of Ezra was written.

Humanity, faced with totalitarian despotism from both sides and increasing economic anarchy and selfish profiteering, would then look upon the Church as that bulwark of freedom and justice for the weak and oppressed that Christ wanted her to be.

A NOVELIST BEGINS

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

I

I BEGAN writing what has developed into the trilogy, *Studs Lonigan*, in June 1929. *Judgment Day* was finally completed at the end of January 1935. In June 1929, I was a young man who had burned other bridges behind me with the determination to write whether my efforts brought success or failure. I was then finishing what happened to be the last quarter in which I was a student at the University of Chicago.

Three times before, I had dropped out of classes because I was restless and dissatisfied. I resolved to devote my time to writing and to educating myself in my own haphazard manner. For a fourth and last time I had matriculated and I managed to finish out the quarter. Although I read continuously and rather broadly, I could not, after my sophomore year, maintain a steady interest in any of my courses except composition,

where I could write as much as I pleased. I would cut other classes, day after day, finally dropping out, heedless of the loss of credit and the waste of money I had spent in tuition.

My mood or state of mind in those days was, I believe, one which most young writers will recognize. To be a young man with literary aspirations is not to be particularly happy. At first, the desire to write is more strong than is a clear perception of what one wants to write and how one will write it. There are surprising oscillations of mood. One moment the young writer is energetic and hopeful. The next, he is catapulted into a fit of despair with his faith in himself infirm, his self-confidence shattered and broken, his view of the future one in which he sees futile self-sacrifices ending only in dismal failure. There are times when he cannot look his friends in

the eye. There are moments when he feels himself to be set against the opposition of the entire world. There are occasions when he turns a caustic wit, a brutal sarcasm, and a savage arrogance on others only because he is defending himself from himself.

Suddenly he will be devastated by an image of himself in which he sees a nobody who has had the temerity and egotism to want to call himself a writer. He measures himself, with his few unpublished manuscripts, against the accomplishments of great writers, and his ambition suddenly seems like insanity. Even though he is not particularly conscious of clothes, there are periods when he gazes upon his own shabbiness — his unshined shoes, his worn and unpressed suit, his frayed overcoat, his uncut hair — and sees this all as a badge of his own miserable mediocrity. A sense of failure dogs his steps. Living with himself becomes almost unendurable.

Writing is one of the cruelest of professions. The sense of possible failure in a literary career can torment one pitilessly. And failure in a literary career cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Poverty and the struggle for bread are not the only features of a literary career which can make it so cruel. There is the self-imposed loneliness. There is the endless struggle to perceive freshly and clearly, to realize and re-create a sense of life on paper. There is more than economic competition involved. The writer feels frequently that he is competing with time and with life itself. His hopes will sometimes ride high. His ambitions will soar until they have become so grandiose that they cannot be realized within the space of a single lifetime.

The world opens up before the young writer as a grand and glorious adventure in feeling and in understanding. Nothing human is unimportant to him. Everything that he sees is germane to his purpose. Every word that he hears uttered is of potential use to him. Every

mood, every passing fancy, every trivial thought, can have its meaning and its place in the store of experience which he accumulates. The opportunities for assimilation are enormous, endless. And there is only one single short life of struggle in which to assimilate.

A melancholy sense of time becomes a torment. One's whole spirit rebels against a truism which all men must realize because it applies to all men. One seethes in rebellion against the realization that the human being must accept limitations, that he can develop in one line of effort only at the cost of making many sacrifices in other lines. Time becomes for the writer the most precious good in all the world. And how often will he not feel that he is squandering this precious good? His life then seems like a sieve through which his days are filtering, leaving behind only a few, a very few, miserable grains of experience. If he is wasting time to-day, what assurance can he give himself that he will not be doing likewise to-morrow? He is struggling with himself to attain self-discipline. He weighs every failure in his struggle. He begins to find a sense of death — death before he has fulfilled any of his potentialities — like a dark shadow cast constantly close to his awareness.

Such were some of the components of my own state of mind when *Studs Lonigan* was begun.

II

In the spring of 1929, I took a course in advanced composition conducted by Professor James Weber Linn. And Professor Linn — with whom I was constantly at loggerheads concerning literary questions — was encouraging. His encouragement, as well as my arguments with him and with the majority of the class, assisted me in maintaining my own self-confidence. For his course I wrote thousands of words. I wrote stories, sketches, book reviews, essays, impressions, anecdotes.

Most of these manuscripts related to death, disintegration, human indignity, poverty, drunkenness, ignorance, human cruelty. They attempted to describe dusty and deserted streets, street corners, miserable homes, poolrooms, brothels, dance halls, taxi dances, bohemian sections, express offices, gasoline filling stations, scenes laid in slum districts. The characters were boys, boys' gangs, drunkards, Negroes, expressmen, homosexuals, immigrants and immigrant landlords, filling-station attendants, straw bosses, hitch-hikers, bums, bewildered parents. Most of the manuscripts were written with the ideal of objectivity in mind. I realized then that the writer should submit himself to an objective discipline. These early manuscripts of mine were written, in the main, out of such an intention.

One of the stories which I wrote for Professor Linn's course was titled 'Studs.' It was originally published in *This Quarter*. 'Studs' is the story of a wake, written in the first person. The corpse is a lad from the Fifty-eighth Street neighborhood who died suddenly at the age of twenty-six. The story describes his background and his friends. They have come to the wake, and they sit in the rear of the apartment discussing the mysteries of death in banalities, nostalgically remembering the good old days, contentedly describing dull details of their current life. The author of the story sits there, half-heartedly trying to join in the conversation, recollecting the past vividly, remembering how these fellows who are now corpulent and sunk in the trivialities of day-to-day living were once adventurous boys.

Professor Linn read this story in class and praised it most enthusiastically. I had no genuine opinion concerning it. I had tried to write it as honestly, as clearly, and as well as I could. I did not know what I thought of it. The praise which the story received in class greatly encouraged me. I asked Professor Robert Morss Lovett to read it. He kindly

consented, and after doing so he called me to his office and suggested that the story should be developed at greater length, and the milieu described in it put down in greater detail. I had already begun to think of doing this, and Professor Lovett's advice clinched the matter for me.

In a sense, Professor Linn and Professor Lovett are the spiritual godfathers of *Studs Lonigan*.

When I began working on this material, I envisaged one long novel, ending in a scene similar to that described in the story, 'Studs.' I saw in the character of Studs Lonigan, who was growing in my mind, a number of tendencies at work in a section of American life which I happened to know because it had been part of my own education in living. I began to see Studs not only as a character in imaginative fiction but also as a social manifestation. In the early stages of writing this work, I analyzed my character as I considered him in his relations to his own world, his own milieu. I set as my aim that of unfolding the destiny of Studs Lonigan in his own words, his own actions, his own patterns of thought and feeling. I decided that my task was not to state formally what life meant to me, but to try to re-create a sense of what life meant to Studs Lonigan.

I worked on with this project, setting up as an ideal the strictest possible objectivity. As I wrote, the book enlarged and expanded. It grew into two novels, and finally into three. There were numberless changes and expansions of the original conception, alterations in emphasis, reconstructions of the structure of events, from the time that the project was first conceived until the last line was written. However, to go into this phase of the work would be dull, and it would sound too much like a pretentious effort to bring one's laboratory out in public. All works of imaginative fiction go through such a process of change and expansion.

III

Studs Lonigan was conceived as a normal American boy of Irish Catholic extraction. The social milieu in which he lived and was educated was one of spiritual poverty. It was not, contrary to some misconceptions, a slum neighborhood. Had I written *Studs Lonigan* as a story of the slums, it would have been easy for the reader falsely to place the motivation and causation of the story directly in immediate economic roots. Such a placing of motivation would have obscured one of the most important meanings which I wanted to infuse into my story — my desire to reveal the concrete effects of spiritual poverty.

It is readily known that poverty and slums cause spiritual poverty in many lives. One of the important meanings which I perceived in this story was that here was a neighborhood several steps removed from the slums and dire economic want, and here was manifested a pervasive spiritual poverty.

The fathers, grandfathers, great-grandfathers of boys like Studs Lonigan came to America as to a new world. They came from the shores of that island whose history is one of the most bitter of all time. Most of them were poor immigrants. Some of them could not read or write. They belonged at the bottom of the American social and economic ladder. Many of them did menial work, and the lives which they led were hard. They struggled upward in American society just as have other immigrant groups and races before and after them.

Their lives constituted a process in which they were assimilated into the American petty bourgeoisie and the American labor aristocracy. Their lives were dedicated to work, to advancing themselves, to saving and thrift, to raising their families. They rose socially and economically. Ultimately many of them owned buildings and conducted

their own small business enterprises. They became politicians, straw bosses, salesmen, boss craftsmen, and the like. And they became tired.

Their spiritual resources were meagre. They believed in the American myths of success and advancement. They believed in the teachings and dogma of their faith. They believed that with homilies, platitudes about faith and work, and little fables about good example they could educate their children. They believed that thus their children would start off in the race of life with greater advantages than they had had, and that their children would advance so much the farther, so many more rungs on the economic and social ladder.

The story of Studs Lonigan opens on the day that Woodrow Wilson is renominated to run for a second term as President of the United States. It closes in the depths of the Hoover era.

It was during the period of the Wilsonian Administration that this nation reached upward toward the zenith of its power and became, perhaps, the richest and the most powerful nation in all history. The story of Studs Lonigan was conceived as the story of the education of a normal American boy in this period. The important institutions in the education of Studs Lonigan are the home and the family, the church, the school, and the playground. These institutions break down, and do not serve their desired function. The streets become a potent educative factor in the boy's life. In time, the poolroom becomes an important institution in his life. When Studs reaches his young-manhood, this nation is moving headlong into one of the most insane eras of our history — the Prohibition era.

A word here is necessary concerning the drinking of Studs and his companions. This drinking has a definite social character. When Studs and his companions drink, they do so as a gesture of defiance which is in the spirit of the times. Drinking in those days became

a social ritual. Furthermore, when Studs and his companions began drinking, the worst liquor of the Prohibition era was being sold. Those were the days when the newspapers published daily death lists of the number of persons who had died from bootleg liquor and wood alcohol. That was the time when men and boys would take one or two drinks, pass out into unconsciousness, and come to their senses later to learn that they would never again have their eyesight.

All generations drink more or less in the period of young-manhood. But all generations do not drink the kind of bootleg liquor which Studs Lonigan and his companions drank. The health of Studs and many of his friends is impaired and permanently ruined in this story. That very loss of health has, it can be seen now, a social character.

Studs Lonigan is neither a tough nor a gangster. He is not really a hard guy. He is a normal young American of his time and his class. His values become the values of his world. He has as many good impulses as normal human beings have. In time, because of defeat, of frustration, of a total situation which is characterized by spiritual poverty, these good impulses go more and more into the stream of his reverie. Here we find the source of Studs's constant dream of himself.

His dream of himself changes in character as the story progresses. In the beginning, it is a vision of what he is

going to be. He is a boy waiting at the threshold of life. His dream of himself is a romantic projection of his future, conceived in the terms and the values of his milieu. In time, this dream of himself turns backward. It is no longer a romantic projection of things to come. More and more it becomes a nostalgic image turned toward the past. Does this not happen in greater or lesser degree to all of us?

Shortly after I began working on *Studs Lonigan*, I happened to be reading John Dewey's *Human Nature and Conduct*, and I came upon the following sentence which I used as a frontispiece quotation in *Young Lonigan*: 'The poignancy of situations which evoke reflection lies in the fact that we do not know the meaning of the tendencies that are pressing for action.' This observation crystallized for me what I was seeking to do. This work grew out of a situation which evoked reflection. The situation revealed to me the final meaning of tendencies which had been pressing for action. And that final situation became death, turning poignancy into tragedy.

Studs Lonigan was conceived as the story of an American destiny in our time. It deals with the making and the education of an American boy. My attitude toward it and toward my character here is essentially a simple one. 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.' . . . There, but for the grace of God, go many others.

TOWARD A NATIONAL LABOR POLICY

BY GEORGE W. TAYLOR

I

A TROUBLED employer recently came to my office holding a copy of the National Labor Relations Act before him. He insisted upon reading aloud, in mocking tones, those first words of the Act which state its objective as being 'to diminish the cause of labor disputes burdening or obstructing interstate and foreign commerce.' The grievance of this employer was that the Act, and the way it is administered, have not minimized labor disputes, but have caused them. His sincerity could not be questioned when he placed squarely upon the new labor policy full responsibility for the strikes and dissension that had come to his own plant.

Since such an attitude prevails rather generally among employers and others, one cannot brush lightly aside their insistence upon the need for drastic revision.

A proper appraisal of the National Labor Relations Act, and of the work of the administering Board, cannot be made solely on the basis of initial difficulties encountered in effectuating the Act. It is, moreover, essential to probe beneath current criticisms of the administrative procedures and policies of the Board. There is no doubt that a state of flux and uncertainty will characterize these phases for years to come. Beneath the gusty surface movements, however, is a much more significant ground swell. Past concepts of industrial relations will be substantially changed if the defined purpose of the National Labor Relations Act to

'encourage collective bargaining' is carried out in fact.

That we must have a constant and critical appraisal of procedure no one will deny. Certainly there has been no 'pulling of punches' thus far. Early in 1938, the Senate Judiciary Committee acted under Resolution 207 to investigate such serious allegations as that the Board (1) showed partisanship for the industrial form of union; (2) permitted intimidation of witnesses; (3) improperly canceled labor agreements that had been made with bona fide labor organizations; (4) encroached upon freedom of speech and of the press; and (5) stirred up industrial dissension. That these particular charges were adequately answered is attested by the fact that the Judiciary Committee *unanimously* agreed to proceed no further with the investigation after representatives of the Board testified.

The most recent crises faced by the Board resulted from a ruling of the Supreme Court that the Department of Agriculture had used 'fatally defective' procedure in the Kansas City stockyards case. It was assumed that, under this ruling, the National Labor Relations Board also followed an improper procedure in a number of cases in which the trial examiner did not prepare an intermediate report of the evidence he had taken. After a period of confusion, this issue was clarified by a Supreme Court ruling which held that the procedure in question did not necessarily deny a 'full

and adequate hearing to the employer' where oral argument was had and where the employer understood the issues and was provided an opportunity to rebut the complaint.

From such issues it may be argued that a new labor law is gradually evolving which will properly encourage collective bargaining. From the heat of criticism, a sounder and stronger administrative mechanism is gradually being forged to encourage collective bargaining in an acceptable manner. Experience with the shortcomings of the Act provides an understanding of changes or amendments that may be required to encourage the kind of collective bargaining that is in the public interest. The really important point is that we have embarked upon a national labor policy which contemplates the general adoption of collective bargaining in a country where individual bargaining has long been the most common way of determining the conditions of labor.

The essence of the National Labor Relations Act is that industrial peace in a democracy can best be assured when conditions of employment are established with the genuine consent of employer and employees. It has been declared that dealings between management and individual workers, or between management and a company union, generally result in the imposition of terms by employers rather than in their acceptance by employees. The Act is obviously designed to minimize the underlying grievances that are inherent in individual bargaining. Disputes that ultimately develop from these grievances can threaten not only industrial peace but the common acceptance of our present economic and political institutions. My own notebook of cases arbitrated includes any number of instances where accumulated grievances have made brick throwers out of employees who have much the same ideals and aspirations as 'you and I and the man in the elevator.' The National Labor Relations Act, therefore, approves

collective bargaining as the process by which conditions of work should be determined, and requires the Board to follow through 'by encouraging the practice and procedure of collective bargaining and by protecting the exercise by workers of full freedom of association . . . for the purpose of negotiating the terms and conditions of their employment.'

Two broad but distinct phases arise in the transition from so-called individual bargaining to collective bargaining. Organizing for collective bargaining is the first phase, and that with which the National Labor Relations Act is particularly concerned. The development of genuine collective bargaining is the second. It is in the organizational stage, where contrary philosophies struggle for dominance, that labor conflicts have always been most intense. Pitched battles like that which recently occurred at the South Chicago plant of the Republic Steel Company are often fought just to settle the issue of whether there is to be collective bargaining. Announcement of the intention of the CIO to organize the employees of the Ford Motor Company for collective bargaining quickly resulted in a 'call to arms' by the union and the company. They prepare for the test of strength which is to determine the philosophy of industrial relations that is to prevail. Labor disputes on this issue have usually been fights to the finish.

Are there sound reasons for believing that individual bargaining is defective as a means of providing the best possible terms of employment and of maintaining employee satisfaction? There can be no doubt that any concern employing relatively large numbers of workers cannot bargain individually and separately with every one. Individual bargaining means, almost universally, that the terms of employment are at best the result of a unilateral determination by the employer. The prerogative of an employee is limited to taking or leaving a job on the terms that are offered. If jobs are scarce,

he takes the job, since the alternative is no work. Nor is the essential nature of the process changed, in most instances, by going through the motions of negotiation with a company union. Exponents of the so-called independent unions must recognize the impotency of these organizations to engage in genuine collective bargaining unless they negotiate with the employer on equal terms and possess the power to refuse conditions that are offered. Only to the extent that they have such power can independent unions play an important rôle in the working out of the new national labor policy.

The wage policy of an employer depends to a large extent upon competitive factors. Differences between the hourly earnings or piece rates paid by concerns within a given labor market indicate, however, that employers have considerable latitude in determining a wage policy. Even though competitive factors directly influence the wages that are offered, this is seldom the case for many important conditions of employment. These include freedom from capricious discharges, equitable sharing of work, promotions, and a host of similar conditions. The classic personnel programme of the foreman who 'fired one a week to keep the fear of God in their hearts' is still in use at more plants than where it is acknowledged.

Employees are undoubtedly convinced, in some instances, that all these interests receive better protection when the terms of employment are established by the employer instead of through negotiations by a union. Such a confidence does not just naturally happen. It must rest upon a deep-seated conviction that wages and other conditions of work are voluntarily set by the management at the highest standards that are compatible with the well-being of the concern. In addition, the employees must feel that certain of their primary interests will be protected even though this may increase cost of operation.

A lack of employee confidence in

management cannot always be attributed to the 'undermining activities' of union organizers. The employer who speaks with emotion of the loyalty of his workers who are 'just one big happy family' is too frequently deceived by his own wishful thinking. He often confuses docility with satisfaction. How can the employee have confidence in a management that pays low wages but high dividends and high executive salaries? In other cases the occurrence of layoffs, principally because a management chooses to sacrifice volume of sales to maintain prices, cannot fail to make employees doubt the wisdom of accepting management policies. The prevalence of numerous conflicting interests of these types almost inevitably gives rise to an interest in outside unions.

Much may be said for the point of view that industrial peace in a democracy can be developed with greatest assurance through an agreement reached with the consent of parties having equal bargaining power. Employees are then in a position to evaluate whether they are getting the best possible conditions. By participating in the determination of the wage contract they can give real consent to the terms of employment.

Aside from the beneficial results of actual participation of employees in the making of the labor contract, the framers of the National Labor Relations Act apparently concluded that collective bargaining will ordinarily provide better terms than have resulted from individual bargaining. Thus, a portion of the Act reads: 'The inequality of bargaining power between employees who do not possess full freedom of association or actual liberty of contract, and employers . . . tends to aggravate recurrent business depressions, by depressing wage rates and the purchasing power of wage earners in industry and by preventing the stabilization of competitive wage rates and working conditions within and between industries.'

If collective bargaining can really pro-

vide advantages to employees, how can one explain the reluctance of American workmen to join labor unions? Many employees want nothing to do with the labor union or unions operating in their industry. While they may lack confidence in employer policies, — and this is by no means universal, — they often have even less confidence in union leadership. There have been many bitter experiences of lost jobs arising from poorly designed union programmes. Strikes have been called more frequently than they have been settled, and unduly high rates exacted by a union have often led to relocation of equipment. In some cases employees have been 'beaten up' so many times in the process of being educated to the benefits of unionism that they are now conscientious objectors.

On the other hand, employees have been subjected to the severest kind of pressure from employers who seek to coerce or cajole them into remaining outside of union ranks. Chapter XII of the second annual report of the National Labor Relations Board includes an amazing inventory of the varied devices that have been used by employers to forestall unionization. These range from the carefully planned offensive on numerous fronts, which has been termed the 'Mohawk Valley Formula,' to apparently casual but derogatory remarks of a foreman. Most of these efforts are directed at the worker's fear that he may lose his job.

Discrimination need not be so obvious as a discharge based upon reports obtained through an espionage system. It can be as effective, and much more difficult to prove, if it is judiciously related to layoffs, promotions, sharing of work, allocation of jobs that pay well or poorly, and numerous other aspects of employment. In combating the employer offensive, most unions have developed their departments of war more carefully than the departments of state. In being forced to fight for their existence in the past, unions have naturally elected

militant leaders. Many of them have not yet been able to revise their tactics to conform to new conditions. There is ample evidence in the experience of such well-established unions as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers that industrial statesmen will be called to union leadership once the battle of organization is over and genuine collective bargaining begins.

II

A proper appraisal of the activities of the National Labor Relations Board can only be made by recognizing that the recent surge of labor-union activity, stopped rather short by the decline of business activity, has been organizational in nature.

In order to operate as an effective bargaining unit, a union faces the necessity of becoming the sole bargaining agency within an entire competitive area. Unless standard union conditions are substantially applicable in all plants, directly competing with each other, the establishment of relatively high standards in a few plants can lead merely to short-time employment or even to relocation of the industry. On the other hand, employers frequently insist that they are willing to pay higher rates 'if everyone else does.' They may even offer assistance to the union in extending its organization throughout a competitive area as the one means of establishing higher standards without penalizing a few unionized concerns. Like manufacturers, unions are concerned about the competition from low-rate concerns.

Within the past several years, certain CIO unions in highly organized industries have attributed their lack of bargaining power to the low wages paid in unorganized industries. An increased labor cost could not be 'passed along' in higher prices because of a lack of general purchasing power or the availability of substitute products to the consumer. This point of view has been an important factor behind the drive to organize the

large numbers of relatively unskilled workers and those in the mass-production industries. If collective bargaining can be made effective for them, union officials believe that wage increases will raise purchasing power in most instances, and also equalize the cost of production between competing products.

The reasons for calling strikes may be widely different from the factors that cause people to strike. This is particularly true of the organization strike. Such a strike is not primarily based upon the grievances of the employees directly affected, although existing grievances will be mobilized, but upon the union necessity of securing complete organization of a competitive area. Collective bargaining leads inevitably to the development by the union of an industry or a market labor policy. It is this factor that makes collective bargaining so different from the unilateral determination of wages by a single employer.

The most vexing problems of industrial strife centre about the organization drive. The National Labor Relations Act is not responsible for this situation unless it is held to account for the fact that more organization drives have resulted because of the use of restraints against the coercive tactics of employers. On the other hand, the Act has made a significant step toward eliminating industrial strife in organization drives through the election device, which will later be considered in greater detail.

Why does the organization drive represent such a difficult problem? To begin with, most of the employees who are called upon to strike may not be fully sold on the idea and may even resist it. Whatever the reason for their reluctance to fight for union recognition, union officials consider it to be essential to organize them for the maintenance or improvement of general working standards. The tactics used by both sides are frequently coercive. This was true before the passage of the National Labor Relations Act, and is still true.

In organizing a plant, the union has often faced the necessity of making effective the expression of a minority of the employees. Such strikes as that run last summer by the American Federation of Hosiery Workers at the Apex Hosiery Company indicate how the organization drive is often an issue that is resolved by the sheer power of the contending parties. If a peaceful method of handling the issues in an organization strike can be evolved, a notable step will have been taken toward minimizing violence in industrial disputes.

There is a means provided by the National Labor Relations Act for handling the problem of organizing for collective bargaining in a civilized way. The secret election among employees represents a peaceful way of determining the choice of a collective-bargaining agency. If we are able really to learn how to use that device, which is still experimental, we shall have moved far in the direction of eliminating industrial strife without a sacrifice of democratic principles.

The possibilities of the election are readily visualized by contrasting the manner of handling the recognition issue at the Republic Steel Company and at the Jones and Laughlin Company. A battle was fought at Republic over organization and recognition. On the other hand, some 24,000 employees of the Jones and Laughlin Company went to an office of the National Labor Relations Board to settle the same kind of dispute by voting 'yes' or 'no' on the question of whether they desired to be represented in collective bargaining by the CIO. The use of the election is obviously based upon a willingness to abide by the will of the majority.

Employers have generally resisted the development of the majority-rule principle on the ground that it ignores the rights of the minority to participate in determining the conditions of employment. Yet some of the same employers extol individual bargaining, which gives

little or no bargaining rights to any employees. Such a position is somewhat incongruous, and these employers could build a much more convincing case by avoiding indirection and emphasizing the many defects of collective bargaining.

The election, with the majority-rule principle, is a resounding challenge to union officials. With the use of elections, unions are given an inducement for getting a majority of employees to 'sign up' by peaceful means, instead of depending upon the strength of minorities to secure recognition. The elimination of employer coercion has already resulted in the avoidance of the pressure organization strike by some unions which depend upon a peaceful election to secure recognition. Since a new kind of organizing tactics must be used to develop fully the possibilities of the election, it is not surprising that old devices also persist.

Especially when the organization drive becomes a tug of war between employer and union, the wage-rate structure can be thoroughly disorganized. It is next to impossible to combine genuine collective bargaining with the organization drive. The start of such a drive is often the signal for an employer to provide a wage increase and other adjustments as a form of union insurance. Then, if the union is successful anyway in securing recognition, it must get further 'concessions' to maintain a newly gained status with the employees.

There can be no criticism of the adjustments that represent a delayed meeting of prevailing standards or that can equitably be borne by the employer. Any kind of straight thinking about the problem, however, will lead inevitably to the conclusion that wage setting cannot soundly be based upon what will keep a union out of a concern or what will keep it in. The setting of labor costs is a problem in economics, and not one of management and union politics.

After the recognition issue is settled, the parties must then undertake the real task of determining conditions of employment on a new kind of basis. This stage was quickly reached at the United States Steel Company, where the bitterness and fury of an organization strike were avoided. Only when this stage is reached can there be a test of whether the underlying philosophy of the National Labor Relations Act is sound. Genuine collective bargaining can only result when there is no further threat to the continued existence of the union. The signing of labor agreements in many instances does not signify that the organization drive is over, but that it has started 'on the inside' instead of continuing on the outside of the plant. Agreements may be conceived by the employer as a temporary capitulation and by the union as one step in the organization of employees.

Genuine collective bargaining involves the assumption of responsibilities by the union, even though they are unpopular with the rank and file. It has little chance of developing unless the status of the union is secure with the employer and unless the large majority of the employees have confidence in the union. A union can usually establish an assured status with employees if it is able to improve rates and working conditions, but difficulties are often faced if economic conditions preclude advances or necessitate a retreat. The closed shop is sometimes demanded, since it is a quick means of establishing the union.

It is apparent that under many recent agreements the organization tug of war continues between employer and union. Such contracts may be termed organization agreements, under which tactics and demands centre around the question of whether collective bargaining is to prevail. The terms or administration of such agreements can scarcely be satisfactory, and the efficacy of the collective-bargaining process cannot be appraised from experience with them.

III

If the fundamental objectives of the National Labor Relations Act are to be attained, management and unions must learn to make collective bargains that are economically sound and not based solely upon economic strength or political necessities. The National Labor Relations Board is not charged with responsibility for this phase, but there is no use organizing for collective bargaining unless we are able to undertake collective bargaining properly.¹

It is no easy task to make collective bargaining work. The terms of the agreement for any concern take account, not only of its own needs, but of the maintenance of market standards. It is this aspect of the process that is often most difficult for employers to accept. In numerous cases, individual concerns appear unable to operate at the same labor costs borne by their competitors. Whether this results from inefficient management, a weak financial structure, or other factors, a union may have to choose between lower labor rates and the maintenance of standard rates, which may jeopardize the existence of the company and of jobs.

This problem and many others of a similar nature frequently cause genuine collective bargaining to become a plan for union-management coöperation. Insistence upon the maintenance of standard rates and conditions is often combined with programmes for waste saving or for a complete revision of production processes. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers and other unions have even provided financial assistance to employers. While collective bargaining gives rights and power to unions, it involves obligations that cannot be avoided if collective bargaining is to work.

¹ The problems that are encountered in the development of collective bargaining, after the status of the union has been assured, have been analyzed in 'Collective Bargaining at Work' by Sumner H. Slichter in the *Atlantic* for January 1938.—AUTHOR

There is need for a realization on the part of employees generally, as well as of inexperienced labor leaders, that the right to collective bargaining does not necessarily mean an inexhaustible succession of wage increases and continuous improvement of conditions of work. Collective bargaining is a process for determining these conditions on an equitable basis, with assurances to employees from their own representatives that the terms on which they work are the best possible ones. Our industrial and social problems would be minor ones indeed if the real income of wage earners could be universally and substantially increased through collective bargaining over wage rates.

It may be granted in many industries and trades that the substitution of collective bargaining for individual bargaining will properly result in higher wages and better conditions of work. But will the results of sound collective bargaining generally prove to be satisfactory to employees? Even the staunchest supporters of labor unionism must admit that, in making contracts, economic considerations often influence labor leaders less than the political necessities of the union and of their own positions. Collective bargaining conducted solely on such a basis is apt to react to the detriment of employees and employer.

Some unions are so strong that they can exact whatever terms of employment they demand. Collective bargaining then becomes a different kind of unilateral determination than under individual bargaining — the employer has the choice of taking or leaving the contract offered by the union. Under such circumstances, equality of bargaining power is not attained. This has led unions, honestly desirous of making collective bargaining work, to assist in the formation of strong associations of employers in order that there might be a balancing of power and that bargaining might be between equals. Some observers see a place for the independent union

in some industries as a possible means of offsetting the monopoly power of outside unions.

Dire consequences have come to individual concerns and to industries where unilateral contracts imposed by unions have set uneconomic wages or conditions of work. The policy of 'no retreat' that was followed after 1920 by the United Mine Workers undoubtedly encouraged the development of non-union mines and the increased use of substitute products; it contributed to the widespread unemployment among union members. The uneconomic collective agreement often arises from a lack of knowledge of the bargaining process on the part of labor leaders. One frequently encounters their sincere demand that 'it is the right of organized workers to get substantially higher rates than those who are unorganized.' Or an informed leader may act against his better judgment when under pressure by the rank and file. Real union strength in collective bargaining lies, not in sheer power to exact demands, but in a knowledge of what is a sound wage policy and in an ability to make members realize the limitations of collective dealing.

An appreciation of its fundamental objectives leads to a realization that the National Labor Relations Act intends to place responsibility upon labor unions for one of the most crucial phases of supporting existing democratic institutions. It implies that individual determination of the labor contract can only lead to temporary submission, to the accumulation of grievances, and ultimately to serious conflict. In eliminating this cause of labor disputes, the first plank in a national labor policy is set forth as the substitution of collective for individual bargaining. There is considerable evidence that the rank and file are frequently no better satisfied with what their union officials get for them than they are with the terms voluntarily offered by employers.

If individual bargaining is really a

threat to our institutions, then we have truly placed an important task upon unions in expecting them to satisfy the desires of the employees by what can be secured through collective bargaining.

There comes a time in some industries when the organization strikes and drives are over and when the union is both strong and responsible. Employers are then not only willing but anxious to work out conditions of employment with the representatives of employees. Under such circumstances, the National Labor Relations Act contemplates little or no reason for industrial disputes. Certainly there will still be differences of opinion between employer and employee over terms of future contracts or over interpretations and administration of existing contracts. Unlike the issues of organization and recognition, however, disputes over contract terms are arbitrable. Furthermore, seldom is there such a wide difference of opinion as would justify either side in engaging in conflict. Voluntary arbitration is readily accepted as the way to settle most difficulties that arise.

There is still much to be done in developing genuine collective bargaining to the point where it is conceived and operated as an economic process. Fortunately a number of well-established unions have already pointed the way. The programme of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in bringing a measure of stability to the men's clothing industry is an outstanding achievement. The American Federation of Hosiery Workers has made significant strides in this direction, and at a time when substantial reductions in profits and wages in the industry could not be avoided. The writer has assisted in the administration of agreements made by this union with seamless-hosiery mills under which increases in hourly earnings have been dependent upon the ability of union officials to effect cost savings in the operation of the plant. These officials have become experts in plant management.

Many similar experiences could be cited to indicate that bargaining can be soundly built upon a knowledge of pertinent facts applied jointly for the development of an industry policy for labor relations. Genuine bargaining is developed in such cases by emphasizing, not the horse-trading aspects of joint bargaining, but the economics of each situation. This means that the determination of a wage scale must be based upon comprehensive data for wages, profits, prices, elasticity of demand, and similar facts necessary to the making of an important business decision.

If such an approach to collective bargaining is taken, the need for strikes can be minimized almost to the vanishing point. When intelligent men consider the same set of facts, they have differences of opinion, but not within a wide range. It is difficult to see how many issues could be so weighty as to induce either party to engage in a strike, especially when arbitration is available. There is also evidence to support the view that the rank and file are ready to support the union policy if they are sufficiently informed as to the facts behind it.

It is important to recognize that if the National Labor Relations Act results in the replacement of individual bargaining by collective bargaining there are further steps necessary for the development of a national labor policy. Provision must be made so that facts and assistance are available to enable the contracting parties to develop collective bargaining as an economic process. A far-reaching and carefully developed system of mediation and arbitration services must then be readily available should the parties choose to use them. Workers must be educated in the nature of the collective-bargaining process and its true place in the labor movement.

Unions have already learned, in many industries and trades, that none but

small gains can be soundly secured through collective bargaining. Such unions are expanding their programmes to include activities in legislative and political fields. The extent to which the labor movement broadens its base depends largely upon how much can be secured by collective bargaining.

As long as the primary objective of the labor movement in the United States is the securing of rights of collective bargaining, there is assurance that employees conceive their interests to be best protected by a continuance of the present form of economy. The collective agreement assumes the existence of an employer-employee relationship and has been developed in response to a wage system under which employees are paid by employers from the proceeds of the sale of goods. Anyone who has had any experience at all with genuine collective bargaining knows that the satisfactory use of the process requires the maintenance of profits.

One must realize that collective bargaining can work only within the framework of a capitalistic economy and a democratic society. Our governmental policy is obviously to raise collective bargaining to the status of a social institution in accordance with the belief that this process provides the best procedure for assuring employee satisfaction with wages and conditions of work. We have thrown upon trade-unions a task of tremendous importance which they cannot avoid if they are to make collective bargaining work. We have given a vexing task to the National Labor Relations Board in requiring it to administer an Act which aims to assist in organization for collective bargaining. Appraisal of its work should be based upon the exact place of its efforts in the development of a national labor policy. Criticism of its work should be confined to the duties it is expected to perform, not directed toward those that lie beyond its jurisdiction.

SUNDAY IN BRUSSELS

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

To Munson Havens

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

You are a charming correspondent, fully entitled to a leather medal, because you never ask any fool questions. You have never even asked me what I think about the international situation and the chance of war, which is Fool Question No. 1. Just for that, I am now going to uncork all the inside information which I have been picking up at great expense in the various European chancelleries these last six months, and much good may it do you.

You probably remember the story of the sea-captain who told a fussy old woman that the best time of year for her to cross the North Atlantic was when she had the money and wanted to go. There you have my best guess on the chance of war. There is a chance of war whenever someone wants to grab something and thinks he can get away with it. That is the international situation at the moment, exactly as it has always been ever since nations existed. The chance of war is precisely what it was when the planet was first infested by what old Frederick called 'this damned human race,' *diese verdammte Rasse*. A hundred and fifty years ago Chief Justice Jay said that 'nations in general will go to war whenever there is a prospect of getting something by it'; and that is all any Foreign Office can tell you now, or could ever tell you.

It is not very definite information, maybe, but it is all there is, and there

is n't any more. How do I know, how does anyone know, when somebody is going to gamble on a net gain out of starting a dust-up, or who that somebody will be? But while I can't say much that is definite about the international situation or the chance of war, I can say a whole lot that is definite about the International Situation and the Chance Of War, and I shall be pleased to do so. You may take the tip straight from the horse's mouth that the Chance Of War is the Big Out nowadays, and the International Situation is that infernal scoundrels are working it to the limit everywhere in Europe, just as they are in the United States, according to what I read and hear.

Governments (which is to say, being interpreted, jobholders) are looting, terrorizing and brutalizing whole populations without let or hindrance, all on the Chance Of War. They are perpetrating the vilest swineries against human rights, liberties and decencies, all on the Chance Of War. Everywhere here the Chance Of War is tightening the grip of Nietzsche's 'coldest of cold monsters, the State' on the individual's neck. The Chance Of War covers every device that a despicable ingenuity can invent for reducing human beings to the loathsome condition of State-servitude. The Chance Of War justifies every means of breaking the human spirit, mechanizing conscience, prostituting ideals, and debauching conduct to the level of savagery.

You see I am describing the International Situation objectively and in a gen-

eral way. I should like to give you three or four volumes of my opinion about it, but I thought you would probably rather have the unvarnished facts. If you were here I don't believe the thought of war would cross your mind once a week — it does n't mine — because you would see so much going on that is worse than war. I always thought the old-line pacifists were barking up the wrong tree when they laid so much stress on the horrors of war. I confess I can't get up any tootle about slaughter, pillaging, bombing, stinking people to death with gas, and all that sort of muck, though I have been closer to a goodish bit of it than I care to be again. To my notion, the real horror of war is what happens to people when the war is over, and the greatest horror is when the Chance Of War begins to get in its work. I was in Europe during the last war, and most of the time since, and for a choice of horrors give me war every time.

Mr. Jefferson said that the spirit and manners of a people are what really counts, and so they are. They are pretty nearly all that counts, and their destruction is the real horror of war. Think of the incredible degeneration which set in on our people after the last war, and ran on through the twenty-year period which was such a fine curtain-raiser for the revolting mess we are now in. It was not peculiar to us; it hit us harder, but one can see its boils, blains and pestiferous botches sticking out everywhere here in Europe also. In a word, that war took twenty years out of the life of every civilized person in the world, and no one knows how much more it will take before it gets through.

Compare those twenty years with four years of actual war, and the sum-total of bombings and shootings seems pretty middling trivial. True, you and I are alive and the bombed fellows are dead, so as a matter of sheer animal instinct we might put ourselves down on the lucky side, but how about it, really? Pyrrhus was right, *άβιος βλος, βλος άβιωτος*, which

we might construe as meaning that a sickly spiritual life is just no life at all. If you and I had not accumulated enough spiritual capital out of the older culture to see us through, albeit in an exiguous and rather lonesome fashion, should we not have been glad to call it a day twenty years ago? I think so; and how many people who have dragged through these twenty years have had our advantages? Precious few. Besides, what right has any contemporary civilization to make a person live on his capital instead of chipping it into the general cultural pot to help produce and distribute a bigger general fund of spiritual wealth?

Seeing what goes on, I sometimes think that, as a principle of political organization, nationalism is pretty well on its last legs. It is a fairly new doctrine, running back only to the beginning of the sixteenth century, when there were but four national organizations in Europe, and rather loose ones, at that. Its fuller development has taken place within the last twenty-five years, following the breakup of the three great non-national empires into the national Succession States. Hence you might say it has been an experiment, so far, and like the experiments with artificial diamonds, or getting gold out of sea-water, the thing does not seem 'commercially practicable.' It costs too darned much. The overhead eats up all the profits, and the business will either have to be given up or go bust.

Look at the cost of National Defense, which politicians insist is necessary on account of the Chance Of War. Look at the prodigious cost of 'social legislation' and all the other rapidly-mounting costs of maintaining nationalism. They must all come out of production, and there is no longer enough production to pay them and keep itself going. That is the trouble in every country where jobholders can make their people believe that the sacred ark of nationalism is in danger. They are facing the homely facts of

fundamental economics which cannot be dodged or bulldozed. National organization is a great principle, if you don't weaken. It is all very fine and grand and puts up a wonderful show on dress-parade, but if you have nothing left to go on with after the bills come in, where are you?

When I was in England lately, I saw how remarkably successful the British jobholders have been in putting the wind up their people about the Chance Of War, and in consequence, how they are rifling their people's pockets with both hands. An English merchant told me (not by way of complaint, I hasten to say) that by careful calculation he was working nine months a year for his king and three months for himself. Of course I made no comment on this, but I could not help thinking that the mediæval feudal lord would probably not have pried much more out of him. It appears also that his king is going to raise the ante on him a little, for I was told that, what with five billion dollars' worth of National Defense and all, maintaining the principle of nationalism in England would come to something like twenty-five billion dollars next year.

Without exception, however, every Englishman I talked with told me that on a hard pinch the country might stand the national taxation, but the local taxation is the thing that is killing it. Two of them got out their tax bills and showed me figures which took my breath away. This was news to me. It seems that the local boards and councils are infested by uplifters and social-service zealots who are bung-full of schemes for succoring the downtrodden with schools, doles, pensions, free lunches, shorter hours, housing, playgrounds and the devil only knows what-all of other devices for running up the general overhead on nationalism. They are doing so well with these that when I left England the impression on my mind was that national defense and 'social security' between them are cross-lifting the country's prospects into the Promised Land.

The worst thing old Bismarck did for the world, and he did a plenty, was to launch the idea that the State is a proper agency for social welfare. He was in trouble with his Socialists, so to take the wind out of their sails he cribbed the main items out of their 'social security' programme, and worked them himself as a State enterprise. He had only an electioneering interest in the thing; it was merely a matter of putting off the evil day, like throwing out caps and boots to wolves. Later on, in the face of powerful Laborite agitation egged on by feather-brained and windy reformers, the British State thought to lengthen its lease of life by the same means; and I don't imagine you need to be told anything about what the American State has done and is doing in that line, or why it does it.

The idea, however, is now so deeply rooted almost everywhere that nothing short of an appalling calamity could kill it; yet see how preposterous it is. The State is no proper agency for social welfare, and never will be, for exactly the same reason that an ivory paper-knife is nothing to shave with. The interests of society and of the State do not coincide, and any pretense that they can be made to coincide is sheer nonsense. Society gets on best when people are most happy and contented, which they are when freest to do as they please and what they please; hence society's interest is in having as little government as possible, and in keeping it as decentralized as possible. The State, on the other hand, is administered by jobholders; hence its interest is in having as much government as possible, and in keeping it as highly centralized as possible. It is hard to imagine two sets of interests more directly opposed than these.

This opposition of interest is what fully accounts for Paine's excellent observation that 'the trade of governing has always been monopolized by the most ignorant and most rascally individuals of mankind.' Society has a primary interest in social welfare. The State has

not; its primary interest is the interest of jobholders; and therefore nothing could be worse done than what it undertakes to do for social welfare. Politicians leap with joy on this-or-that proposed advance in 'social legislation,' not out of any primary interest in social welfare, but because it means more government, more jobs, more patronage, more diversions of public money to their own use and behoof; and what but a flagrant disservice to society can accrue from that?

If you think these are only my own disordered notions, let me tell you they are not. Not one of them is mine. I am taking them straight from Benjamin Franklin, so if you have any comment to make you should see Ben about it. But why care whose notions they are; why not put them to the test of experience? Let me tell you what to do. Blow the dust off your copy of Ben's *Autobiography* and turn to his observations on the reading of history, written May 19, 1731. There is only half a page of them. Make a large copy, frame it and hang it up where you can see it while you are reading your morning paper of any day when Congress or any other *turba atque colluvio* of politicians is in the news. That's all — except that it will be a handy thing to point to when some enthusiast comes along to get you interested in some new piece of 'social legislation.' You won't have to say a word; just call his attention to it and walk out.

The thing I can't make out, however, is what this great new dispensation is supposed to lead to, aside from what it does for politicians. I see how the More Abundant Life is a good talking-point for jobholders, but what else, exactly, is it supposed to be? Does it mean a rise in the general average of happiness? If so, that is a laudable object, for all the authorities from Saint Augustine down to Bentham agree that the attainment of happiness is the end and aim of human existence. Some say, though, that the More Abundant Life does not mean this. When Camille Maclair was here in

Brussels last winter, he reported a conversation he had been having with a reformer, which touched on this point. 'Am I to understand,' he asked, 'that your idea is to make everybody happy?' The agitator replied, 'Not at all. What we intend to do is to make the happy people unhappy.'

If this be in fact the idea of the More Abundant Life, one must say it seems to be succeeding admirably, for the erstwhile happy people give every evidence of being none too happy now. The contrast here, for example, is striking. Thirty years ago, when Brussels was Brussels, there was no central heating to speak of, no gadgets, bathtubs were scarce and plumbing mostly did n't work, and people made their own amusements; there were no movies, radios, motorcars, cheap excursions. Moreover, the whole social scheme was dead wrong. As Mr. Dooley's anarchist friend said, th' government was in th' hands iv th' mon-nopolists, and they were cr-rushin' th' life out iv th' prolotoorios. Perversely, though, the people as a whole were the gayest I had ever seen, and if the underprivileged and exploited prolotoorios themselves were not happy, they were certainly putting up a first-class imitation of it.

To-day I don't see anybody putting up any imitation at all. The mon-nopolists look unhappy, as probably they are, — M. Maclair's friend has no doubt been attending to that, — but the prolotoorios also look unhappy, notwithstanding thirty years of effort to usher them into the More Abundant Life. All the gadgets in Christendom are here now; two huge department-stores are full of them. Socialism has long been top dog in the government, and pledges to hoist the suffering prolotoorios out of the Slough of Despond have been a commonplace of every election in thirty years. The people have more useless leisure and every sort of deteriorating commercial amusement to fill it; movie-houses abound, and while radios do not abound, neither are

they scarce. Nevertheless no one, be he mon-nopolist or be he prolotoorio, looks or acts or sounds as happy as in the bad old times.

So all I can make out of the situation is that the general average of happiness has gone down a peg or two; but I may be wrong, at that. Perhaps the people are like the Irishman's wriggling snake, which he said was dead, 'but he is n't sinsible iv it yet.' Perhaps they are brimming with happiness, but have set up a fashion of imitating the English, who are said to take all their joys sadly. I somehow doubt this, but it is possible, of course. At all events the contrast between appearances now and appearances thirty years ago is distinctly appreciable, and appearances are all I have to go by.

I am in a bad frame of mind here. It fairly puts my dander up to see Belgium swamped under a steady stream of pauper refugees from Germany; not all of them Jews either, y' understand, not by a good many. These poor souls, after being maltreated and robbed of all they have, somehow make their way across the border with nothing in their hands but their lives, and this country is at its wit's end to know what to do with them. To close the frontier against them seems inhuman, for after all, they have 'done got to be somewhere.' They can't very well be driven into the North Sea, or treated like tramps or sturdy beggars. Belgium has always had a great tradition of liberty, and the people respect it and are proud of it. As you know, this is chiefly what has made Belgium the most attractive dwelling-place in the world for a person of my type of mind. So far, I believe, the government has done nothing to stop the influx of refugees, and the people certainly do not want it to do anything, but the situation is fast becoming so acute that the authorities will have to take some sort of action, however reluctantly, as Holland, which has the same tradition, has already done.

It strikes me that this is an outrage

which is everybody's business wherever German refugees seek shelter, and I think my countrymen ought to take on their share of the business, and get properly hot about it. Don't misunderstand me. I would be the very last to encourage the great American lust for messing in on another country's domestic policies. But this is not a matter of domestic policy. Germany's policy may be what it may be, but when it litters up the whole face of the earth with paupers it is no longer a domestic policy. It is foreign policy of a most provocative character, and the nations that are embarrassed by it — of whom ours is one — are pretty tame cats, in my opinion, if they stand for it.

I observe that when we Americans get into one of our hot fits against the German Government's treatment of its undesirables we are most properly twitted with having done the same thing ourselves. So we did. When our revolutionary party came into power, it had on its hands a similar problem and took a similar course with it. We robbed and maltreated the loyalists, and harried them out of the country. We lost by it, too, for by and large they were the best people we had.

Quite so; but there was this important difference: we did not make ourselves a nuisance to the neighbors. I don't for a moment imagine we would have cared if we had, any more than the National Socialists care now; but as a matter of fact, we did not. Our refugees had a hard time of it, most of them, but they put no strain on any other country's hospitality or resources, as the German refugees are doing everywhere. Here is a perfectly valid ground of blistering resentment against the National Socialists, and I wish our citizens would take note of it.

Our old friend Frank Warrin tries hard to make me believe that America is ripe and ready for another Voltaire or Rabelais. It is n't. There would have to be about five centuries of intensive spade-

work put in on American intelligence before either of those two worthies could do a dollar's worth of business in America. I do think, though, that another Socrates might come handy, and I know that at least he could have a world of fun in our glorious republic until the Senate Investigating Committee clapped him in quod.

Socrates knew nothing, and was proud of it. He carried the magnificent art of Not-Knowing to the legal limit, and oh, my dear friend, what an incomparably great and splendid art that is! He never formulated or organized anything, not even a science of semantics, and was also proud of that. Apparently he never wrote anything, unless the few fragments of playful verse which have come down to us under his name are really his. He did nothing but hunt out people who were cracked up to know a tremendous lot, and ask them questions about their specialties. When they used terms like Democracy, Justice, Planned Economy, Liberty, Individualism, Republican Institutions and so on, he would scratch his

head and say naïvely that he was n't quite sure what those meant; he had n't it quite straight in his mind; he would have to have some more information about it. Then with one guileless question after another he would let the wind out of the wise man's wisdom until he had him looking like a deflated soap-bubble.

What a man for our time! How he would make hay of our politicians, economists, sociologists, and above all, our journalist-publicists! I have three of these last particularly in mind at the moment, whose papal tone is most exasperating — how one would rejoice to see a Socrates blandly chasing them up the chimney and out the top! I fear, though, that having got their science so neatly formulated, the semantickers will lose no time about organizing it, and then, good-bye to the chance of a Socrates.

Good-bye to you also, dear friend, for the time being. Write me when the mood is on. Nothing is minutiae to me which you write or think.

ALBERT

MR. PENNYFEATHER LIKES THE LADIES

BY DONALD MOFFAT

I

I RAN across Pennyfeather last week at the Halyards' party for their daughter Hope. He was sitting alone downstairs in the little reception room, or whatever the apartment is called which ladies use for interviewing servants, reporters, charity canvassers, and so on: a dead, shiny cell beside the front door, furnished with fancy chairs and a few wedding-present vases and an empty desk and an ornate, stiff little sofa. He was smoking a cigar, with a tall glass on his knee. The hour being after supper, the waiters had already cleared the place of the empty dishes and glasses which débutantes and their mates like to abandon under the furniture after using.

I saw him with pleasure and surprise — he does n't go much to parties — and sat down beside him with relief, as I, wifeless for the evening, had been acting the part of the dutiful dupe among the less admired ladies. The room seemed a refuge; the music was not more than soothingly audible: we could hear the thump-thump, but not the squawking and wailing. Pennyfeather looked very peaceful and contented, and rather pleased with himself.

'Trust you!' I said grimly, mopping my face. (I had been dancing with the elder Topping sister, the one who keeps animals. She likes to do the leading whether her partner be horse, dog, or man.)

'Trust me?' He smiled, self-satisfied. 'Right! "A peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience." You

would n't know what that was from. Why did n't I see you upstairs?'

'I don't know. I was there. Been dancing?'

'Hmph!' he snorted. 'If you call it dancing. I like to dance, you know; but I can stand only so much of watching these young jellyfish oozing round the room. That kind of dancing's immoral. Strolling along, side by side! They get in my way, too; and they keep cutting in.' He sounded plaintive.

'It's their party,' I reminded him. Pennyfeather is nothing if not a vigorous dancer.

'I know it's their party. But why don't they dance? My God, they ask a girl for a dance, some luscious little pet, all curls and eyes — and then, instead of picking her up and dancing with her, what do they do? Hold her like a dead fish, mince a few steps, and drop her; then they sidle along together like a couple of waltzing mice. It's indecent!'

'Ah, well,' I soothed him, 'it's just a fashion. It'll pass.'

'Fashion!' he barked. 'Who makes the fashions? Women make 'em!' He finished his drink at a gulp, and stood up. 'Sounds like a waltz,' he said. 'Come on, let's do it.'

'All right,' I replied, 'just one. Then I think I'll go home.'

'Nonsense,' he said, pushing me ahead of him towards the stairs. 'You'll come over to my place for a nightcap.'

'You've just had a nightcap,' I reminded him.

'That's no reason for not having another.'

II

Bessie's parties are fun because she thinks of them as parties, occasions for being giddy among friends. She has a good time herself, and assumes that everyone else is there for the same purpose. To-night, she looked young and pretty in a red velvet gown, and I knew from the feeling in the air, like electricity, that this party was up to standard.

The polished floor of the long drawing-room reflected the candles and flowers and moving couples in a confused pattern of soft light and motion. The girls, in their many-colored dresses, looked young and fresh and pretty against its dark surface. Now that those among them who don't have much fun at parties had gone home, with most of the older people, the room was only comfortably filled. I thought of those young fugitives in a flash of pity: how little it mattered whether or not they were 'popular' during this brief period of their lives, and how enormously the system conspired to make them think that nothing else would ever matter.

I leaned against the wall, by the door, and looked on. Pennyfeather was waltzing strongly with Bessie Halyard, shielding her with his body and knocking the young people about with magnificent assurance. He could waltz, all right, and so could she. A group of boys and girls, gravely entranced, were watching the deft fingers of the little pianist weave a complicated obbligato into the flowing current of the waltz. In the centre of the room stood a knot of young men, lounging, observant, like kingfishers at the edge of a pool, keenly ready to pounce on favored fish as they swam by. Most of the couples were placed conventionally cheek to cheek, but a few of the more spirited were dancing in unlinked abandon, as if dancing were what they really enjoyed; and they, I noticed, were not among those who periodically broke

apart to stroll arm-in-arm down the side of the room in the manner scorned by Pennyfeather.

Young Hope Halyard swung past me over the gleaming floor, dancing with a tall lad with red hair and eyeglasses. Fascinated, I watched her little red-slippered feet dancing, dancing, quick and light as mice, as if she herself were weightless, and her feet the independent agencies of pure rhythm. I cut in on her the next time she came by. Innocently she held her damp, soft cheek up to mine, and I nearly kissed it, forgetting for a moment that I was supposed merely to place my own bleak jowl against it. But I told her I'd been born too soon, and she laughed at me in pity and affection, and gave me a little hug for my sad toll of years. She was light and mobile as any unsubstantial creature; but I reminded her that she was n't as good as her mother — not yet, anyway. She said of course she was n't, Mother was marvelous; but I knew she did n't believe me. The boy with the red hair cut in again, and she looked at him happily, and they swung off down the room, not speaking.

Pennyfeather rested by the door, swabbing his face. I lifted an eyebrow at him and he nodded. So we said good-night to Bessie and got our hats and coats and let ourselves out into the empty shining street.

III

Pennyfeather lives only a couple of blocks away, in an old remodeled brown-stone front, of which he occupies the second floor. We sat in the room at the back, a big room, high-ceilinged, furnished with comfortable leather chairs, faded and used, very pleasant.

Pennyfeather saluted with his glass. 'I had a good time to-night,' he said.

'Nice party,' I agreed. 'Nice lot of girls. I don't see any cause for worrying about the young, do you?'

'None whatever. But what extraordi-

nary creatures they are! Girls — women — females! Look at them objectively, as I was doing to-night —'

'You!' I laughed. 'You damn near trampled them to death to-night! I was watching you.'

'Nonsense. Cold scientific detachment. Still, it's an interesting age — eighteen, nineteen, thereabouts.'

'My nurse had a theory,' I interposed, 'that all girl babies are born perfect, and then gradually deteriorate till they die of old age. What about that?'

'I don't know much about girl babies,' he admitted.

'Naturally not,' I agreed. 'And you miss something. I'm telling you: woman is at her best between the ages of six months and three years. After three, she begins her career of phases, and it's no use trying to keep track.'

'Phases!' said Pennyfeather. 'Don't I know! You're nothing but a father. But I've watched them from outside, as a neutral. That's why I know that they're most interesting in their late teens. Objectively I mean, of course. They're beginning to settle seriously on their rôles. They're reckoning up their points, in earnest for the first time; deciding whether to depend on looks, or charm, or bounce, or brains, or what they have. I was watching that young Lucy Barnard to-night: she's a snuggler, just like her mother before her. Very popular number. I felt like warning her, though: I felt like telling her the boys don't like it made *too* easy. And the Regis girl — did you happen to notice her?'

'The thin one?'

'My God, man, that's no identification. She spent most of the evening sitting out with that young archæologist, and they never cracked a smile between them. Same game, different technique. Smart. That's what they are, smart!'

'They can't all be smart,' I objected.

'Yes, they can — smarter than we are, anyway. Right from the beginning. You take almost any girl between eight and twelve or thirteen — why, she de-

spises boys. At that age she *knows* that men are her inferiors; she sees the male sex as it is: vain, foolish, sentimental, clumsy, honorable, full of catch phrases about fair play — what does she care about playing the game? "Whose game?" she says. Naturally she despises him: has n't got sense enough to pull her hair!

'And then, by gosh, — maybe the very next day, — instead of despising the brutes, she suddenly loves them, just as indiscriminatingly. Of course she's not capable, at this stage, of causing a boy to "fall in love" with her any more than she's capable of "being in love" herself with any one of them, for more than a few weeks at a time.'

'Hence the legend of fickle woman, eh?'

'That's the age it's based on, I suppose. Then she grows up, at a bound, and begins polishing up her technique — knowing she's grown up, but not knowing anything else. She's just obeying an instinct which tells her to get into the scrimmage and grab herself a man. Presently, when she's all loaded and aimed, she concentrates on some poor dolt and gives him the works: gets him goggle-eyed and panting; lures him on and on. And when she knows she's got him — click! — she permits herself the luxury of falling in love with him. She marries him. And thereafter their chances of happiness rest on other grounds.'

'You seem to know a lot,' I said, 'for a bachelor. What grounds?'

'I use my eyes. What grounds? Well, whenever I've observed a happy marriage, I've noticed one distinctive feature: neither the wife nor the husband is in sole command. It's a kind of stand-off. If he develops into a stubborn block-head and she gives up and lets him boss her, she loses her self-respect. If he turns into a henpecked slave, she loses her respect for him. In either case, snap go the holy bonds.'

'You advocate loaded dice?' I smiled sourly.

'I advocate nothing. I merely point to a condition of affairs which seems to work — one, moreover, in which the early relationship of pursuer and pursued is never wholly abandoned. Every man is happier, really, during pursuit than after the kill, and a hell of a sight more lively and amusing to the little girl of his dreams. Also, this relationship gives her the edge, which she deserves as a reward for her superior intelligence.

'Yes, a happy marriage is one in which neither is wholly in command, but in which the husband is perhaps the leeeast little bit in the world the under-dog: not so obviously that other people notice it, but so they both know it themselves even if they never mention it openly. Anyway, decent men don't want obedience from their wives. What they want is the pretense of it, to flatter their vanity; and that's pie for any woman. One of the prominent credos among the fictioneers is that woman glories in prostrating herself before her man as a sort of sacrificial symbol of her devotion. That's pure pork. If she loves him she glories in physical surrender, of course; but that's a long way from surrendering her will. She's got sense enough to keep her powder dry, all right. Don't you agree?' His face wore a look of placid assurance.

'I have n't the remotest intention of telling you whether I agree or not,' I retorted, a little nettled. 'I've only had a wife about twenty years. I have n't had your advantages.'

IV

He grinned, cynically. 'Don't be jealous, my lad. Well, you must have learned something in twenty years.'

I paused for a moment to cast back over the accumulation of instinctive reflexes which, I suppose, represent the reality of what we like to call married experience. Pennyfeather took the opportunity of going to the window to air the room, which was growing a little

stuffy. I suppose I have, like other men, learned something, by a gradual process of erosion and accretion. But Pennyfeather's tone of conscious superiority annoyed me a little. The saying goes that every man knows all about women — till he meets the next one. But experience has taught me to translate this aphorism into different terms, to declare that a man who succeeds in learning all there is to know about *one* woman has done a good life's work. Not that he can ever hope to know all: it's enough if he thinks he does.

I did n't go into these matters for Pennyfeather's benefit, however. I fed him a dried herring. Reverting to his last question, I said: 'I've learned that women can't abide the creatures who marry their bachelor friends, and —'

'Suppose I got married to-morrow,' he interrupted. 'You mean all would be over between Ellie and me? I've loved Ellie longer than you have.'

'Maybe so. She's often told me how she tried to get you. And she's still quite fond of you in a patronizing sort of way. (Of course, she's spoiled, now.) It's the maternal in her. But you go ahead and get married to-morrow, and bring the bride around to see Ellie. She's used to having you kicking around the house, but not with female attachments. You'll see. Ellie's generous for a woman, too.'

'Well, I'm happy single. But speaking of the maternal, have you ever taken a good look at mothers? Have you noticed how rare it is for mothers and daughters-in-law to click? That is, unless the mother did the picking herself? And then the marriage is a flop. The maternal instinct is to blame for a lot. Women have a way of sublimating it, though. The way they sublimate their emotion for winsome young curates, for instance, by pretending that what they feel is religious emotion.'

'Oh, come now,' I objected.

'Of course,' he went on, ignoring me, 'it all depends on the curate. But the

point is that women are essentially different organisms, differently nourished and conditioned. For one thing, they are born with an interest in men which is unlike man's interest in woman. He is more — well, *important* to her than she to him.'

'Prove it.'

'O. K. Clubs — men form clubs; they keep the gals out and like it. The converse is unimaginable.'

'Women have clubs.'

'Not clubs — restaurants, committee rooms, bridge tables. Real clubs are designed for sociability and nothing else. For social purposes women are n't happy alone together. They need the men. Women are now emancipated, as the current cliché hints. They could form clubs till the cows come home if they felt like it. But they don't want to. Of course, women have sense: they know well enough without ever going into one that most clubs are thumping bores; but that does n't alter the fact that a real woman's club is an impossibility.'

'All right,' I agreed, 'women are different and they can't form clubs. You used the word "emancipation" just now. What about it?'

'Oh well,' he said deprecatingly, 'there's an awful lot of rubbish talked about that. Women don't want emancipation from men — only from the silly rules men have built up round them for their protection. Virginity, all that. Well, God knows the girls are emancipated in that direction. They can vote — much good it's done! — and they've pretty well won their economic independence, too. But do you see any fundamental change in their natures, or in their tactics? I don't. Except now they have a chance to sell their brains and abilities in the open market —'

'Instead of only their fair white bodies?'

'Yes. And it's a big advance. But you know it has n't given them greater power over men than they had before. What they want, and have always

wanted, and always will, is independence of men, and power over them. The smart ones get it by using men as their instruments, same as ever. The dumb ones try to fight men with men's own weapons, and they're licked from the start. Most of the rot about emancipation comes from the female nitwits who try to use men's methods, who deliberately assume masculine characteristics, and by so doing throw away their most potent weapon — their femininity. When they do that they forfeit the respect not only of all men, but also — and much more important — of the women too.'

V

Experience has taught me that when Pennyfeather gets rolling along in a flow of spurious generalities there is only one way to stop him: change the subject to himself. So I said: —

'You know your reputation as a woman hater, I suppose?'

'Me a woman hater?' He seemed genuinely astonished. 'I don't hate women. I like 'em fine — one at a time. In crowds, I admit, they do get me down. They frighten me. Not for any designs they may have on me, — I can protect myself, — but for the way they treat each other. Ruthless! When you see one of them looking at another's hat, you wonder that it does n't burst into flames. And the way they push, and make straight for what they want: the ticket window, or the exit, or a better seat!

'Maybe it's because no woman is happy against a background of other women: each one knows that in any such gathering there can be only one prettiest, or best dressed, or one who is genuinely a lady, and she suspects she is n't It, and is jealous of all the others who might be It. But there's a deeper reason: their knowledge that life, for the female especially, is a competition — a battle, by gum, with no quarter. They show each other neither mercy nor pity, and don't expect to receive any. Raven-

ing sheep, that's a flock of women. No, you can have 'em in crowds; I'll take them one at a time.'

'How about church?' I suggested. 'They're nice in church.'

'Very. Especially at weddings: all emotional and pretty — best hats and white gloves. Great things, white gloves. But take 'em at a *matinée*! And in bars! They *don't* belong in bars. They swallow a few cocktails and the result is ghastly. New Year's Eve! God help us all!

'No, I'm not a woman hater — but there are plenty of women I can get along without. Clubwomen. Organizers. Lion hunters. Possessive hostesses. Women who puff smoke in your face. And women on platforms! When a woman gets up on a platform — not to dance or sing or play something, but to speak — she puts herself in a false position, and all the other women present know that it is false, and despise her. You can tell by the calibre of their sweet smiles, by the way they look at her. It is false because it is imitative — of man, who invented the platform as one more outlet for his vanity.'

'Are n't you rather generalizing?' I put in.

'I am. But that's no crime — except with women. You know the old story of the chap who told his wife that no woman could listen to a generalization without applying it to herself?'

'Sure,' I said, 'who has n't?'

'And she said, "But darling, I can." Anyway, remember that I'm talking about women. None of it applies to a lady, a real lady.'

'And what, my dear Bones,' I asked maliciously, 'is the definition of a lady?'

He gave me a dirty look and said I knew perfectly well what a lady was. I said of course I knew — I wanted to find out whether *he* did. He said he was no good at definitions.

'But,' he went on, 'fundamentally, I suppose, it's a matter of inherent quality. You find ladies in all sorts of environments, in the most unexpected places;

sometimes even among the very rich. I was reading a poem a few days ago — I think the author taped out the essential qualities pretty well: a gentle spirit, he said; a low voice; grace in her bearing; candor in her eyes. She must be loved by everyone, men and women, above and below her; she must have a fine man's sense of honor, and pity, and generosity. She must be light-hearted, and unafraid; her affectations must be innocent ones, and her pride for others. There was more. For my part, I'd have her romantic, too, if she could be romantic without being sentimental. But — loveliness and gentleness and spirit! What more can you ask?'

'How about a little acid?' I said. 'The lady sounds too sweet.'

'Acid?' Pennyfeather repeated. 'No. But we might make her a bit of a flirt — though she'll be that anyway, lady or no. The best way to spot her is still by the look in her eye: a tricky guide for the novice, but for the judicious a reliable one. Another is the way she treats inferiors. Young Hope Halyard told me to-night that when she was visiting some of her swell friends on Long Island they scolded her for saying "please" and "thank you" to the servants. When you find someone lacking in consideration for servants' feelings, you've found a person of ill breeding, or an imitation-English snob, or both; probably both. Of course, that kind of sympathy can be carried too far. My sister Elizabeth's entire life is governed by her solicitude for her servants; the thought of their comfort is never out of her mind. And you can tell by the way she drops her voice —'

'Shucks,' I said, 'they all do that. I had a couple of aunts out day-sailing last summer, just the three of us, all alone, miles offshore. They got talking housekeeping. As soon as the word "servant" was mentioned, I'll be damned if they both did n't start whispering.'

Pennyfeather chuckled. 'I know; they're all alike.'

VI

When he spoke again it was to change the subject; and I must confess that he surprised me.

'Did you know that I was engaged once?' he asked casually.

'I did not. What happened?'

'Another chap married my fiancée.'

'When was this?'

'Couple of years after college. I was pretty sore at the time. But I got over it.'

He really surprised me. Apart from being aware that he is no monk, I don't suppose I actually know much about Pennyfeather's relations with women. I've always put him down for a wily bird who has successfully protected his bachelorhood behind a cunningly jointed shield of discretion and shrewdness. His shrewdness, to my mind, however, is less a set code of conduct than an inherent nimbleness, a wariness, the spontaneous and instinctive use of expedient. I believe that he himself attributes his bachelorhood to luck; and I have heard him speak of a bit of litmus paper in his heart which turns a deep blue when exposed to a certain light in the feminine eye.

I've noticed, of course, for a long time, the speculative way women look at him, as if they'd like to own him — even, in some cases, when it meant trading in their current husbands for him. I knew it could n't be for his *beaux yeux*, which are not *beaux* at all — shaggy, rather; thatched and hooded. So I naturally attribute the sex's unanimous desire to land him to his inaccessibility and indifference. Had he the professional charmer's smiling, confident manner, they would politely avoid him and secretly despise him. But he gives nothing out. He keeps himself locked up. Naturally, every woman is interested in finding out whether she has the key to fit. It had never occurred to me that one of them had ever come near to succeeding — even so long ago.

All I said was: 'I think it's a pity she

did n't marry you. Don't you ever get tired of giving your imitation of a crusty old bachelor?'

He thought that over for a moment, then answered my question's implication.

'I truly believe,' he said slowly, 'that if I'd married Olivia I'd have turned out just about the way I am now. I know that sounds rather self-satisfied, but I don't mean it like that. God knows I've nothing to be conceited about.'

That is true. He is too simple a man to have room for anything closer to conceit than ordinary self-respect. The complicated responsibilities of marriage — not to mention its subtle uncertainties — are notoriously agents of growth. Yet Pennyfeather's character has matured quite naturally without benefit of these stimuli — in fact, he might pass anywhere for a comfortably married man. He has none of the typical bachelor's dependence on the pathetic little devices they invent, in self-defense, for killing off the days, the various little hobbies and habits of the male *vieille fille*. He does n't collect things; he does n't fuss; he has avoided committees; he plays the tame cat to no woman — these are small examples of what I mean.

Thinking of these things, I said: 'Yes, I think you've done a good job with the single state, none better, but —'

'But you'd like to see me jump in with my clothes on?'

'Well, yes. I would, rather,' I replied defiantly. 'And it's time I went home.'

He got up with me. 'I'm not fifty,' he said, smiling. 'I may do it yet. Think I'd make a good splash?'

'Yes,' I said, as I started down the stairs. 'Quite a splash. Good night.'

'Good night,' he called after me, laughing. 'But don't worry — I know how to swim.'

He can swim, I thought to myself, as I started on foot for my house: he could jump in with his clothes on and drag a wife ashore in his teeth. And what's more, I thought, she'd like it.

EDUARD BENEŠ

BY CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH

I

SMALL, clean-shaven, and with a melancholy bitterness about his tightly shut mouth, President Beneš is a simple man, but distinguished in his simplicity. His grave, well-cut features are dominated by intense and highly intelligent eyes. You feel at once that here is a man who has fought and won many battles. His self-possession has the unmistakable evidence of will power and intelligence. He is a self-made man in the best sense of the word.

Yet Beneš wears an air of silence. It is not mystery exactly, but a great stillness. He is aloof from other men. He has no close friends — no 'close enemies' either. His adversaries are opponents; they cannot reach him. Some years ago attempts were made to involve Beneš in political scandals; he was accused of enriching himself at the expense of the public. He gave an open account of his finances, in great detail, and the agitation ceased. His detractors simply had not known the facts.

There are plenty of anecdotes about most men in public life, particularly if they have been in the midst of things as long as President Beneš of Czechoslovakia. He has been active for more than twenty years, usually in positions of great trust. But there are no stories about Eduard Beneš, at least none that are worth telling. This lack of all eccentricity is perhaps his most striking feature. He is an old Roman in his severity: you picture him as a colleague of the implacable Cato.

There is not the slightest touch of gay living about Beneš. We hear of no adventures interrupting the hard struggle of his student days. Even Paris — the golden, light-hearted paradise of pre-war days — for him meant hard work, incessant labor day and night to keep himself going as the ill-paid correspondent of small Czech journals. His rigid moral calm is that of the Czech peasant. The stony soil of Kozlan, where he was born in 1884, yielded a living only to those who worked hard and without flinching. Beneš feels proud to be the son of a peasant, and, though his father must have been a hard master, Eduard bears him no grudge. The boy's natural bent for work was strengthened by his early experience; as the youngest of eight children, he received little coddling. No matter how exacting the school, his father grimly insisted that Eduard return home to the farm during any vacations to help in the fields . . . 'so he knows how hard it is to win one's daily bread.'

Though as grim a toiler as the frontier settler who won American freedom, Beneš is essentially a gentle person. Only a man gifted with high sensitivity could have become so remarkable a diplomat. His skill in human relationships is extraordinary. Undoubtedly his long study in other countries contributed to his knowledge of men and affairs. But it might have remained, as with so many, a purely academic insight. From the beginning, an intense æsthetic reaction moulded his outlook on other people. He

loved and admired the French; was repelled by the English; feared, disliked, but respected the Germans of the Kaiser's day. The many articles he wrote at the time give us a vivid picture of his youthful impressions. Though not always very original, they offer clear and distinctive sketches of life and society as seen by a pragmatic materialist.

He returned from his travels in his late twenties, armed with a French doctorate of law and political science. At Prague he became a college professor. His field was then called sociology, but it was really what in America to-day passes under the name of political science. Political theory and the study of parties were his special interests. His dissertation had been concerned with the problem of the Czechs within the Hapsburg Empire, and he argued for a federal solution of Austria-Hungary's nationality problems. Next he published a volume on party politics, for, like his great friend and predecessor, Masaryk, he sought to rationalize his political impulses.

Though still very young, Beneš developed views which were very different from Masaryk's. Masaryk was a great teacher. An orator of magnetism, he set his pupils afire with an ardent idealism, emphasizing ideas and religion as a guide in human affairs. Beneš, the self-controlled and outwardly cool 'realist,' distrusted the ardor of this message. Though deeply touched by Masaryk's fervor, Beneš became a pragmatist, a materialist. His intimate association with French Socialists while studying at Paris had strengthened his conviction that the root of human conflicts is economic.

II

It is remarkable that at this early age the future president of Czechoslovakia formulated the conception of a scientific politics. It is impossible to understand Beneš the statesman without grasping this idea, quaintly reminiscent of Alexander Hamilton's notions. In Beneš's

view, scientific politics was the natural corollary of democracy, as theology had been of monarchy and absolutism. The Hapsburg Empire had always been closely linked with the Catholic Church. The new republic would rest upon science.

Such a proposition may seem a bit dogmatic and abstract, particularly to those who live in older democracies, but it fits the sober, didactic mind of Beneš. 'Scientific politics studies situations step by step (as they develop). After such study, it seeks the most appropriate solutions. Inspired by democratic principles, scientific politics does not bind itself by some *a priori* plan, because such a plan may be contrary to the evolution. When reform is in question, scientific politics analyzes the situation it finds, its conditions and its consequences for society. It proceeds, not toward an objective fixed beforehand, — it has merely a presentiment of such final objectives, — but according to the exigencies and necessities of the given conditions. Scientific politics thus has its proper tactics and its characteristic method. It works for a natural evolution.'

This idea is very typical of Beneš's whole way of thinking and acting. Its sober disbelief in spectacular solutions resembles the American outlook. It is rooted in a quiet but firm confidence that man is neither the absolute master nor the helpless slave of nature.

Such a view did not lend itself to spectacular academic orations. Beneš worked quietly but intensely with a few advanced students in his newly founded sociological seminar at the University for two years. Then the World War broke out. He was just thirty. A crippled shinbone saved him from being drafted, and he continued what little teaching there was. One day, going to a meeting, he and Masaryk began to talk about the plight of the Hapsburg monarchy, about the prospect of their people's independence. They discovered that despite their philosophical disagree-

ments they were of the same opinion in matters of immediate, political concern. 'The hour has struck,' Masaryk said, 'we have begun to work. But we need money. Without money, nothing can be done.' Beneš replied, 'I have an aunt. She may help. My brother can go to America and enlist the support of Americans of Czech and Slovak descent.'

Thus the association started between the idealist Masaryk and the realist Beneš. They made a powerful team, since each had enough of the other to realize his ally's value. Masaryk has declared that, no matter how far apart they were from each other, they worked in remarkable unison. This was of vital importance, especially after December 1914, when Masaryk had to leave the Hapsburg realm.

Once the Austrian authorities had uncovered the Czech secret society, Beneš had to make his own escape — which he did with remarkable sang-froid. He succeeded in securing a false passport. But, rather than trust it at the Austrian border, he arranged with a friend to meet him there. This fellow, a doctor in the Austrian army, walked ahead of Beneš as they approached the frontier, ready to make a sign if he sighted a frontier patrol. He did, and Beneš vanished into the bushes. After his friend had gone, Beneš made his way over the frontier into Germany and went on to Switzerland, where he met Masaryk. The two divided the world between them, Masaryk taking for his share Russia, Great Britain, and America, Beneš taking France and Italy. With the connivance of the French and British secret police, they set to work to convince the Allies that Austria must be destroyed. Beneš, like Cato, had his *Ceterum censeo. Austria est delenda*.

Beneš's flight meant a bitter personal sacrifice. He had to leave behind his truest friend, his charming young wife. It must have been a dreadful decision for him to abandon her to the mercy of the Hapsburg police. She was soon jailed, since she too had helped in the secret ac-

tivities. But after weeks of questioning she was released. The Hapsburg authorities hesitated to be too severe; after all, many Czechs were then fighting in the Imperial armies. Still, it was a melancholy position, that of Beneš in 1916-1917, sitting in Paris with no money or friends, no means of communication with people at home, while the Central Powers were smashing Russia, the first hope of the Czech nationalists. His old friends, the French Socialists, were increasingly hostile to the war; revolts were breaking out in the French army.

His staunch faith was amply rewarded in the end. Sometimes a childhood tale will reveal the essence of a man. As a schoolboy, Beneš was an ardent soccer player. One day, while running for the ball, he collided with an opponent who accidentally kicked him on the shinbone. Eduard dropped to the ground, his leg broken. Next morning, when he opened his eyes in the hospital, his first question was 'Have we won?' This capacity to forget himself in the fight is the characteristic that made it possible for him to carry on the almost hopeless struggle at the beginning of the war.

The story of Beneš's activity in war-torn Paris is a fascinating case study in propaganda. The professor toiled day and night preparing memoranda, persuading journalists and politicians to his point of view, and providing them with the necessary information. At the same time he managed now and then to smuggle encouraging reports into the hands of his Czech and Slovak friends at home. As in his student days, Beneš lived in a simple room, furnished by himself, getting along on the scantiest meals. Like a peasant he tilled the soil of French, English, and American opinion. Stubbornly he went about his task. Patient, unyielding, like his forbears, he kept on breaking up the rocky ground, spreading the seed, tending the harvest. Only a man of extraordinary tenacity could have worked under these conditions.

When, after the successful outcome of

his work, an American friend asked him how he ever secured the sympathy and help of the Allied statesmen for his cause, Beneš replied, 'By telling the truth.'

But what is truth in matters such as these? Naturally Beneš gave the interpretation of the Czech problem which he himself considered 'true.' Yet he was much too deeply inspired by his national passion not to overlook academic niceties. In men of will and action, the true thing and the right thing are apt to be confounded. The secret of Beneš's success in Paris, as well as of his power to-day, is his indomitable will, rooted in an unshakable belief that righteousness will triumph.

Here is a man after the heart of the Pilgrim Fathers. Is this a great wonder? Was not a Czech, John Hus, the first after Wyclif to raise his voice and demand the reformation of the Church, almost five hundred years ago? Did not the Czechs lose their independence and freedom in fighting for the faith of John Calvin?

III

On the whole, the Czech propaganda fitted very nicely into the pattern of Western democratic thinking. Nor was this simply a matter of cold calculation. Masaryk was an ardent democrat, and so was Beneš. The firmly held traditions of the Western Slavs were alive in both men. Was not the Czech problem a clear case of the right of self-determination? But there was a serious flaw in the argument. The case for the Czechs was clear enough; and as long as the Slovaks were united with the Czechs in the fight the two rights might be compounded into one. No one, however, had ever seen a Czechoslovak.

There are many jokes arising from the well-known antagonism between the two nationalities. On one occasion friends are said to have asked Beneš to define his Czechoslovak nation. He could not do it to their satisfaction. Well, his interview-

ers said, let us see what can be done by illustration. Are you not a Czech? Yes. And Masaryk? Is he not a Slovak? And Hodza? Is he not a Slovak? Yes. Well, who then is a Czechoslovak? After some hesitation Beneš replied, with a wry smile, 'Perhaps Konrad Henlein.'

But, at the time, the Czechs and the Slovaks seemed to work hand in hand, particularly after Masaryk had succeeded in negotiating the treaty of Pittsburgh. Hence the two nationalities were looked upon as one. There were, however, further complications. The ancient crownlands of Bohemia had embraced sizable regions predominantly German-speaking, and containing Hungarian, Polish, and Ruthenian elements. Had the Czechs, including Beneš, remained thoroughly faithful to the principle of the self-determination of nations, they would have been obliged to say, 'We do not want these people included within our country unless they voluntarily choose to join us.' Few of these people would have done that if left to themselves. Indeed, the German-speaking regions of Bohemia wanted to join German-speaking Austria after the war. That would have left Czechoslovakia with an indefensible boundary. The natural boundary of the country facing Germany is formed by the mountain ranges from which the German-speaking peoples derive their name, Sudeten Germans.

But this strategic consideration was not the only one. From the very beginning the Czechoslovak propaganda had laid claim to the 'ancient crownlands' of Bohemia. These were the lands once ruled over by the Czech kings, before the Hapsburgs gained control of the country. Indeed, even after the Hapsburgs had become kings of Bohemia, these crownlands remained united. For almost a hundred years, after 1526, the Bohemians maintained their autonomy. Bohemia was a very important part of the Holy Roman Empire, and its king one of the seven electors of the Reich who chose the Emperor. The

Hapsburgs did not come as conquerors; they were duly elected by the representatives of the Bohemian people. But when these representatives dethroned the Hapsburg Emperor, Ferdinand II, because they wanted a Protestant king, and elected Frederick of the Palatinate to the throne, then the Hapsburg armies reconquered Bohemia by force of arms. At the battle of the White Hill in 1620, Bohemian autonomy was lost in fact, if not in form.

These historical memories were a living reality in the minds of men like Masaryk and Beneš. Great Czech historians, like Palacky, had interpreted the entire history of Bohemia in such national terms, often doing violence to the facts. There is always a danger of projecting ancient ideals into the present. Yet these ghosts became potent factors of high diplomacy, in 1918, exactly three hundred years after the fatal conflict between the Bohemian people and their Hapsburg rulers. So a historian makes history.

The vigorous and bold manner in which Beneš had pursued an openly revolutionary policy during the war placed his people in a powerful position at the time of the peace conference. Indeed, of all the associated nations seeking consideration of their claims the Czechs and the Serbs were probably the most favored. Beneš had played a decisive rôle in thwarting the efforts of young Emperor Charles of Hapsburg, who sought to make a separate peace. Such a peace, Beneš feared, would prevent the Czechs and Slovaks from securing complete independence. There are critics who say to-day that it might have been better for the future of Europe if Austria-Hungary had been preserved. Maybe. But have we any reason to demand of the Czechs that they be saints?

As one of the victorious powers the new Republic, skillfully represented by her youthful foreign minister Beneš, laid claim to considerable territories which were neither Czech nor Slovak in

population. Just as during the war, Beneš was ceaselessly at work with his memoranda, impressing everyone whom he could reach with Czechoslovakia's need for strategical frontiers, with her right to the historical crownlands, with her function of balancing a resurgent Germany in the East. There were a few who remained unconvinced. One of these was the American scholar-diplomat Archibald C. Coolidge. He warned the Allies as well as the Czechs that they were merely re-creating the problems of old Austria, that Czechoslovakia would be better off in the long run without so many Germans and Hungarians. His was a voice crying in the wilderness.

Who will decide whether Beneš or Coolidge was right? At the moment many would say that Coolidge was. But might not Beneš reply, 'Wait. Even Coolidge would never claim that we could create an independent Bohemia without a goodly number of Germans and Hungarians. The nationality problem would be with us whatever we did. Is it not well that Czechoslovakia is powerful enough to stand up against Germany, that she has frontiers which can be fortified and defended?'

In actuality Czechoslovakia became a country compounded of many nationalities. The figures have become well known by this time: eight million Czechs, over three million Germans, two and a half million Slovaks, around a million Hungarians, half a million Ruthenes, several hundred thousand Poles. One could almost say that the checkered nationality picture of the old Hapsburg Empire had been reproduced here on a smaller scale. But it is infinitely more difficult to manage such a motley crowd when the country is a democracy. For whose will shall decide?

Each of the nationalities was protected by a minority treaty under the peace settlement. In the face of recent propaganda, it cannot be repeated too often that the Czechs administered these treaties with a remarkably strict regard

for legality. No other country containing minorities, except possibly the German (Weimar) Republic, was equally considerate. Who will blame the Czechs if they expropriated the landed estates of their former overlords, the German and the Hungarian nobility? Or if, in distributing these estates, they favored their own rather than the Germans or the Hungarians? The Czechs themselves admit that 'mistakes' were made at the time. Certainly they availed themselves of every legal method for strengthening their own position. There was a good deal of administrative discrimination. But had there not been such discrimination under the rule of the Germans and the Hungarians? Only after the so-called Baden decrees in 1899 had the Czechs acquired a moderate measure of autonomy. Even though the nationalities in the old Hapsburg realm were not brutally suppressed, they did suffer from many handicaps. A deep resentment of all things German and Hungarian was the result, and this hatred was hard to tame after independence had been won.

Masaryk, democratic idealist that he was, wanted his people to be generous. But Czechoslovakia was a democracy, and the Czech masses did not love their former lords. The constant efforts of men like Masaryk to restrain the nationalist vindictiveness of the public were only gradually and partially successful. Masaryk and Beneš believed in democracy, in government by law. This conviction of theirs prompted them to steer the course of moderation which contrasted so markedly with what some of the Czech politicians, notably Kramarsh, would have liked to do (and what Pilsudski did do across the border): to force as many Germans as possible to leave the country by insisting that they become Poles if they remained. The leaders of Czechoslovakia recognized the Germans as an integral part of their democracy.

Beneš did not devote much of his time

to these internal conflicts. Throughout the post-war years he guided the foreign policy of Czechoslovakia according to the concept which his war experiences had taught him. Even before the war he had abandoned his materialist philosophy for a view which resembled that of the French Radical Socialists and American Progressives. With a progressive point of view regarding social questions he combined a vigorous national outlook. Rationalist and democrat to the core, he did not become a utopian. He believed in the value of the League of Nations for the future of Czechoslovakia. Yet he was one of the first to voice the need for a balance of power in Europe, if Czechoslovakia was to keep her independence: —

'In the long run, world politics are only a continual and consistent maintenance and leveling of the relations between the powers, i.e. *the policy of an equilibrium of power*. Before the war, this policy was pursued by the aid of coalitions between the powers. At the conclusion of the Peace Treaty of Versailles the League of Nations was adopted as a compromise and perhaps the only future instrument for the maintenance of equilibrium. . . . *If there is no League of Nations there will once more be a policy of coalitions or blocs*. . . . Czechoslovakia had no choice after the war but to pay attention to the problem of the future equilibrium in Europe and how she herself could contribute towards it. . . . She was not, and did not wish to be, an instrument in the hands of German policy for use against the other Great Powers, but neither did she wish to be used by the other Great Powers against Germany.'

These principles were laid down by Beneš in his first speech before the Czechoslovak Parliament on September 30, 1919. One cannot deny that he has followed his plan. This, one might say, was the first and basic principle of his foreign policy.

For reasons which to-day are obvious,

Beneš vigorously opposed the *Anschluss* of the Austrian Republic which was at that time so ardently desired by Austrians and Germans alike. Throughout the years Beneš stuck to this policy. In the opinion of those who believe that the *Anschluss* was bound to come, sooner or later, this policy must appear unwise to-day. But do we ever act on such assumptions where our vital interests are concerned? The very position in which Czechoslovakia finds herself now makes it clear why the union of Germany and Austria must trouble Prague. The after-the-event oracle now declares that Czechoslovakia could surely have lived with a united Germany-Austria if they were democratic republics, whereas she must now survive the fierce and aggressive nationalism of the Third Reich. Be that as it may, opposition to the reunion was the second pillar of Beneš's foreign policy.

The third mainstay of his diplomacy was close collaboration with France, and with that country he concluded a defensive alliance. Many suspected that this alliance was backed by a secret military agreement. Thus Czechoslovakia and Poland were two props of French predominance in Europe. Many people in Germany believed that Beneš's policy was distinctly anti-German, and this was true in the years immediately following the war. But, as Germany recovered some measure of economic strength, close commercial and industrial ties developed between the two countries. Under the peace treaties Czechoslovakia had been provided with shipping and harbor rights in Germany which diverted her large trade from the Adriatic port of Trieste to Hamburg. Hence Beneš can rightly claim to have brought about a gradual improvement in the relations with Germany in the years following Locarno. Indeed, Gustav Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister who concluded the Locarno treaties and negotiated Germany's entry into the League of Nations, paid a handsome tribute to

Beneš when he specially requested that Beneš continue as president of the League council at the time of Germany's entry. The other powers had offered Stresemann the presidency then and there. Although the relations of Germany with Czechoslovakia were greatly strained at the time of Chancellor Brüning's initiative for a Customs Union between Austria and Germany, they continued on a fairly friendly basis until the advent of Hitler to power. One wonders whether Beneš to-day would be inclined to consider his opposition to the projected Customs Union a mistake. Certainly he bears as much responsibility for its failure as anyone.

For further and final support of Czechoslovakia's foreign policy Beneš looked to the Little Entente. The underlying purpose of the entente between Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania was to check the Hungarian efforts for a revision of the peace treaties. Since all three states had greatly gained at the end of the World War at the expense of Hungary, this would appear to be a very natural combination. Natural, that is, if we accept the word in a cool, pragmatic sense. *Sans phrase*, say the French. The Little Entente has so far held together. Neither Mussolini's military and diplomatic pressure nor the ideological dynamite which Hitler has put under it recently has been enough to blow it apart. This is undoubtedly in no small measure due to Beneš's resourcefulness as a diplomat and to his tenacity as a politician. It all shows Beneš as a man with a carefully worked out conception of foreign policy. Indeed, as contrasted with the opportunistic muddling of some of the Great Powers, his policy seems singularly well knit and coherent.

IV

The advent of Hitler has forced Beneš into a considerable revision. Hitler is by descent a Sudeten German, and closely resembles the Sudeten Germans in type

and behavior. That's why Beneš knows him so well, why he probably understands him better than any other statesman in Europe to-day. He is not likely to drift toward the Scylla of weak-kneed surrender, nor toward the Charybdis of pigheaded opposition against all reasonable concessions. Most important of all, Beneš knows how to show his teeth when Hitler starts his bullying; he did so very effectively on May 21 of this year.

The difficulty of finding a solution for Czechoslovakia's troubles with its German and Hungarian minorities lies in the fact that many believe, inside and outside the country, that the German minority is merely the spearhead for aggressive designs which threaten the existence of the state. Hitler has his own following to blame for this impression. I was told as early as the summer of 1933, by high Nazi officials, that Czechoslovakia in the Führer's opinion was a miscreance and could not endure. Its destruction was only a question of time. The German-speaking districts would be included within a Greater Germany. Poland would receive Ruthenia and the Polish-speaking parts in exchange for the Corridor. The Hungarians would go back to Hungary. As for the Czechs and Slovaks, almost entirely surrounded by Germany as they would be, they might become a German dependency, like Ireland within Great Britain. Perhaps such plans are not official, but the world has a right to worry when responsible officials and newspapers in Germany constantly voice them.

The outward expression of this danger is the Nazification of the Germans in Czechoslovakia. While some opposition persists among them, the majority of these Germans stand to-day behind the Nazi banner. At first the government tried to cope with the danger by outlawing the Nazi Party and its emblems. The followers of Hitler built up the Sudeten German Party, the old wine in a new bottle. Until the annexation of Austria, the aim of this party under its leader,

Konrad Henlein, was to secure what was termed 'equality' within the Czechoslovak State. Since that time the idea of joining Germany has been openly admitted as an alternative. Indeed, the demands have become so extreme as to suggest that they are merely meant as a pretext for such troubles as might 'justify' Hitler to intervene by force of arms. A first attempt at such tactics is believed to have occurred on May 21. It is impossible to know whether Hitler actually planned to invade Czechoslovakia or whether he merely wished to intimidate the Czechs and 'encourage' the Germans to vote for Henlein. The British Government evidently considered the situation sufficiently dangerous to intervene with the German Government. At the same time, it advised English women and children to leave Germany. Goebbels's press has since that time displayed great moral indignation at the suggestion that the German Government wished to start a war.

At any rate, President Beneš was not intimidated. He mobilized some troops and admonished the people to remain calm. In spite of a few minor incidents, the local elections took place. They revealed a hardening of the two sides. Of the German parties, practically only the Henlein party remained. The Czech votes tended to consolidate in Beneš's party. If one compares the election with the population figures, it also appears that many German-speaking people must have voted for Beneš's party. They probably felt that this would be more efficacious than to maintain small German democratic groups. Hence one is obliged to say that the Czechs' local vote gave a victory to both sides; Henlein triumphed, but so did Beneš. As far as the democratic majority is concerned, there can be no question that Beneš has it. But the misfortune is that such a majority does not convince an alien and presumably hostile minority of its right to rule. It is the same tragedy as the Irish home rule. But the Irish live by

themselves, on an island, and there is no greater Ireland next door claiming their allegiance.

What possible solutions may be considered? Can Czechoslovakia continue as an independent state? Beneš evidently thinks he can work out a *modus vivendi*. Much depends upon whether the Sudeten German Party really wants to collaborate in finding such a solution, or whether it prefers to let itself be used by Hitler as a tool in pursuit of his ambitions. It has been said that all trouble would cease if Beneš would give up his defensive alliance with the Soviet Union. But this alliance is a corollary of his close collaboration with France. Still, Beneš might be willing to exchange it for an alliance with Great Britain. For his relations with Poland too have been embittered by this Russian alliance. Beneš would like to work with Poland. He has always been an advocate of an alliance with this Slavic sister republic. But all this and many other such projects have really nothing to do with the position of the German nationality in Czechoslovakia. Or have they? Henlein claims that they have, because his *Weltanschauung* writhes at the thought of his country's being in league with the Bolsheviks. What he forgets is that such disagreements are bound to exist in any democracy. Plenty of people dislike the idea of American recognition of the Soviet Union. Yet they continue to be Americans.

The task of Beneš and his collaborators lies in this: to find a method by which to enable the German nationality to feel itself an equal partner in the republic, without surrendering the country's control to Hitler. At present they propose to accomplish this miracle by giving the German districts the right to administer their own school systems and taking Germans into the government services at the rate corresponding to their percentage in the population. In Switzerland this sort of thing is done. But all people in Switzerland, whether

they speak German, French, Italian, or Romansch, are ardently attached to the Republic, hence the problems are merely of adjustment and compromise in detail.

In spite of the strong democratic sentiment amongst the Czechs, Czechoslovakia is rent to-day by the conflict between the democratic outlook and the totalitarian. A large percentage of the Germans have become partisans of Hitlerism. Most of the Hungarians are likewise Fascists. There are within the Czech ranks people who would like to repeat the folly of Schuschnigg: making agreements with Hitler-Henlein and trusting them. But Beneš does not look like Schuschnigg — a man of big words and little deeds. No, if any man is able to get along with Fascist and Nazi non-coöperators, Beneš is such a man. He is disinclined to believe in ready-made solutions *a priori*. He will attempt to meet the difficulties as they arise.

Skillful tactician that he is, Beneš will seek adjustments which are temporary, and which he knows are temporary. Not ruthless, but firm, he will show much moderation. But when he strikes, he will strike hard. As the son of a peasant, he knows that you cannot compromise in essentials. His well-known sang-froid will save him where others might fumble. Perhaps in time he will be able to convince even the British Conservatives that a smashing of Czechoslovakia will be no solution, but merely the start of further troubles. In the meantime he will leave no question in anyone's mind that the Czechs are going to fight any attacks upon them, even against overwhelming odds. That, no doubt, is the best guarantee of peace. It forestalls bluffing. With his robust optimism and his iron will, Beneš is the man to carry through.

It is small wonder that Masaryk himself insisted upon having Beneš as his successor. Maybe Beneš will stumble in the struggles that are going to develop. But when he gets up, his first question will undoubtedly be, 'Have we won?'

INSIGHT

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

I

THERE is a quality in the Negro that has been rarely noticed, and perhaps never adequately described. I mean his psychic power, his almost constant spiritual awareness, the beauty of his recognition of mystery, and the dark poesy of his sayings. It is only plain truth to declare that in my lifelong and affectionate association with the plantation Negro, who is, I think, the American Negro at his very best, I frequently feel inferior to these humble and beloved people; inferior in the most important thing in life: in matters pertaining to the human spirit, both here and hereafter. In books and on the stage I find the ludicrous, the childish, and the pathetic characteristics of the Negro displayed; but this matter of his rich quality of soul, lying profoundly hidden, his genius for apprehending the Unseen, and his ingenuous obeisance to it, — his capacity to express in a few unpremeditated words the deepest truths of the heart, — these things have somehow escaped both the writers of fiction and the writers of drama. While I do not feel capable of doing justice to this subject, perhaps a few stories out of my plantation life may at least serve to arrest the attention of those who laugh at the Negro, pity him, or ignore him.

One day I visited a wild sandy hummock in the immense wilderness of the great Santee Delta. London Legree and his wife lived there — all alone and many miles from the nearest human habitation. Cleanly, thrifty, self-sustain-

ing, they lived like pioneers amid that vast solitude, surrounded by primeval wilds, a paradise for game.

Entertained with graceful courtesy by these old friends of mine, I marveled at the simplicity and the contentment of their lives. On the eve of my departure, a heavy thunderstorm rolled up, its solemn panoply investing the heavens. Darkness was under it and before it. Standing in the door of his cabin, I was lamenting to London that I should be long delayed in my return home.

'Never mind, Cap'n,' he said in words which always have seemed to me occult in their dim infallible wisdom, 'Hanna is stronger than the storm.' *Hanna* is a pure African word, personifying the sun. In that brief sentence, what faith, what hope! How applicable it is to all the storms of life! How positive in its affirmation of a philosophy of optimism! In the years that have followed my first hearing of those words from London, I have found them of power to comfort and console me. A saying of that kind is akin to the magic of the Welsh bards, who used to 'call spirits from the vasty deep.'

On a magnificent mausoleum in the cemetery at Winchester, Virginia, are these sad words: 'The shadow was greater than the sunlight.' And I contrast them with the brave words of London Legree, 'Hanna is stronger than the storm.'

The plantation Negro has a characteristic that I cannot recall ever having seen mentioned; yet it is a salient man-

ifestation of his faith. It is that he rarely criticizes the weather, and he does not like to hear it criticized. This is because he accepts all natural phenomena as God's work. Often I have been gently rebuked by a Negro for complaining of heat or cold, rain or wind. Once when I said to old Rose, 'This is a terrible day,' she, a certain eerie and ancient wisdom glinting in her eyes, replied, 'We must not forget that God made it, sah.' One steaming July day I was talking idly with a group of Negroes when the question arose as to which was better, hot weather or cold, and Flora, as if the question were a reflection on the Creator, said, 'Well, as for me, I bless God for both.'

This spirit of quiet acceptance of nature's moods and changes is widened and deepened into an equally calm acceptance of the chances of life. When we say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,' we are usually thinking of the person who has lived and died; but a Negro would mean the life, the vital spark. The innate poetry in him compels him to assign all power to the Mystery that is God.

And not alone is the Negroes' attitude toward life and death reverent: this soul equanimity manifests itself in their voices, than which I know none more gentle, more melodious, more attuned to the sea wind in the yellow pines, to rain on scented moss, to the muted songs of mated birds. Plantation Negroes not only accept life, but do so with a profound grace of heart, a spiritual poise, and with that moral beauty that perhaps alone distinguishes man from the lower orders of creation.

We used to have on our place a former slave named Galboa. When I knew him he was very old, and certainly the most aboriginal human being I ever encountered. We took care of him in a little cabin near the river; and sometimes, on bright days, he used to walk up to the house to visit us. One day, near the outer gate, I found the aged Negro lying sprawled in the road. Getting some cold

water from a near-by pond, I bathed his face, saw him open his eyes, and at last got him on his feet again. As I helped him back toward his cabin he said, 'God gwine take me soon. You know, sah, God is good enough to do anything.'

Between the sublimity of Job's 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' and old Galboa's 'God is good enough to do anything' there appears no especial choice. And not only do Negroes contribute to religion the dark poesy that is its very soul, but infallibly they recognize and respond to those passages in the Bible which have about them the passionate faith that is the heart's instinctive response to a sudden revelation of its invincible surmise. I was delighted but not amazed to discover recently that the favorite Old Testament story of the Negroes on my plantation was not a thrilling narrative such as the biography of Joseph, or the history of David; it was nothing less than the supreme vision in the whole book — that of the Prophet Ezekiel, when he tells of the dry bones. 'Can these bones live?' asks God.

The Prophet, covering his face, cries out: 'O Lord God, thou knowest!'

The profound appeal that I myself have seen those stupendous words make to Negroes arises partly from the mystical poetry of them, but perhaps more from the utter abandon with which the human accepts the divine; that is to say, Ezekiel expressed exactly, in a brief sentence, the plantation Negro's whole idea of the attitude that a mortal should take toward his Creator. And that attitude is one of instant, glad, and complete surrender to the wisdom that is infinite.

II

One December day I was hunting on Bull's Island, a superb game preserve off the South Carolina coast. With me at the time was a very humble Negro named Richard. Early in the morning we took up the trail of a great stag, whose track made me know that his head

would be a prize trophy. All day, through marshes, palmetto thickets, and jungles of pine and oak, we followed him. Just at sundown he left his wary meanderings in the forest and went out on the sand dunes. When we reached the verge of the woods, there he was, a superb creature, poised in the twilight on the crest of a tawny dune. At last our long labor was rewarded. At last I was within range of this old hero of the wilds. I got ready for the shot while Richard squatted by me in excited silence.

But the full moon rose over the ocean, tinging the dark momentous pines, fringing with light the maned sea breakers. It illumined the rolling dunes and the dark clusters of myrtles in their hollows. It touched the statuesque stag, and he became a silver stag with silver horns. The world went argentine, and the presence of Beauty was everywhere manifest. The sight of my rifle, which had been leveled on the deer's heart, was lowered. I took my gun down from my shoulder. I could n't kill amid that song and hush of beauty. But I fully expected my humble Richard to be dismayed and disgusted over my decision.

'Richard,' I said, feeling that my words would sound fantastic to him, 'I don't want to shoot him. The world is too beautiful.'

My tone was apologetic and conciliatory.

'Cap'n, I understand,' came Richard's gentle voice. 'You know, sah, *angels walk in the moonlight.*'

To comment on the loveliness of that idea is sacrilege; as it would be to speak of its poetic adequacy to the occasion. Nevertheless, I must not fail to point out that it illustrates how dangerous it is to assume a spiritual superiority over the Negro. I find that his sensitiveness in the realms of mystery usually anticipates mine. And I have heard that certain missionaries to Africa have owed all their troubles to a brash assumption that primitives are naturally spiritually inferior. They, like children, have vi-

sions that to them are real, and they live in a world that is in more direct and vital touch with Another World than ours is. Aboriginal in thought and feeling, plantation Negroes are among the most authentic and interesting of human beings. They may be as yet far from what we proudly call civilization; but to me they seem very close to God. Their religious attitude is as unfeigned as that of children. To them the rain, the wind, the thunder, the stars, sunset, and sunrise are matters of great moment. I have many a treasured recollection of what I have heard Negroes say of these unfailingly recurrent waves in the vast sea of nature's symphony.

Sam Singleton and I left home at one o'clock one winter morning to paddle down the Santee River in South Carolina to a place appropriately called 'Tranquillity,' since it is as solitary as being in the heart of a wild delta can make it. Our plan was to drop down ten miles or so with the ebb tide, designing to reach at dawn the lonely hummock in the huge wasteland that stretches mistily between the two sea-reaching arms of the mighty river. We were to spend a few days duck shooting at Tranquillity, and we started at a time which would afford us sport with the morning flight.

A Southern river at night is a haunting thing, with great stars hanging like spangles in the dark pines and the ancient water oaks fringing the river shores. Wider flows the dim stream as it moves through the last reaches of the immense coastal plain. Baffling to navigate by broad daylight, the Santee at night is mysterious. And the peril of it undoubtedly was heightened by the kind of craft in which we were traveling. A dugout cypress canoe, it had as certain a tendency to roll as had its parent log, utterly lacking that virtue of stability that one relishes in a boat, especially when one is voyaging through the darkness of a huge river that seems to be wandering toward eternity.

But the stars that had been shining

when we left home were soon obscured by a fog so dense that we could hardly see beyond the bow of our little boat. As we were going with the tide, we felt sure of our general direction, but when once or twice we came near looming shores, neither of us recognized the landscape as familiar. Then for an hour there was no land visible. I knew that we ought to be near our goal. But the waves that began to roll our canoe were suspiciously like sea waves. The roar of the surf that we had heard for a long time now became almost clamorous. Attempts to reach either shore were vain. The fact that the tide had now turned, or was about to turn, confused us still further. The canoe shipped water, gallons of it. The mist blinded us. There was no use blinking the truth: we were in immediate danger. I told Sam mildly that in case the canoe was swamped we must turn it over and cling to it. How can I ever forget what he said?

'Never mind, Cap'n,' the humble boatman told me; '*it will be daybreak soon.*'

What was there in that plight of ours on which we could certainly count? Only one thing there was: the coming of light — daybreak, sunrise! It came in time to save us, though we were really on the brink of the sea when the rosy radiance over the delta disclosed our position to us. Yet it was not alone the coming of sunrise that rescued us; it was Sam's reminding me that it was *sure* to come, restoring thus my courage. And even now, after all these years, whenever the shadows are deepest and most impenetrable, I seem to hear, out of the dim celestial past, the quiet voice of Sam Singleton saying to my doubting and besieged heart, '*Never mind, Cap'n; it will be daybreak soon.*'

This psychic power never manifests itself so plainly in the Negro as in his judgment, often immediate and always instinctive, of human worth, of social grace, of the strange enigma of personality. The Negro is not a severe judge, but he is often devastatingly revealing.

And his estimate is likely to be put in quaint and forest-bred language. Of a rather vulgar and blustering white woman, I once heard a Negro say simply, 'She ain't reg'lar.' Of two white men, one very crude in appearance and manner and the other correspondingly suave, I heard this comment: 'Mr. A is rough outside but smooth inside; Mr. B is smooth outside but rough inside.' There is perhaps no more infallible judge of breeding in the world than the plantation Negro. Pomp and display are wasted upon him. Gifted spiritually to a profound degree, to him the spirit of another is transparent. Social climbers and impostors, who sometimes make considerable headway in the cities, never deceive him in his lonely wildwoods. He is too close to the real to be beguiled by the artificial; too naïve to be impressed by the magnificent. Quaint rustic phrases give a native homebred savor to his speech. To him an illegitimate child is a 'woods colt,' or a 'little volunteer.' Anything important is 'town news.' A long time is expressed as 'ever since a hatchet was a hammer.' Heaven is always the Promised Land.

On one occasion I told Charlie Lesane that he was to have the honor of acting as duck guide to a millionaire. This gentleman, who had made his wealth in shoe polish or in clothespins, was an exceedingly rough diamond. Even I was shocked by his crudity and his profanity, and I knew that Charlie would be impressed in somewhat the same manner. Amid the creeks and marshes the Negro spent the day with the millionaire. On their return to our ducking camp, when I had Charlie aside, I said, 'Well, you paddled a millionaire to-day.'

'But he ain't had dat money long,' was his significant and coolly appraising rejoinder.

III

It is not unlikely that the plantation Negro acquires some of his psychic power from his intimacy with the night. No

other people known to me are so familiar with darkness. They do most of their traveling then; and there appears to have come to them, from this communion, a certain identity with the forces of nature, a relation to the ancient established order of the universe. They are one with the mystery and the silence, with the primal thoughtfulness and the primal mightier movements of winds and rivers, stars and forests, life and death. Communion with darkness that is lighted only by the stars and the moon appears to confer a certain divination — a discernment, soul to soul. So real is this power that there is no living person whose approval means more to me than that of one of my own black folk.

How often they go to the heart of a human problem! Their insight is poignant and profound. I remember on one occasion expressing disapprobation of Sue Alston's ministering to a dusky Magdalene. Looking at me steadily, she said simply, 'Jesus would.' Once when a young couple were about to be divorced because the husband drank, Sue reconciled them by saying to the woman, 'A woman marries the bad in a man as well as the good. She must not run away from a battle he has to fight.' One day I was lamenting to Anthony Lee the fact that his congregation had never finished their church. The roof had been put on one slope only.

'It does not matter,' he assured me. Then he pointed to his heart. 'Here is the Temple,' he said.

Hearing one day that old Gabe had lost his house by fire, I went down to visit him. Beside the heap of ashes that had been his home stood (or staggered) his tiny forlorn stable. Into this he and his family had moved. In reporting on his loss, he told me that he had saved but one shirt out of all his possessions — 'and dat one is raggety,' he added cheerfully.

I looked off over the desolate wintry fields, back at the smouldering ruin, and then at old Gabe's invincibly serene face.

'Well,' I said tactlessly, 'this is what I call sure-enough depression.'

'Oh, I ain't got dat,' Gabe assured me disclaimingly; 'I ain't got the real depression, because I still got hope.'

It took a plantation Negro to teach me that spiritual loss is the only kind which may be accounted real. Kipling tells us that triumph and disaster are impostors. Old Gabe, who never heard of Kipling, knows that truth by instinct. Indeed, it has always appeared to me that universal truths are a racial heritage, and that a lack of education should not presuppose one's ignorance of them. The heart has its clairvoyance as well as the mind.

But it is not only to each other and to the members of my race that Negroes often speak in darkly poetic form. They use language and tones to animals that bring responses no white man could ever produce. They appear to have the wave length of the souls of the lower orders of creation.

No man who watched Prince Alston with dogs or mules could be persuaded that magic is dead. On occasions that are literally countless I have shamelessly referred to him dogs that were of the most incorrigible sort, dogs that would not make up to me. Immediately he would establish a definite relationship with them, partly by firmness, partly by kindness, but chiefly by an occult and complete fathoming of the dog's mentality. I recall how he made Blossom mind him when she would pay me not the slightest attention.

This hound was new and strange, and Prince and I took her into the woods for a ramble. Young, diffident, headstrong, she was prone to race pell-mell after any alluring scent that assailed her delicate nostrils from the damp sandy road. We were in wild country, and to have her escape on a trail would have been serious. I was about to suggest that we put her on a leash when she suddenly left the road on a dead run. A fresh buck track explained her joyous haste.

At thirty yards a shout from Prince brought her to a reluctant halt. She was too far away for him to catch her, or even to threaten her effectively with the long lash that he carried. The hound did not want to come back. Yet, while ignoring me, she deigned to give Prince a bright, undetermined look, as if inquiring politely the reason for his impertinent interruption of her urgent business. Knowing that it would be a vain thing for me to try to lure the dog, I left it all to him, — as I usually did with anything that was difficult, — watching closely to discover by what mental artful sleight he would accomplish the miracle. Clearly it was to be a spiritual, not a physical, struggle.

‘Blossom,’ he called, ‘come here, chile. Here, Blossom, come here to me. You is the pretties’, fines’, mos’ ‘bedient houn’ I ever did see. That’s a good girl; come on now. Come on, honey Blossom. I know you would n’t leave me here in the road all by myself. That’s a sweet Blossom.’

Flattering wiles, couched in tones that reached the hound’s very soul, accomplished what force and anger and less delicate deception could never have done. But there was more than that to the performance. Into the immense solitude environing the individual, Prince had suavely obtruded himself. All creatures will, I suppose, respond to blandishments; but they must be of the intimate and understanding variety. The hound Blossom was completely taken by Prince’s tones. She turned toward us; then she approached step by step, a little contritely. At last she made a little run, frisked about Prince, leaped up on him affectionately, licked his hand. I had had, in college, a course in practical psychology, and one in animal psychology. But my knowledge had left me helpless, whereas Prince knew what to do without ever having been taught.

Watching Prince handle the biggest, stubbornest mules in a timber camp, I have come to believe that the secret of

his mastery over them arose from his ability subtly to establish in them a definite conception of their inferiority. He would then take it for granted that they would work, his attitude being objective, hale, and natural. He talked to them also, as it were, in their own tongue, and to his raillery they responded with astonishing willingness. To manage mules should be accounted something of an artistic *tour de force*.

I remember the first time I ever saw Prince operate on a stubbornly planted mule. It happened down in a little seacoast village near home. A farmer’s mule, hitched to an infirm and staggering wagon, loaded heavily with a Saturday’s purchases, had made up his mind that the prospect of seven long sandy miles ahead did not appeal to him. The animal balked in the middle of the village street, right between the post office and the general store, so that the performance created a considerable stir. At such a time, all local loafing celebrities are exceedingly fertile in advice. Upon this scene of hopeless *status quo* Prince and I arrived after some very heroic measures had been used without the slightest response on the part of the immobile mule. He had been cruelly beaten; his harness had been taken off. The wagon had been rolled back. But there he stood violently rooted, with a certain exasperatingly virtuous expression on his countenance. Curses and shouts left him unmoved. Even a small fire built under him had had no effect as a persuader to progress. The city fathers had become less assured of tone as one after another of their solvents for balkiness failed.

The affair had come to an impasse when Prince stepped quietly forward, while I watched, fascinated. Approaching the mule with gentle assurance, he insinuated one arm around the stubborn neck. His touch was affectionate. Putting his mouth to the mule’s left ear, he said something to the miserable statue. Instantly the creature’s rigidity relaxed, and almost blithely the mule stepped

forward from the position which for more than an hour he had sullenly maintained. When Prince came back to me, I asked him what he had said to his friend. The Negro only laughed, for he never seemed to take seriously any of his feats with animals. But his must have been the magic words having the exact wave length of the dull creature's obscure and baffled soul.

One day I went with Prince to rescue some of our stock in time of flood. He began by saying that he would take the sheep first, as they had the least sense, and the goats last, as they would climb on stumps above the freshet tide. This opinion proved to be true. The sheep we found pitifully bleating in a flooded headland of marsh. Prince, speaking to them in a tone which animals understand and obey, told them to go on home across the river, and he supplemented his order with the pushing of two old rams out into the current. The flock followed, and they crossed the river in safety. After that we passed goats perched, their four feet drawn closely under them, on stumps over the hurrying tide. We went on after the hogs, for these, Prince declared, would swim farthest, and were likely to scatter more quickly than the cattle. From canebrake to hummock, from hummock to pine ridges that were fast being submerged, from pine ridges to the flooded depths of mouldering haunted swamps, indefatigably we pursued our game.

I say 'game,' for all these creatures, because of their wild free range and because the primal terror of the flood was upon them, were essentially fugitive. Indeed, many of them were worse than wild; they were frantic. To herd them, to turn them homeward, to persuade them to leave their narrow ledges of footing, to impart to them a sense of safety — all these things Prince did. It is true that we found the great herd bull recalcitrant; but while he was swimming, heading manfully out to sea, we paddled up to him, and Prince asked me to man-

age the boat while he did something. Lying in the boat, he reached out over the gunwale, caught the bull by the ear, and over the side of the boat he 'chastised him with the valor of his tongue.' He talked about home; he cajoled him; he called him by pet names that he had used to him since that great creature's calfhood. Thus, and only thus, we turned him. We could not do it by physical strength. But it was done; and when the leader was turned across the river all the others followed in his wake.

IV

All of us treasure the dark poesy of the valor of our race: the silence of doomed heroes; the unfaltering steps of Queen Mary of Scotland and of Marie Antoinette; Joan saying amid the consuming flames only 'Blessed Jesus.' To this glorious company I am not ashamed to add some humble friends of mine.

There used to be a Negro on our place by the name of Ogechee. He was always a cheerful and willing workman, and I found that he excelled in paddling a canoe after wild ducks. Not only was he a good boatman, but he had that one indispensable quality necessary to a hunter: he possessed a genuine *game sense*. He knew how to find game; he knew how to stalk it. And many a day he and I spent together in the tortuous lonely creeks of the Santee Delta, taking toll of the myriad wild fowl that swarm into those placid hidden waters in the winter. One summer I noticed that my paddler had acquired a hacking cough, but he appeared to be otherwise in normal health. I went away for several months; and on my return — it then being autumn — I sent for Ogechee to have a talk with him about our future hunting plans.

He came to see me, and I noticed that he was not the same man. But I tried to take up our hunting comradeship just where we had left it. He, however, knew that my hope and his was a vain thing.

'Cap'n,' he said, 'I must n't paddle you no mo'. You see, my coughing would scare the duck. You could n't get up to them like we used to.'

These were simple yet fateful words. They told the whole story. And Ogechee knew exactly what they signified. He was telling me that he had not long to live; and, instead of bewailing his fate, he apologized because my sport was likely to suffer! He made no complaint; he asked no questions. He quietly accepted his fate; and to his last moment he was the most patient and resigned of men. I am not unread in the old lore concerning martyrs, and I think this humble Negro's spirit may well claim high fellowship with theirs.

Until his affliction fell upon him, Peter Small was an Esau of the finest order. The world is full of incipient and spurious woodcrafters; but this hunting comrade of mine was a genuine woodsman. Such, indeed, was my respect for his opinion in these matters that for years I seldom accepted as final any statement concerning wild life until I had had upon it the opinion of Peter. He taught me more about trapping the red fox, finding the home of the otter, finding the master bull among the alligators, and a hundred other curious matters of nature, than all the books I had ever read. Other Negroes might tell me of having seen droves of forty wild turkeys, or of having seen ten deer in one herd; but I would not be satisfied until I had consulted with Peter. He is a man of few and final words. He always thinks carefully before answering; but the answer will be a genuine reply. Well, not long ago I heard that Peter was sick; and the report made me fear that something ominous was wrong.

After three miles of walking through dank watercourses, over airy pine ridges, and along old hedged plantation roads, I came to the Negro's solitary cabin; and in the sunshine before it sat my old friend. He observed me coming, and he tried to smile a welcome; yet he could

not rise to greet me. Nothing could have more deeply emphasized the grievousness of his trouble.

'Why, Peter,' I said, 'I had been hoping you would run an old buck over me this Christmas. What is the meaning of that bandage on your head?'

'I have a little trouble, sir,' he said; and his voice was full of suppressed pain. He said no more.

I sat down on the bench beside him in the sun, and for a time I told him of what I had been doing since last we had met. Then I asked him about himself.

'The doctor says I'se gwine leave you,' he said. His tone was one of simple resignation; but on his face was a bleak wistfulness as he gazed off over his home fields. From him was no complaint; he did not even discuss the details of his illness in the manner characteristic of Main Streets and small towns. He bore and was silent.

The case of Peter Small illustrates the Negro's quiet and uncomplaining acceptance of hardships that would make many a soldier quail. Perhaps he does not have those sensitive spirit wings, so easily crushed by life, that lift one perilously into ethereal realms; but he has an ascent of spirit sufficient to make him see certain of the fundamental truths of life; to make him steadfast in affliction, courageous in pain, stoical in cruel suffering. These qualities of heart must not be denied the Negro; only by an assured acceptance of them as genuine possessions of his can we approach an understanding of his character.

In a deep and real sense, poetry is more true than truth. Elemental and instinctive, it gushes from the heart in a pure and melodious stream. And among the high gifts of the plantation Negro as I have known him is this native poesy, breathing into life something of the divine spirit, shining in darkness as a star above the looming cypresses and the lonely yellow pines in those wild-woods where he has his home.

SALUTE TO IRELAND

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

I

THE settlement of outstanding issues between London and Dublin is a good deed shining in a naughty world. For this achievement, announced on Tuesday, April 26, the Governments of Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. De Valera deserve equal credit. With the carpenters and property men on both sides of the Atlantic engaged unobtrusively but unmistakably in setting the stage for closer Anglo-American coöperation, it was essential that the Conservative Government of Britain (the 'National' garment has worn very thin these days) should recognize one of the factors of the problem to be the muted London-Dublin clash. The spokesman of Irish nationalism, on the other hand, had to rise above the inhibitions of his own and his country's history.

The Agreement supersedes the defense servitudes of Articles 6 and 7 of the 1921 Treaty, against which every good Irish nationalist never ceased to rage. By the end of 1938, British Admiralty rights and British defense control at Berehaven, Cóbh (Queenstown), and Lough Swilly will have been completely liquidated, and it will be left to Mr. De Valera's discretion whether or not these bases will be put into shape — by Irish forces — for the eventuality of war. That the Government of Eire has every intention of equipping the ceded ports is common knowledge. Yet it reflects no small credit on the British negotiators that they should have in this case assumed the risks of peace — a responsibility which,

alas, Britain has so consistently flinched from on the Continent of Europe.

When the recent conversations were begun, the Services ministers, from all accounts, impressed upon the Government that it must effect a settlement with Mr. De Valera — which would safeguard British imperial defense — at almost any price.¹ In Ireland responsible persons had been fully alive to the dangers ahead. Mr. De Valera himself had shown that he had no illusions about Ireland's being able, in fact, to cut adrift from the United Kingdom. Geography is here as inexorable as history has been in other spheres of Anglo-Irish relations. And the President² had more than once given assurances that, once she had assumed her own responsibilities for defense, Ireland would never allow any foreign power to use her for a basis of attack.

In this sphere, then, the doctrinaire rebel has shown himself more farseeing and more amenable than successive British governments. In the matter of the Presidency of the new independent State of Ireland likewise 'Dev' has displayed a remarkable breadth of mind.

¹ The Financial Agreement provides for a lump-sum payment of £10,000,000 (and £250,000 a year, in addition) by way of wiping out any British claim to the disputed Land Annuities; at the same time penal duties imposed on trade by either side are revoked once and for all. — AUTHOR

² The title by which Mr. De Valera is usually spoken of in Ireland. Now, of course, under the new Constitution it is inaccurate; he is the Prime Minister. — AUTHOR

Talking of this with one of Mr. De Valera's adjutants in Dublin some months ago, I was surprised to hear him say: 'What a pity it can't be Cosgrave! He would be just the man. But I'm afraid not. The resentments of the Civil War are still too potent.' The remark was interesting for several reasons. It showed a spirit of tolerance utterly belying the fierce party antagonisms which we read about in the press, and which, we are told, are bound to wreck the good ship Eire. It reflected the undercurrent of impatience — which one senses everywhere, but particularly among the younger generation — with the feud that for the past sixteen years has divided the twin branches of Sinn Féin. And it provided a flicker of hope that behind all the skirmishing of a presidential election on party lines the idea of an agreed candidate, sponsored by Cardinal MacRory, Primate of the Catholic Church, and known to be favored by Mr. De Valera himself, might yet win through.

The choice, without a contest, of Dr. Douglas Hyde, veteran president of the Gaelic League and a Protestant, has won general approval. Mr. De Valera certainly had no wish to stand for President himself, and would only have done so if his political opponents had carried partisanship to the length of nominating 'Alfie' Byrne, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, whose Tammany-like antecedents scarcely fit him for a post of almost vice-regal dignity such as that of President of Eire is designed to be.

II

Ireland is a subject on which people are wont to feel passionately and talk vehemently. The fact must be recorded, nevertheless, that the old bitter animosity against the Irish leader among my fellow countrymen has almost entirely disappeared; not any amount of puffing and snorting by Lord Craigavon, the Unionist oligarch of Northern Ireland (whose actions remind one of the

proverbial bull in the china shop), can wreck the friendly relationship contrived by the youthful Dominions Secretary, Malcolm MacDonald. In Ireland memories are longer. Yet, when I have carefully wiped away the mud with which so many of my Irish friends delight in bespattering 'Dev,' I am still left with the impression of an outstanding and likable personality.

For a man who enjoys the reputation of being a consummate politician, a master of political stratagem, the suggestion of innocence may seem strangely inappropriate. Yet guileless soul he is. It is a fact that Mr. De Valera fondly believed that his new Constitution, with the broad lines of which nine tenths of the population of the Twenty-Six Counties are in full agreement, would therefore be acclaimed by an overwhelming majority; and he was profoundly shocked when, because his Fine Gael opponents insisted on making it a party issue, it was approved by only 685,105 to 526,945 votes. A more recent example of this 'innocence' was supplied by a contributor to the *Manchester Guardian*. At the beginning of the recent London conversations, it appears, 'Dev' was well launched upon his remonstrance about Partition when he was interrupted by a remark from Sir John Simon to the effect that he hoped Mr. De Valera would realize the difficulties of the British Government in this matter — to which the President replied: 'My great weakness as a negotiator is that I have too keen a realization of my opponents' difficulties.'

Don't imagine, of course, that this new Ireland is 'just a little bit of heaven dropped from out the skies one day.' Nor does reality always correspond to the lofty sentiments expressed in the Constitution. The 'Irish Christian State' which emerged from its swaddling clothes at the beginning of this year deserves, nevertheless, more than passing attention, as — with the possible exception of Belgium — a unique example of a Catholic democracy.

Article 44, treating of religion, uses language which is refreshing in these days of state and nation idolatry: 'The State acknowledges that the homage of public worship is due to Almighty God. It shall hold His Name in reverence, and shall respect and honor religion.' The Article then goes on to recognize 'the special position of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church' — which is intelligible enough in a community of whom, to take for a moment the Twenty-Six Counties area alone, over 95 per cent are Roman Catholics; but it continues with provisions for complete religious toleration and freedom of conscience, which the practice of the Irish Free State has certainly not belied. And the democratic character of the régime, I think, needs no demonstration.

For the first time, doctrines of social welfare as propounded in Papal Encyclicals such as *Rerum Novarum* are embodied in a nation's fundamental charter—Article 41, for instance, with its guarantees of protection for the family, with its acknowledgment that 'by her life within the home woman gives to the State a support without which the common good cannot be achieved,' and with its statutory exclusion of divorce. More particularly there are the principles of social policy laid down for the guidance of Parliament in Article 45:—

The State . . . shall direct its policy towards securing

(1) That the citizens may through their occupations find the means of making reasonable provision for their domestic needs;

(2) That the ownership and control of the material resources of the community may be so distributed amongst private individuals and the various classes as best to subserve the common good;

(3) That, especially, the operation of free competition shall not be allowed so to develop as to result in the concentration of the ownership or control of essential commodities in a few individuals to the common detriment.

Here is the 'Providence' State charged with the duty of solicitude for the 'un-

derprivileged.' And, lest the central legislative machinery be overtaxed, the Constitution takes over from its predecessor the provision for the establishment of vocational councils which may be accorded certain law-making functions. In an important speech to the annual meeting of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce on January 28 last, Mr. De Valera outlined his hopes of developing these functional bodies.

All this, you may say, is airy theory. But the interesting thing, on the contrary, is that these principles now formulated only set the seal upon the practice of the past six years. Intervention of the State in economic processes, for example, is manifest in the Conditions of Employment Act (1935), the Agricultural Wages Act, the new Prices Control Board, the various state bodies regulating food production, the pig and bacon boards, the sugar factories, the Electricity Supply Board, and the credit corporations. The Labor Party, needless to say, gives full support to these initiatives of Fianna Fáil, only remaining on the watch against establishment of monopoly conditions — as, for example, in the cement and industrial alcohol undertakings.

Labor has its own social programme, of course, which includes demands for the legal recognition and enforcement of trade-union rates of wages, the forty-hour week as a means of spreading employment, a fortnight's holiday with pay, family allowances. How immune from the Marxist virus, however, are the urban workers of Ireland may be appreciated by a reading of Article 43 of the Constitution, which, in accordance with Catholic doctrine, consecrates the principle of private property: 'The State . . . guarantees to pass no law attempting to abolish the right of private ownership or the general right to transfer, bequeath and inherit property,' only stipulating that the exercise of this right be 'regulated by the principles of social justice.'

To the men of property and the busi-

ness heads ranged behind Mr. Cosgrave in the chief opposition party, Fine Gael, this departure from the orthodoxy of economic liberalism is sheer midsummer madness. They used to contend, of course, that state paternalism, social services, and the like, mean a weakening of the individual's moral fibre; they still rage against the steady expansion of bureaucracy, and altogether, with incessant jeremiads about the plight to which Mr. De Valera is reducing Irish agriculture, since they can hardly work up a 'Red' scare, they see the country heading for bankruptcy. Actually, the area of the Twenty-Six Counties is in as healthy a condition, economically, as any in the world to-day.³

III

The best statement of the case for economic nationalism as practised within the area of what was until recently the Irish Free State — social nationalism, it should properly be called — was that of Mr. Sean Lemass, Irish Minister of Industry and Commerce, in his presidential speech at last year's International Labor Conference. Mr. Lemass's specific claim was that 'under the new order . . . we are witnessing a steady development towards the abolition of economic domination,' and in those words he gave the clue to the country's recent economic development. Translated into Irish, the phrase means 'we have successfully rescued the Free State economy from the paws of the British lion.'

Mr. De Valera himself scored heavily in his speech at an American Club luncheon in Paris in June 1933, a few weeks before the World Economic Conference, when he declared that all international trade was wicked unless it

was limited to the exchange of surplus production; that under the banner of 'free trade' England had killed Ireland's industry and had turned Ireland into an underpopulated reservoir of foodstuffs; and that the country's New Economic Policy must be directed to abolishing for all time that situation of dependence on her over-industrialized neighbor which had brought her low.

The rôle accorded to Ireland under the British dispensation, of course, had been to concentrate on animal husbandry and to supply the United Kingdom with good and cheap milk, butter, and eggs, importing in exchange most of the necessities of life and some of the luxuries. Before the 'economic war' no less than 44 per cent of Irish produce was exported to Great Britain, and in 1929 Ireland was England's second market. Even in 1936, out of eighteen countries supplying Britain with food, the Irish Free State was the only one which showed a balance of trade in favor of the United Kingdom — to the extent of £5,575,000 (in 1935 it was over £6,000,000; in 1934, £7,500,000).

The consequent Fianna Fail campaign in favor of retaining Irish produce for the home market, of diversifying Irish agriculture (soil and climate are essentially suitable for mixed farming), and of developing native industries, has, of course, shocked those who take their economics from the textbooks; while the lavish use of tariffs and bounties, price-fixing devices, and so forth, has been a standing offense to the exponents of economic liberalism, who would still have us believe that fiscal barriers, quotas, and other expedients of state intervention in business are the main cause of international friction and war.

But Mr. De Valera had a strong case. Ninety years ago there were some 670,000 acres of wheat fields in the area now comprising Saorstát Éireann. Every county contributed its share of that acreage. Not only did Ireland produce all the wheat necessary for her own

³ This fact, which is seldom appreciated, was brought out very clearly by John P. Colbert (who has been associated with the Banking Commission investigating Ireland's finances) in the January issue of *Lloyd's Bank Monthly Review*. — AUTHOR

requirements; she actually exported a surplus. With the repeal of the Corn Laws and the application of the free-trade principles to Ireland in 1847, the market was flooded with cheap supplies of wheat from South America; Ireland's wheatlands were turned into ranches, families evicted wholesale, and farms consolidated into pasture lands. The result was that in 1931 the acreage sown to wheat was reduced to 21,000 acres. During the Cosgrave régime more land went out of cultivation than in any comparable period. To-day, by the aid of various inducements and intensive propaganda, the area under wheat shows the respectable figure of 170,000 acres. Nor has there been any extensive substitution of wheat for other cereals.

There is this much to be said, moreover, for the Government's wheat campaign: that whereas, during the period (1845-1930) of the change-over from cereal cultivation to cattle grazing, meat prices were continually on the upgrade and cereal prices as steadily falling, with the advent of the world economic crisis the process was reversed. In addition, 1931-1932 was the time of the import quotas established in the British market, together with the penal tariffs imposed on account of the Free State's nonpayment of land annuities. In this connection Mr. Joseph Johnston, Lecturer in Applied Economics at Trinity College, a bitter opponent of the new policy, ruefully records in the *Fortnightly Review*, February 1938, 'the one unpleasant fact that our excessive dependence on the British market gave, or seemed to give, to British politicians a means of bringing economic pressure to bear on us, which in fact they were shortsighted enough to use.'

Whatever may be thought of this shift from the traditional pastoral farming (and, with the world slump of agricultural prices, large numbers of Irish farmers would probably have been reduced, anyway, to subsistence farming if Mr. De Valera and his insulating

schemes had not come to the rescue), only a 'free trade' maniac can lament the fact that the former importation into Ireland of bacon, butter, eggs, and so forth, from Denmark and elsewhere has completely ceased.

The Government's protectionist shield has also been extended to flour milling, the sugar beet, and the native fuel product of peat. Peat is useful for the production of electric power although coal is still preferred for ordinary heating, and two and one-half million tons are imported annually (to a value of £3,000,000). Apart from wheat, beet, and peat schemes, relief of agriculture figures prominently in the budget. This National Food Policy is combined with a deliberate fostering of native industries. Among the industries ministering to the cult of the homespun one may cite clothing, boots and shoes, sewing thread, cutlery, electric bulbs, aluminum, oil refining, furniture, bricks, pipes, tiles, and so forth.

The policy is often described as one aiming at economic self-sufficiency. That description, however, is misleading. The Ireland of the Twenty-Six Counties is substantially dependent on external trade. And the idea of the Free State's setting up heavy industries of its own or going in for large-scale mechanized farming has never entered Mr. De Valera's head. He has repeatedly defined the limited objective as being 'to make the country self-supporting in food, clothing, and shelter.' This definition brings out, as it happens, the distinctive feature of the policy pursued in the last six years. It was never regarded, primarily, as an *economic* recipe: it is essentially a *social*, human-welfare policy, in line with De Valera's whole philosophy of life. Talk to him about a certain expedient being more economic, being cheaper than some alternative project, and he is just not interested. What matters is the social consequence to be expected. Warned by the appalling effects of nineteenth-century capitalist

development, 'Dev' is determined to preserve Ireland from that fate. Thus the new factories are established on a highly selective basis, in different parts of the country, and by means of this decentralization he hopes to increase employment without merely shifting the weight of poverty and distress to another district.

IV

Every Irish nationalist could not help feeling that the treaty of 1921 had been accepted under duress, and the policy of fulfillment to which De Valera's predecessors were bound frankly never had the ghost of a chance — any more than it had in a resurgent Germany. As a mother country, as the home of civilization when we were all barbarians, Ireland cannot be expected to regard membership of the British Commonwealth, qualified by certain defense restrictions, as the last word in political wisdom. After seven hundred and fifty years the iron has gone far too deep into her soul. The authentic Irish Nationalist politely repudiates the notion of salvation by Dominion Status, declaring that the hard-worn metaphor of the British family, with grown-up daughter nations, unable nonetheless to deny the reality and importance of the parental tie, is inapplicable. Hence the process of 'shackle-smashing' in which 'Dev' has been indulging these last few years.

He has now achieved the main objective of securing national endorsement — within the limits of the Twenty-Six Counties — of a constitution from which King and Commonwealth are excluded. For the removal of the bogey of the British King, 'Dev' is sure of his place in the Irish saga. At the same time the link with the Crown has not been snapped altogether. The opportunity was there in December 1936 on the occasion of the abdication of King Edward VIII. Instead of taking the bit between his teeth, however, and declaring the 'Republic' of Irish dreams,

the President put through in record time two bills that had the effect of recognizing King George VI in the sphere of External Relations.

Consistency being his strong suit, — though his opponents would, of course, deride the suggestion, — the phraseology of this legislation reproduces almost exactly the words of that famous Document No. 2 which he had pressed on his colleagues in 1921 as an alternative to the unsatisfactory treaty settlement: 'For purposes of common concern Ireland shall be associated with the States of the British Commonwealth . . . for these purposes His Britannic Majesty to be recognized as head of the Association.'

This jettisoning of the 'Republic' — for the Twenty-Six Counties — naturally has evoked howls of protest from the irreconcilables of his own party, whose mouthpiece at the annual party convention last October was the widow of Tom Clarke, one of the martyr-heroes of the Easter Week, 1916, Rebellion: 'I am not going into the British Empire either as a Dominion or any part of it. . . . I am not going to be blindfolded along a line against which every fibre of my being revolts.'

But 'Dev' can afford to ignore the extremist minority. The right of secession, of *voluntary* association with the United Kingdom, is what the Irish nationalist cares about; the 'Republic,' except to the doctrinaire few, was only a symbol. And freedom and independence in this sense are definitely attained by the new Constitution — which the Dominions, not unmindful of their Irish-born population, have formally accepted as making no fundamental difference in Commonwealth relations.

There is indeed one very simple reason why 'Dev' clings tenaciously to the present anomalous position that is neither Dominion nor Republic. It is explicit in Articles 2 and 3 of the Constitution of Eire, proclaiming that 'the national territory consists of the whole

of Ireland, its islands and the territorial seas,' and going on to affirm that the laws to be passed under the new régime 'shall have a like area and extent of application as those of Saorstát Éireann . . . pending the reintegration of the national territory.'

Mr. De Valera has never wavered in his refusal to accept the partition deriving from the British Parliament's Government of Ireland Act of 1920, confirmed in the 1921 Treaty; and there is no doubt that in maintaining the vision of national unity he speaks for the overwhelming majority of Irishmen, at home and overseas. As he said, on landing at Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown), the London Agreement leaves partition as the sole remaining obstacle to final reconciliation with England. With passionate sincerity he will contend that the compromise of 'External Association' is demanded by this supreme purpose of a united Ireland — that he is in fact deliberately providing for the sentimental and historical associations of the Unionist and Protestant community in Northeastern Ireland. His case for ending or mending the present cleavage was trenchantly stated in the interview given to a representative of the *New York Times* and published in that paper on January 24.

There is no question of any coercion of Ulster — as the spokesmen of Lord Craigavon like to describe the issue. It is, of course, quite inaccurate to identify the Unionist remnant with the historic province of Ulster. For the latter embraces nine counties, three of which — the counties of Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan — were incorporated in the Free State, on the basis of racial and religious factors, in accordance with the Government of Ireland Act of 1920. And even in the Six Counties there are substantial areas where the majority of the people desire union with their Catholic brethren in the rest of Ireland. Mr. De Valera cites Tyrone, Fermanagh, South Down, South Armagh, and Derry City,

in the area immediately adjoining the territory of what was the Irish Free State. The Protestant 'Pale' around Belfast is, actually, about 9 per cent of the total area of Ireland, and in about half the area of the Six Counties the population is almost equally divided in its loyalties.

Not that 'Dev' expects the accumulated resentments of centuries to melt like the snows. All he asks at present is that the first steps should be taken towards accommodation. And, with his capacity for digging up awkward history, he has unearthed a letter from Mr. Lloyd George to Sir James Craig (as Lord Craigavon then was) of November 10, 1921 (published with all the other material concerning the Treaty negotiations in the British White Paper of September 1924) in which the British Prime Minister mooted the idea of an all-Ireland Parliament, upon which should be devolved the powers necessary to form a self-governing Irish State, by the side of a local Parliament in Belfast with a government exercising the powers conferred under the Government of Ireland Act. It is some such régime that Mr. De Valera now visualizes, with the reserved powers at present withheld from Northern Ireland to be vested in the Government of Éire. But, of course, the mandarins of Northern Ireland — the prototype of the Party-State which is Fascism's contribution to Europe — regard any such suggestion as an insult.

To talk of breaking down the partition barrier at present is certainly idle. The constitution of Éire itself has been regarded as a challenge by the oligarchy that rules in the North, and in the 'snap' election early this year formal appeal was made for the closing of ranks against the new threats to 'Ulster' patriotism. At the same time it would be unwise to attach overmuch importance to the protestations of Lord Craigavon and his associates (protestations reminiscent of the United Empire

Loyalists in Canada a hundred years ago), which mark them out as essentially a 'garrison' community, utterly remote from the issues of the present day. One is reminded of the story — dating from 1912 — recounted by a present Fellow of Trinity College, who was accosted by one of these Belfast backwoodsmen with the choice remark: 'Do you think, is the King loyal?'

Consequently Mr. De Valera is probably right in assuming that the way to reestablish Irish unity is to push ahead with the policy of making conditions sufficiently attractive in the artificially separated Twenty-Six Counties area and leave the impulsive force of Irish nationalism to do the rest.

There is no indication, it is true, that Mr. De Valera or his supporters appreciate the attachment of Northern Unionists to the Crown as a link of Empire. (The abdication crisis, incidentally, revealed how tenuous that link really is.) Certainly the paraphrasing of the royal title in Article 29 of the Constitution by 'organ, instrument or method of procedure' hardly seems calculated to win over the loyalist elements!

I do not intend to add to the miles of print about the so-called 'economic war,' now happily terminated, arising from Ireland's nonpayment of the land annuities. The economic dispute had never been treated by either side on its merits, but always set in the wider context of the controversy about political symbolism. And in fact the economic systems of both countries had been in the main adjusted to the *status quo post* 1932. Nevertheless both Governments clearly benefit by the new settlement. Mr. Sean Lemass had publicly admitted that the Irish home market was just about saturated; and the regular renewal of the Coal-Cattle Agreement each year pointed the moral. In 1937 the Irish Free State was one of Britain's principal customers, taking £20,313,860

of British goods. Britain still depends on Ireland for the bulk of her imported cattle, sheep, and pigs — a situation which has its own special significance in the event of a major war.

V

Altogether, then, the polity of Eire is interesting from two points of view. On the one hand, it bears witness to Mr. De Valera's conviction that in the world of to-day social policy should at all times take precedence over economic considerations; and, on the other hand, it marks the penultimate stage of gradual emancipation of the Irish nation from the trammels of the British Empire.

There is, of course, a pleasing irony in the fact that this nascent 'Catholic' welfare State is made possible primarily by the proximity of British power. Rank heresy it is to suggest that the Irish nation — in its twenty-six or thirty-two counties' panoply — owes its opportunity of implementing the will of the people to the protective might of the British Navy. Nevertheless, it remains true. And, by actions which speak more eloquently than words, Mr. De Valera has shown that he appreciates the implications of that 'common risk' to which he made allusion when promising that the Free State should never be used by foreign powers as a base for attack upon Great Britain.

Neither Mr. De Valera nor any other Irish statesman can escape from this dilemma of a national interest that conflicts with the national sentiment — though some may think that 'Dev' has positively enjoyed himself balancing upon its horns. For, by a paradox which is the essence of the Irish situation, it was that very element of dependence upon Great Britain, presented in the form of an unappeased grievance, which would seem to have ensured for him and his party another five years of office.

BALLAD

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

I stood in the deep of midnight,
The Bear flamed in the sky,
The city hid its sorrows
And the forest breathed her sigh,

The burglars in the prison
And the beggars in the park
Drew their arms across their faces
And cried into the dark —

'O love whom you wish, no matter,
Love is a silver stream
That leaps and finally wastes away
On the wrinkled sands of dream!'

The battleships in the distance
Groaned with their ghostly freight,
And the faces in the tenements
Were pinched and pale with hate:

The tattered skirts and trousers
Hung loose by every bed
And the pots and pans and kettles
Screamed at each hungry head —

'O love whom you wish, no matter,
O love your whole life long
Or fear will kiss and kill you
With her slow, exhausting song!'

And I stared far down the valley
All pierced with coal-black caves,
And I stared across the city
And the street was a row of graves,

While the ghosts of the long forgotten
Slipped softly through the wood
And whispered through the willows
In the valley where I stood —

'O love whom you wish, no matter,
Soon you'll be dry and dead,
O love before you've withered
And delight has turned to dread!'

And my arms grew huge with longing
And the willows were on fire,
And the wild and beckoning ocean
Was howling with desire:

I had an endless question
To ask the sea and sky,
I cried through the black of midnight
But there was no reply,

And the Milky Way leaned softly
Like a flowering almond grove;
There was nothing under the heavens
That did not blaze with love.

HORSE-AND-BUGGY DAYS

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

I

UNTIL the very turn of the century, owing to the inadequacy of urban and interurban means of communication, a horse was a necessity — a greater necessity, in fact, than a car is to-day. Consequently, families of even very modest means usually had a 'rig' of some sort. Men drove to their places of business; farmers drove to market; many artisans drove to work; women drove downtown to shop; doctors made their rounds by buggy; horses hauled the streetcars and fire apparatus; on Sunday morning the horse was hitched to the extension-top surrey to take the family to church. It was the Equine Age.

Livery stables, of which there were several in even the smallest communities, had on hire turnouts of every sort: four-horse coaches known as tallyhos for excursions and picnics; hacks with liveried drivers for weddings and funerals; the buckboards used by drummers who 'sold' the rural districts; and, for amorous couples, buggies with extra-narrow seats, the horses guaranteed to stand without hitching and to know the difference between a smack and a cluck.

The number and types of vehicles in the carriage room depended, of course, upon the owner's means and tastes. Old-fashioned families like mine, to whom any suggestion of ostentation was abhorrent, kept an extension-top surrey — the most ungraceful carriage of the period — which was used for shopping, calling, and going to church; a hard-riding vehicle with platform springs known as a

democrat; a couple of buggies; and, perhaps, a brougham of ancient vintage or a cumbersome barouche with a folding top. Moderately well-to-do families who wanted to be 'in style' but had to consider the cost got along with two conveyances: a one-horse runabout and a two-horse vehicle, red-wheeled and very high, called a trap. The latter, though considered very stylish, was the acme of inconvenience and discomfort, the back seat being a sort of coop to which access could be had only by raising one of those in front. The carriage room of a family of fashion and wealth usually contained a brougham, a victoria, a phaeton, and perhaps a high two-wheeled cart, but such elegant turnouts required liveries for the servants.

In those comparatively rare cases — rare upstate at least — where two servants, a coachman and a footman, were carried 'on the box,' they wore silk hats, white piqué cravats, blue, bottle-green, or maroon silver-buttoned coats, breeches of white doeskin, and boots with brown or pink tops. The coachmen of less ostentatious establishments wore liveries of gray or tan whipcord and derby hats. Carriage servants were nearly all English or Irish imports. When on the box they sat as stiffly erect as West Point cadets, chins and heels drawn in, the footman's arms folded and held rigidly out from his chest. Though I suppose they were rather ridiculous figures, looking for all the world like jumping jacks, they lent to an equipage an air of

dignity and impressiveness which chauffeurs lack.

A grizzled old Scotsman, Alexander Henderson (he pronounced it with a burr like a thistle), was our leading veterinarian. He was a big, burly, harsh-tongued man, but beneath his gruff exterior beat a tender and generous heart. As Scotch as the bagpipes and the kilt, he was one of the founders of the local branch of the Caledonian Society and knew Bobbie Burns by heart. But, being Scotch, he had an eye out for business, and though on Saint Andrew's Day he wore a sprig of heather in his coat, on Saint George's Day he wore a rose and on Saint Patrick's Day a shamrock.

I suppose 'Doc' Henderson presided at more equine and bovine accouchements than any three other veterinarians in upstate New York. What he did n't know about horses and cattle was hardly worth knowing; he could reel off pedigrees or trotting and milk records by the yard. He was also a recognized authority on dogs. He always maintained that a terrier's tail, instead of being amputated with a knife, should be bitten off. His theory was, I believe, that this crushed the vertebræ and gave what was left of the victim's appendage a flattened-out and sportier look.

And one of our winter sports was cutter racing, the favorite course being on West Genesee Street, which had a mile-long straightaway. This sport recognized no social distinctions, and anyone who owned a bit of blood was welcome to take part in the brushes: Frank Matty, the saloonkeeper who was Syracuse's Democratic boss; Doc Henderson, our vet; Charlie Alvord, the tailor favored by the sporting set; Jack Feek, a noted horseman and a grand sport; Sim Dunfee and Anse Alvord, both of whom had made fortunes by combining contracting and politics; Charlie Bresee, the proprietor of our largest steam laundry; the aristocratic H. K. White, and his son, Horace White, later governor of New York.

I can see them yet, those keen-eyed, tight-lipped, red-faced men in their fur coats and visored caps, perched in spidery red racing cutters with sleek standard-bred trotters between the shafts, as they tore down the long white course in a flurry of snow and ice. I can see the spectators, muffled to the ears against the cold, who lined the curb three deep. I can hear the muffled tattoo of hoofs, the creak of harness, the jingle of bells, the cracking of whips, the exhortations of the drivers: '*Gid-ap, Ajax!*' . . . '*Steady, Belle! Steady, girl!*' . . . '*Get along, boy!*' . . . '*Tch-h! Tch-h! Tch-h!*'

II

Owing to the great numbers of Irish, Germans, and Scandinavians who were pouring into the country by the shipload, domestic help was plentiful and cheap. A fairly well-to-do family usually kept two servants, a cook and a second girl. A good cook received five dollars a week; from twelve to fifteen dollars a month was the customary wage for a second girl fresh from the Ould Sod. And some of them were pretty fresh and verdant at first. My mother attended a luncheon given by a friend for an out-of-town guest. The hostess announced that she had just acquired an Irish maid who, she felt certain, was going to be 'a perfect treasure.' When the first course was over she tinkled a little hand bell and the new girl appeared. 'Stack yer dishes, leddies!' she commanded. 'Stack yer dishes!'

The help usually slept in small cubicles on the third floor. In winter smelly kerosene stoves slightly tempered the frigidity of these garrets. The girls performed their ablutions in washbowls and in cold water, for they seldom were permitted to use the one and only bath. That, no doubt, is why so many of them drenched themselves with cheap scent. Female servants, if young, were as carefully supervised as boarding-school misses. Their mistresses investigated the young

men with whom they went out once a week, warned them against bad company and the danger of being seduced, and insisted that they be home by ten o'clock. Yet they were treated, as a rule, with great consideration and often remained for years with one family.

Our cook was with us for more than four decades. Had we lived in France the government would have awarded her a decoration for long and faithful service. Though her wages never exceeded thirty dollars a month, she saved her money, which my grandfather invested for her, and when she died it was found that she had left quite a comfortable estate. To each of my four cousins and myself she bequeathed several hundred dollars.

As I review in memory the families living on James Street Hill, West Genesee Street, and Fayette Park, I am struck by the almost total absence of any foreign element. They came, nearly without exception, from old American stock, and their names were Nordic enough to satisfy Herr Hitler himself. The Semitic element which has invaded and inundated so many of our cities since the turn of the century had made no impress on the Syracuse of which I write. Though there were a number of Jews who ran secondhand clothing stores, pawnbrokers' shops, and the like, there were few if any of the Eastern European type that has now become so ubiquitous.

The little group of better-class Jews had their own society, and it was very exclusive. You could not have found finer people or better citizens anywhere than the Elsners, the Leiters, the Marshalls, the Thalheimers, the Rosenblooms, the Faulkners, to name a few of those who constituted our local Jewry's upper crust. They were men and women of the highest principles, broad-minded, unostentatious, philanthropic, always ready to contribute generously to any worthy cause, irrespective of creed or race.

The only one of the younger Jewish

set whom I knew at all well was the son of a wealthy leather merchant. He was the best-dressed boy in high school and aroused the envy of the rest of us by wearing patent-leather shoes every day in the week. And this reminds me that for many years I had my shoes made by an old Jewish shoemaker named Marshall — no relation to the distinguished New York lawyer, Louis Marshall, also from Syracuse — who had a hole-in-the-wall shop on Fayette Park. I never visited Syracuse in later years without dropping in to have a chat with the old man, and when I returned after the war he threw his arms about me and kissed me on both cheeks.

Our social season got into full swing about mid-November with the first of a series of subscription dances called 'the Cobleighs' after an old-time dancing master. They were very exclusive affairs, the invitation lists being scrutinized, debated, and ruthlessly pruned by the committee, which resulted in much heartburning among those who were not invited. The Cobleighs were held in the great dining room of the Empire House, and on the night of a dance the hotel guests were requested by the management to have supper early.

The men were very stiff and self-conscious in their swallowtail coats (the dinner jacket had not been invented), bulging shirt fronts, white kid gloves (which often smelled of naphtha), and the enormously high 'poke' or 'Piccadilly' collars which made the evening hell for those with oversized Adam's apples. Those who perspired profusely brought along a supply of extra collars. The girls in their wasp-waisted gowns of flowered satin looked like human bouquets, though one wondered by what miracle of dressmaking the daring *décolletages* were kept from revealing more than was intended. Pinned to their corsages were bunches of violets or long-stemmed American Beauty roses; their sixteen-button gloves of white glacé kid or colored suède reached almost to the

shoulder; and, in spite of handkerchiefs, dance programmes, bottles of smelling salts, and other paraphernalia, — which, however, did not include compacts or cigarette cases, — they handled their long trains with amazing grace and dexterity.

The suppers, honest-to-goodness meals with bouillon and oyster patties and sliced turkey and scalloped potatoes and finger biscuit and chicken salad and ice cream and angel-food cake and kisses and ladyfingers and coffee, were usually served by a caterer named Teall, imported from Rochester, though sometimes the committee patronized one of the local catering establishments, Rausch's or Blodgett's. The waiters were for the most part home-grown Ethiops, very friendly and informal, who often addressed us by our first names and occasionally embarrassed us by tactless but well-meant allusions to domestic matters.

Our most popular dancing man was Reuben Thurwachter, affectionately known as 'Rube.' He was nearly always chairman of the committee on arrangements and was welcome at every party, not only for his beautiful manners and invariable good nature, but because he was such a useful man to have around in case of an emergency. Rube never went to a dance without carrying in his coat-tail pockets needle and thread, a pair of scissors, a buttonhook (for the girls' gloves and the men's shoes), a few collar buttons, a couple of corset laces, a garter or two, a bottle of cleaning fluid and one of smelling salts, and, in case the crash should be torn, a hammer and tacks. If he did n't carry a supply of powder, rouge, and lipstick it was because nice girls did n't use cosmetics. He was a walking first-aid station for beauty in distress.

III

The doom of Dobbin was forecast as early as 1877 with the introduction from England of the high-wheel bicycle known

as the 'ordinary.' The invention of the 'safety' in the middle '80s marked the beginning of the end of the Horse-and-Buggy Age.

But cycling was too tiring and hazardous a pastime to become really popular until the invention in 1884 of a machine with a 'diamond frame' and low wheels of the same size. This was originally known by its English trade name, the Rover, which for a long time was applied to all bicycles of the new style. But the name gradually lost its meaning as the designation of a type and was replaced by the more comprehensive term 'safety,' though it soon became unnecessary to distinguish between the two types, for after 1890 the ordinary was scarcely to be found except in junk yards and the shops of curio dealers.

In a score of ways this new means of transportation had a vast effect on contemporary life. Up to that time even the larger cities had had no traffic regulations to speak of, and traffic jams were of common occurrence, but with armies of bicyclists pouring along every city street and country road some sort of regulation became necessary. Common councils voted funds to organize squads of bicycle cops — curious-looking figures in their high gray helmets and long frock coats. Bicyclists were required to light their lamps at specified hours, and the city streets were rivers of bobbing lights after dark. So heavy was the bicycle traffic that municipalities, in order to bring down the number of accidents, built bicycle paths along the sides of the thoroughfares. Campaigns were carried on for the suppression of the 'scorcher,' the road hog of the period, who was a terror to peaceful riders and a nuisance generally as he pedaled furiously along, crouched low over his drop handle-bars.

The bicycle, like the motorcar, had its critics and detractors. Clergymen complained that it was emptying their pews, that their parishioners went wheeling when they should be in church. Certain

enterprising clerics, however, fought the devil with his own weapons by donning knickerbockers and leading their congregations into the country, where they held alfresco services. Farmers complained that bicyclists pilfered their orchards. Nervous folk complained that their health was being shattered by the constant ringing of bicycle bells.

Physicians gave warning that the American physique was being ruined by the 'bicycle stoop' and that if something was n't done about it the whole population would develop curvature of the spine. When women took to bicycling, the reformers reared up on their hind legs and gave the sport a verbal castigation, denouncing it as conducive to immorality and a peril to the purity of American girlhood.

The bicycle revolutionized women's fashions. Most women cyclists wore divided skirts — opaque versions of the trousers worn by Turkish concubines. The rest of the costume consisted of a shirtwaist, a man's necktie and collar, a short jacket with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and, in summer, a straw 'sailor' draped with a green veil. But a few of the more daring braved public opinion by appearing in the hideous garment which bore the name of its inventor, Mrs. Bloomer.

The conservative considered bloomers as little short of indecent, for they revealed the wearer's legs halfway to the knee. 'What is America coming to,' one clergyman demanded, 'when our young girls brazenly appear in garments which make such shocking revelations?'

The bicycle was employed for every conceivable purpose — for going to work, to market, to school, to church, to the theatre, to parties. There were even bicycle dinners, the soup served at one house, the fish at a second, the meat at a third, and so on, the guests mounting their wheels after each course and pedaling to the next one. And occasionally we read of bicycle weddings, at which the entire party, including the clergyman, wore bicycle costume and the happy

couple pedaled off on their honeymoon on a tandem.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do;
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage,
For we can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

IV

Saratoga is almost the only one of the old-time summer resorts which has retained any semblance of its original character, and only during the racing season at that. Save for that brief period its atmosphere is characterized by vulgarity and shoddiness; its streets are lined with cheap eating houses and curio shops; its summer population consists mainly of race-track hangers-on.

But half a century ago Saratoga ranked with Carlsbad, Marienbad, and Homburg as one of the world's great watering places. Beneath its stately elms promenaded the wealth and fashion of America. Its broad thoroughfares were crowded with dogcarts, tandems, phaetons, victorias, spidery racing buggies, drawn by the finest horses in the country. On the spacious piazzas or in the vast marble lobbies of the Grand Union and the United States gathered our social, financial, and political leaders. Here were to be seen such nationally known figures as James G. Blaine, Samuel J. Tilden, Roscoe Conkling, William C. Whitney, Jay Gould, James Gordon Bennett, Foxhall Keene, Boss Tweed, John L. Sullivan, Ward McAllister, Stanford White, Lillian Russell, the Mrs. Astor, the Mrs. Vanderbilt — the noted and the notorious, the famous and the infamous, the great and the near-great, statesmen and politicians, social leaders and social climbers, members of the *haut monde* and the *demimonde*, sportsmen and sports. Nowhere else could be seen such a fascinating cross section of our national life. Saratoga was the first and most characteristically American of our great summer resorts — and the last.

For it has gone, along with the horse and buggy, the bustle, and the white plug hat. We shall never see its like.

Gone forever, like that era in our national life of which they were characteristic, are the homely upstate scenes I have attempted to re-create on paper. Gone are the women in their absurd bustles and ridiculous little bonnets, the men in their broadcloth Prince Alberts and white plug hats and amazing whiskers. Gone, all gone, are the side-bar buggies, the jangling horsecars, the cast-iron menageries on the front lawn, the plush photograph albums in the

parlor, the nickeled stoves with the armored knight on top, the black-walnut whatnots, the horsehair sofas, the alabaster vases with the peacock feathers, the Turkish corners. Gone, too, are the beautiful manners, the old-fashioned gallantry and courtliness which lent elegance to the life of the period. To the present generation the people and dress and customs of the time doubtless seem fantastic, comic. But we who had the good fortune to live in those days often recall them with longing and regret.

Gone are the days
When we were young and gay . . .

IN THE BUNKHOUSE

BY PAUL HOFFMAN

BYOND seven smudged windows the October sun shone. It shone gloriously from a nearly cloudless sky — as if throughout these latter days it must expend a doubled warmth and brilliance where winter would soon claim. In its full light the very hills were burnished — those orderly, treeless hills, flat on top like tables, their slopes sweeping earthward in swift, formal contours, for all the world like the generous overhang from a golden tablecloth. And in saddle and draw the bright brush — hawthorn, chokecherry, wild rose — and each flaming tree — box elder, aspen, and cottonwood — contested that glory. The willow alone was green still — and, tempered with gray, the unchanging, ubiquitous sage. A million magpies flashed their white breasts, their rich blue-black tails, in raucous flights, and now and again a pheasant stole from his cool cover to strut and preen. Only the mountains stood aloof — for along their

crests these days were no more. There winter had blustered in, and for them the prospect was weary.

As I walked into the bunkhouse, it seemed dingy and the air was bad — thick with man-smell. Jim was sitting on the side of his bed, a bulky suitcase across his knees, writing a letter. On the next bed perched Rip, his cheap glasses sliding down his nose, reading. And across from them Alvin lay dozing. A moment later Windy was to follow me in — Windy the dairyman, from Oklahoma, and the wag of the outfit — to change into his milking clothes. The others — save for Curly, the chore boy, who was up at the big house guying the maids — were off for the day: Chuck in Sheridan, whither he had gone the night before in Whoopee, his decrepit 'Chivvie'; Hawk in Dayton spending the day with his wife and brats.

As bunkhouses go, this one was a palace. At any rate, it had a shower

bath — which is more than most bunk-houses can boast. For the rest, it was a fairly large rectangle of a room, not too tidy, with three painted steel bedsteads ranged along either long wall and facing one another across the room, a seventh placed lengthwise against the short east wall opposite the door. The usual bed-roll, covered by a grayish 'tarp,' was strapped over each. Just inside the door and on both sides of it ran rows of tall, narrow lockers, and a bit beyond them, its stout pipe descending from the ceiling in a series of weird convolutions, stood the Round Oak Heater, ringed about by coal buckets, cigarette stubs, and drying spittle. An unpainted hot-water boiler seemed to cling precariously to one side of it, a little as if the fat stove were balancing it on its palm.

Between this and the sagging pool table, which occupied the enviable position of being under the best light in the place, an unshaded, many-watt bulb, there was a considerable amount of floor space, in which two or three dilapidated rocking chairs languished. The washbasin — in reality it was a laundry tub of the built-in variety — was sandwiched into a snug enclosure formed by the shower bath, lockers, and — for ultimate luxury — one of the seven large four-paned windows. On tables between the beds, from innumerable and casually placed hooks above them, over the beds themselves, were hung, flung, and littered the variegated paraphernalia of ranch hand and wrangler — overalls, chaps, a ten-gallon hat, soiled underwear, a rusty rifle, comic supplements of the *Denver Post*, an empty bottle, a novel by Zane Grey. A pair of dirty but undaunted kittens raced and tumbled and jumped from bed to bed, under them and across the floor, then from bed to pool table. It was not an unfriendly scene.

When I came in, Rip looked up over his glasses and Jim stopped his writing to say hello. Even Alvin stirred a little, as if he would come awake if we'd give

him time. I offered my 'tailor-mades' all round, and then, lighting one myself, perched on the edge of the pool table.

'What're you reading, Rip?' I began.

He held up a battered copy of *Western Stories*.

'I know t' start with they's all lies, an' so I kin read 'em an' enjoy 'em!'

I laughed.

'Read much, Rip?'

He nodded. He was a slight man and looked older than he was. His hair — red still, although faded — stood out from his head in a wild way, and there was a cast in one of his eyes that made him look sad and a little bewildered, and as if he were looking not at you but at something beyond you.

'Magazines mostly?'

He nodded again. 'Cept fer Zane Grey — I read all o' his books, some of 'em more 'n once — an' Will James. But mos'ly it's magazines.'

It was then that Windy came in.

'Well, Rip, gonna help me milk?' he bawled in his lusty, twanging voice.

Windy, as I have said, was an Oklahoman, and his high, rhythmed speech betrayed the fact. Not yet fifty, he was completely bald — when milking, he wore a skullcap — and in stature not unlike Rip, with a swagger.

The latter neither troubled to reply nor even glanced in Windy's direction at the question. He had told Windy at dinnertime he'd help — that ought to be enough.

But Windy, knowing that most of his questions were treated as rhetorical, whether meant thus or not, began with cheerful unconcern to peel off his shirt, under which he wore a flame-pink suit of rayon underwear.

'Well sir,' he crowed, unaware that he was interrupting anything, 'I'd sure rather be downtown with that woman o' Chuck's than milkin' them danged cows to-day!'

'With 'er, ye say?' Rip came back at him, giving me a wink. 'That's a powerful polite way o' puttin' it!'

Windy pulled on his gray work shirt and grinned. 'Well sir, Rip, ye're plum right there!'

He stepped into his overalls and, bunching his shirt tails first in front and then behind, drew the trousers deftly up about his middle. Holding them so, he spat with casual accuracy into one of the coal buckets.

'Well sir,' shifting his cud, 'them's my only vices — an' chewin', I s'pose. I don' smoke an' I don' drink —'

'Sence when?' came softly from Jim's direction.

Jim and Alvin were South Dakotans — from around Buffalo Gap on the edge of the Black Hills — who had been taken on for the threshing only three weeks before. Shy, quiet men, both had until lately been ranchers in their own right, burned out now by the long drought.

Windy slid his arms under shoulder straps and grinned again.

'Well sir, sence 'bout las' week — that's when!' he brought out with a progressive mixture of mischief, sheepishness, and defiance.

Jim chuckled. 'I'd sure hate t' be a pint o' whiskey layin' round an' have you find me!'

We all laughed at that — even Alvin, who, although still drowsy, had by now come awake enough to rise up on one elbow, propping his head on his hand.

'Well sir, Jim,' Windy defended himself, 'now 'f ye're an hones' man, yuh kin tell 'em that's so. 'Member th' other night when you 'n' me 'n' Chuck's in t' the Mint an' Chuck's settin' up the drinks —'

'By God!' Rip exploded. 'Any time *Chuck's* settin' up a drink, I'd drink it an' if 't was *slop!*'

Windy, fully dressed now, ambled over to the pool table and began practising with a cue. Rip turned his attention back to me, who had moved from the edge of the pool table on to an old and unused cot near by.

'Did ye ever read any o' them Scatter-

good stories by Clar'nce Buddington *Keeland?*' he resumed, as if Windy had n't been. 'They's sure good.'

I nodded. 'So you like short stories, do you?'

'Sure — that what you write?'

'Sometimes.'

His face crinkled into an expression of shy and mischievous amusement.

'That so? Well, I s'pose one o' these days ye'll be writin' one 'bout us!'

I grinned. 'Would you mind?'

'Hell, no!' whooped Windy, sinking a long shot. 'That is, if yuh kin *find* a story 'n a bunch o' bums like us!'

'Oh — I don't know,' said I.

'Sure now,' agreed Rip, 'take *me* here. I got a story. Me 'n' my brother, we's orphans when we's little, on'y a rich ol' woman, she took him an' now — well, an' now we's diff'rnt. That's all,' he finished helplessly.

'But who took you?'

'Well, I's older 'n him an' I's kinda farmed out t' work. Oh, I ben a undertaker's assistant an' a chore boy an' a miner, an' 'fore I come here I's with a sheep outfit up 'n Montana. Say,' — he broke off suddenly, as if the subject of himself no longer interested him, — 'what's *yer* fav'rite story?'

I considered for a moment. 'Well, you would n't guess it maybe, but it's the story of Joseph and his brethren in the Book of Genesis in the Bible.'

'That so?'

Contrary to my expectations, he showed neither surprise nor that unspoken scorn with which the ignorant and the lowly more often than not greet the unaccustomed. He seemed interested only, and then to grow pensive.

'That so?' he repeated with a falling inflection on the words and more to himself than to me.

But this had all been too much for Windy. Not attempting to conceal his ennui, he flung down his cue and donned his leather skullcap.

'Well, Rip,' he bawled, 'gonna help me *git* the cows, too?'

He slammed out and Rip, unheeding, removed his glasses, putting them carefully in their battered case. His faded, crippled eyes had again that look of seeing something far away and quietly, infinitely sad.

'Well sir,' he said finally, holding to his vision still even as he glanced at me, 'yuh know, there's a story in the Bible I like, too.'

'What's that, Rip?' I asked as he hesitated and reached for his hat.

Then, after a slow pause — 'Well sir, yuh know that part where Christ, He said t' the rich man, "Love thy neighbor as thyself"?'

'Yes, Rip,' I said, letting the slight inaccuracy pass. What difference that according to Saint Luke it was 'a certain lawyer,' and that he himself, at Christ's behest, had spoken the words?

'Go on, Rip.'

'Well sir,' — he was standing up now, his bent back momentarily erect, as if the vision had come closer, — 'an' the rich man, he said t' Christ, "An' who is my neighbor?" An' then Christ, He said, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem t' Jericho, an' fell among thieves, w'ich stripped 'im of his raiment an' wounded 'im, an' departed, leavin' 'im fer dead.'"

And suddenly the rare old words were new upon his mouth; for he spoke them as if he were their author, and in his soft, homely way of speech they had come alive as neither preacher nor pedagogue nor actor in all perfection of skill could

have revived and adorned them. And the far look in his eyes was in Alvin's now, and in Jim's, too — those brave men who likewise had lost their substance, to the thieving drought. And a sadness akin to his own, but more immediate, resided in their lined, aging faces — they were seeing, I knew, their wasted Dakota acres under the mystic shadow of the Black Hills. And his words were wrapped in a precious silence.

'An' by chance there came down a certain priest that way; an' when he saw 'im, he passed by on th' other side. An' likewise a Levite, when he's at the place, came an' looked on 'im, an' passed by on th' other side. But a certain Samaritan, 's he journeyed, came where he was; an' when *he* saw 'im, *he* had compassion on 'im. An' went to 'im, an' bound up his wounds, pourin' in oil an' wine, an' set 'im on his own beast, an' brought 'im to an inn, an' took care of 'im.

'Well sir,' he said after a moment, looking slowly round, finding us once more familiars, 'that's 'bout all a man needs t' know, ain't it — an' we'd all of us be all right then.'

Slowly, a little wearily, he put on his shabby hat and walked to the door. No one spoke. Then, turning: —

"How often would I have gathered thy children together, even 's a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, an' ye would not!" He paused. "An' ye would not!" Christ, He said that, too. An' He did n' make no exceptions, neither — no sir, not even o' His disciples!"

RACKETS AND LABOR

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

A RACKET is a specific social phenomenon. It is a form of parasitism, for the racketeer does not produce goods or services; rather, he exacts a tribute from those who do provide goods and services; he lives upon both the employer and the employee by intimidation. He permits them to pursue their normal economic functions on condition that they recognize his right to levy upon them.

The racketeer is no new social phenomenon. Racketeering organizations seem always to have existed. The best example in history is the cult of assassins in the mediæval Moslem world. In old China, such groups occupied trade routes through which goods passed from province to province. The 'bandits,' as they were termed, maintained agents in the principal trading cities to whom a merchant had to go to buy protection. Having paid for the right to move his goods into the robbers' territory, he could be sure that he would not be robbed.

The racketeer has existed on his own, and in modern times he has been used by employers and by labor unions. He has always sought to make such employment permanent, either by blackmail or by murder.

A racket can never exist in any area where the law is enforced. A racketeer thrives on the cupidity of politicians and the weakness of law enforcement agencies. There are ample laws on the statute books of every state to make racketeering difficult, if not impossible, should the

police and other law enforcement authorities wish to end the practice.

It is, therefore, an axiom that if a racket exists officials are lax. A single law enforcement officer can smash a racket by mere exposure, but it requires organized society to break down the entrenched power of the racketeer and the politician, for the latter often makes it impossible for the decent public official to punish the former.

Industrial racketeering, like 'numbers' (policy), slot machines, or any other racket, only appears when officials are willing to let it appear. Such characters as Gurrah and Lepke could not have lived upon the Jewish needle trades in New York if employers, labor-union leaders, police, and other officials did not find it less troublesome to let them alone than to prosecute them. In any understanding of the problem of industrial racketeering it is important to grasp this essential. The racketeer pays for his right to mulct others, not only of their money and possessions, but also of their legal rights. He is a protected person. He is always protected in his privilege to violate the law and the rights of others. It must be assumed, even where it cannot be proved, that he pays for such protection. Whether he splits with politicians or works under some other arrangement, the racketeer is responsible to the politician. The man higher up in every racket is a politician.

Even where racketeers have been caught and convicted, as under the

Dewey prosecutions in New York, rarely, if ever, are the political protectors of the racketeers apprehended. They are hardly ever bothered, because the tie-up is remote and generally unprovable. Everybody in New York thought that he knew who the top politician was in most rackets during the past decade. Until recently no one attempted to prove it.

It is an error, however, to assume that the current phase of labor racketeering exists only because of a tie-up between the criminal classes and the politicians. That is an over-simplification of the fact. Labor racketeering exists essentially because a chaotic margin exists between economic reality and the law. In that marginal area the racketeer may appear as a stabilizing agent who charges for his services.

Business men and labor unions are sometimes compelled to devise extra-legal means to accomplish what they regard as economically desirable in their field of trade, particularly when the law forbids practices which have already come into existence.

Take, as an example, price fixing. That is forbidden by the law and is a dangerous practice for either the business man or the labor union, for it may, under the Sherman Antitrust Law, become a conspiracy in restraint of trade. But price fixing may, in certain industries, be desired by both the business men and the labor unions — by either or by both of them in combination. The racketeer then becomes available for this objective. He spoils the commodities of those who cut prices; he beats up workers who are willing to work for lower wages; he intimidates and frightens those who have ideas of their own.

Imagine, for instance, a large city where four restaurants are catering to the same general type of patronage within the space of one block, and a fifth appears. The four believe that the fifth will reduce the earnings of all of them so that no one will make a profit. Or perhaps a waiters' union objects to

the fifth from their point of view — namely, that the wages plus tips, in the original four, will be so reduced as to make work uneconomical. In come racketeers to 'muscle' the newcomer out of existence. Acid may be poured on his windows; stink bombs may be thrown into his premises during the lunch hour; food for delivery may be diverted; a labor-union violation may be discovered and his place may be picketed; or, in a final disciplinary effort, he may be beaten up, or his wife and children threatened. He gives up his business.

In industries where the worker receives a commission either as full or as partial pay, the union has a direct interest in prices and in the extent of competition. For if prices are too low the net return to the worker may be too low. On the other hand, unlimited and unrestricted competition may result in reduced pay for the worker who depends on commissions. In such instances the union itself may take on the characteristics of a racketeer. The objective is to maintain prices, to restrict competition, to limit the numbers of individuals who engage in the industry.

In such a case the union may determine economic laws for itself. An electrical union goes so far as to establish a *Zollverein* around the city of New York, seeking to keep out of the city equipment wired elsewhere, and thus limiting competition. Secondary picketing is a strong weapon in the hands of such organizations, but often other methods are employed.

In short, the inadequate definition of current economic relationships by law not only has served to give the racketeer a wide field for activities, but has encouraged some labor unions to take on activities which to the ordinary citizen, at any rate, look very much like racketeering.

II

There is little question that a large number of business firms have left New

York City because they were unable to cope with labor racketeers. Charles E. Murphy, special representative of the Department of Finance of the City, in a report published in 1937, indicated that 140 firms which his investigators had studied had left New York because of 'human parasites in the persons of outsiders who illicitly and perniciously attached themselves to a given business and so distorted the normal functioning and relationship of employer and employee that both became dissatisfied and disgruntled.'

Thomas E. Dewey, the New York prosecutor of rackets, in an address before the Citizens Committee on the Control of Crime in New York, said:—

The investigations conducted by my office during the last twenty-one months definitely indicate that a large proportion of the industries in this city are either victimized or affected by racketeering. Furthermore, this has been true for at least ten years. Even those of us who have become accustomed to the daily recital of shakedowns, stench bombings, and destruction of property are repeatedly shocked. I shall not even attempt to estimate the amount of the direct and indirect taxes thus levied and collected from New York and the other large cities of this country.

After describing how the restaurant racket was worked, Mr. Dewey showed what could happen to a business man who tried to be a good citizen. He said:

A business man chose to resent this practice, and haled the business agent of one of these unions into a magistrate's court. There the facts were set forth, but in due course the case was dismissed and the business man had to pay more on worse terms. Already, to him and to those who heard of the case, it was apparent that it was advisable to pay up and shut up.

III

In what follows I wish to identify the various types of racketeer and to show how each operates in our greatest municipality.

The outstanding contribution of Prohibition to American sociology is the organization of crime as a big business. Such a criminal as Al Capone operated on such a wide scale, his interests were so diverse, that he was forced to take on a large organization, he was forced to maintain a large payroll. He had to departmentalize his operations. He required such specialists as go-betweens, muscle men, machine-gunners, guards; and, on the other hand, he required the unskilled mob who collected and distributed both alcohol and women, to refer to only two of his commodities.

Such an organization required a special type of lawyer. As the enterprise functioned altogether outside the law, the lawyer had to be one who was willing and who found it profitable to assist in the success of the process.

In a criminal organization of this type, discipline and honesty can only be maintained by force. For instance, the collector who purloins the funds of a racketeer cannot be arrested for embezzlement, and therefore he must be murdered as an example to others. The racketeering lawyer inevitably becomes a partner to the general procedure, which must include murder, and therefore he is conscious of the danger—an industrial hazard to him—of getting caught with the other boys.

He might innocently do one job for such a man as 'Dutch' Schultz, but he will soon enough discover, if he is not overscrupulous, that he has become part of a racketeering outfit and must do the chief's bidding in all matters.

The returns from organized crime have been astonishingly high, particularly during the Prohibition period. A young lawyer, who has probably had his shingle out in some courthouse district waiting for a client to come along, finds that by associating with racketeers he can become wealthy quickly. A huge number of lawyers come out of the law schools each year for whom business is bound to be scarce. Such a young lawyer

may 'hang around' a Tammany or Republican Club, waiting for free or low-fee'd cases which the district leader may throw to him. He wants these cases, because he wants practice. He does not want to grow rusty; he wants a chance. For many such lawyers only politics, racketeering, or poverty may be available for many years. Some choose racketeering, hoping to become decent after they have established themselves. But the racket never lets a man become decent once he is in it.

'Dutch' Schultz's lawyer was 'Dixie' Davis. As I write this, Davis, who was a fugitive from justice for a time, is about to stand trial. He maintains his innocence. As much of his life as I give in this account is, I believe, factually established.

From the standpoint of the racketeers, he was a brilliant 'mouthpiece,' but as a lawyer he made the mistake of laying himself open to the charge of being his own client. For what undoubtedly will be charged at his trial will be that 'Dixie' Davis *not only represented* 'Dutch' Schultz and other racketeers, but got in on the racket himself. To prove that will be Thomas Dewey's task.

J. Richard Davis, the son of a Polish-Jewish tailor, was born in New York City in November 1904. When Richard was eight, his father moved to Tannersville, New York, which is the centre of the 'Borsht Belt' of the Catskills — an area of Jewish summer resorts which have become permanent settlements for the lower middle class of New York's Jewry. In Tannersville, Max Davis, the father, ran a combination poolroom, cigar and candy store. On the whole, from what I know of this environment, I would say that the atmosphere was not unfavorable to a growing boy. It was not of the best; but it was also not slummy.

'Dixie' Davis (the 'Dixie' being a superlative diminutive of Richard) was known to be a quiet, studious boy with

a talent for music. He was taught the violin by the local Presbyterian minister and became violinist in an orchestra which played in churches and schools.

In 1920 the family returned to New York, where Davis went to high school and Syracuse University, studied law, was admitted to the bar. While he was studying law he clerked in a bank. His grades were high; his standing was good.

His task was to earn a living. Clerking, even in a reputable law firm, is a slow business. It may bring its compensations later in life, but the immediate prospects for the young lawyer are few. Marriage is out of the question; the gay life of Broadway is out of reach. Unquestionably, with 'Dixie' Davis flashy clothes were close to a mania. Some men take to liquor; others to the foibles of Beau Brummel. Davis was of the latter group. And he could not buy expensive suits on a law clerk's salary.

On the other hand, the Harlem Magistrate's Court was the scene of a constant flow of lucrative business. 'Numbers' had by this time become a vogue. This is a gambling game in which a bet is made that the purchaser of a number (the original sucker) can guess the combination of numbers in three digits in some published tabulation — say the last three numbers of the amount of stock sold on the stock exchange on a particular day. The sellers of numbers might be apartment-house elevator boys, vegetable-shop merchants, candy-store keepers, anyone. There is a collector who works a district, gets the money, and gives the salesman slips (policies). The collector works for a banker. The bets are small — ten cents or a quarter — and the gains may run as high as 500 or 600 to 1. Although 'numbers' is an old game and is played in many parts of the world, in New York State it is gambling and is a crime. Whenever a crime is popular, the racketeer steps in to regulate it and take the cream.

Salesmen and collectors (but not the bankers) were constantly being arrested

and brought before the Harlem Magistrate's Court. The banker (chief racketeer in the enterprise) had to provide a lawyer to handle the case in court. The fee was \$15 to \$25. If you could get enough of this business, there was a fortune in it. 'Dixie' Davis went after it.

It was obvious to him that those who were running the racket were 'small-timers.' They lacked progressive ideas. In time Davis attracted the attention of 'Dutch' Schultz, who was the principal Prohibition racketeer in New York, and they are said to have formed a partnership to stabilize this particular form of illegitimate pleasure.

The essence of Schultz's relationship to the industry was his ability to handle the police, the judges, the politicians, and any recalcitrant or obstreperous competitors and renegades in his way. Davis would monopolize the legal work, making it prudent for all bankers to retain him. When Davis first got into the policy business, he took cases for the lowest figure, \$15. Now he raised the fee to \$50, paying smaller lawyers to do the work. He thus enticed a number of young and poor lawyers to become his satellites, and some of them he used in the restaurant labor racket, when he and Schultz graduated into that.

IV

In New York City, restaurants (which name will be used to denote all eating places except hotels) do an annual business of about \$400,000,000 and employ about 85,000 workers. The industry ranges from small coffee shops and diners to high-grade, expensive restaurants and night clubs. Some are attended only by the owners or by a casual, unskilled helper; others employ numerous and specialized skilled workers. There are unions and employers' associations in this industry.

When, in search of diversity of enterprise, the Schultz-Davis combine entered

this huge industry, their immediate task was to take over both the union and the employers' association. The Metropolitan Restaurant and Cafeteria Association was the employers' group, and the union officials of Local 16, Hotel and Restaurant Employees International Union, and Local 302, Delicatessen, Countermen and Cafeteria workers, operated in collusion with it. Recalcitrants were handled by strong-arm methods, fake strikes, stink bombs, and so forth, but the really effective weapon was the use of Schultz's name, because that name meant murder.

The principal union and employer association officials were Harry Vogelstein, a lawyer; Paul N. Coulcher, secretary-treasurer of Local 16, secretary of the New York State Culinary Alliance and Bartenders' League, and an upcoming labor leader; Philip Grossel, secretary-treasurer of the Metropolitan; and Abraham Cohen, the employers' association lawyer. These and their satellites really became the henchmen of the Schultz-Davis control of the restaurant industry. Jules Martin, who has since been killed, was the subexecutive who directly handled the racketeers' interests. It is estimated that the racket took \$2,000,000 annually from the industry to permit it to exist in New York.

Thomas Dewey once, in discussing Abraham Cohen in court, said of him: —

He was placed in the Metropolitan as the personal agent of the gangsters. He was the most active contact between the gangsters and the labor leaders. This man has carried on one of the greatest conspiracies in subornation of perjury that I ever have experienced. His latest exploit was to call the members of the association together last week and attempt to bludgeon them into furnishing his bail. I also will prove that he conspired in the murder of certain members of the organization.

Yet, Cohen was only a satellite of 'Dixie' Davis, one who acted before the 'Big Shot' like a veritable stooge, holding his coat and laughing at his jokes.

There were several murders in connection with this racket. For instance, among the organizers were Schultz, Jules Martin, Harry S. Koenig, and Abe Borson. Borson became secretary of Local 302 in 1932, but in 1933 he was 'taken for a ride' and killed in Armonk, New York; Koenig was chief of Local 16, but he was killed in Rochester, New York, in 1936. Jules Martin operated the racket for a while, but when he objected to the amount of Schultz's split he was murdered in Troy, New York. Schultz himself was killed in Newark for an accumulation of reasons.

This racket was smashed by Thomas Dewey. William B. Herland, Mr. Dewey's chief assistant in this case, said of it:—

Of course this is not a labor case. It is an extortion case. These paid officials were on the job every day to tend to the business of the union; and all their powers to call or call off strikes, to raise or reduce wage rates, were perverted to the furtherance of this racket.

And he is right. The worker who joins a union does not expect to engage in or become involved in a racket. He wants to improve his wages, hours, and working conditions. Unless unions are democratically managed and all collections and disbursements made public at stated periods, rackets are liable to develop.

V

Orthodox Jews insist upon eating kosher chickens. This sets up an economic process that definitely runs counter to the general trends in mass distribution. Kosher chickens must be brought alive to the consumers' market. They must be slaughtered ritually, not by butchers, but by a religiously designated individual known as a *shochet*, who is subject to rabbinical supervision. Not more than three days may intervene between the killing of the animal and its actual consumption. Refrigeration is prohibited. Cold storage is forbidden.

Thus, an industry exists which involves special problems and special techniques. Chickens are consumed by orthodox Jews in huge quantities. On Fridays the sale of the fowl is particularly large, because it is customary for Jews to eat chicken soup and boiled or roasted chicken at the festal Friday night meal and at the important Saturday midday meal. The number of chickens consumed in New York amounts to 60,000,000 a year. They come into the city from all parts of the United States in specially constructed freight cars. The business amounts roughly to \$100,000,000 a year at the New York outlet.

The labor racketeer found this intricate field valuable. He came in as a 'stabilizer.' Led by Charlie and Arthur Herbert, racketeers gained control of this business by the usual device of taking over the labor union in the industry and using it as a weapon of coercion. The racket was not new to the business. Joey Wiener, as far back as 1909 or 1910, was operating a racket in it. His agency was the Metropolitan Feed Company, which forced chicken dealers to buy cracked wheat and farina at prices high above the market price.

But the genius in kosher chicken racketeering was 'Tootsie' Herbert, who comes out of the slums of the East Side of New York—specifically from Orchard Street. This particular street, although it is narrow, is lined by pushcarts selling food, and is peopled by a tough, foul-speaking breed of food vendors who fight to capture customers. Many stores are devoted to the sale of live poultry.

'Tootsie' was given this nickname because he is diminutive, uses perfumes and pomades, and was generally regarded as a slick dresser. His brother Charlie, as a youth of seventeen, was sent to the Elmira Reformatory for larceny, having taken the blame when another boy was caught rifling the pockets of bathers at Coney Island. Tootsie remained on Orchard Street learning the

chicken business. He joined the wagon drivers, porters, and salesmen's society in 1914, but it was not until 1919, during the organizational drive of the American Federation of Labor of that year, that he became active in the poultry branch of the international Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen and Helpers — generally known as the Teamsters Union. Tootsie's local was No. 167, and it included all workers in the live-chicken industry except the *shochtim* (Hebrew plural for *shochet*) — those designated to do the slaughtering — and the rabbis.

The *shochtim* were organized into Local 440 of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, which Joey Wiener managed. Tootsie's job was to establish a *modus operandi* between the teamsters and the *shochtim*. This was accomplished by the racketeers in both unions by the simple device of a personal alliance, and by the establishment of all the principal racketeers in the industry as partners in the Metropolitan Feed Company. In fact, when Tootsie was finally exposed it was found he was a factor in the New York Live Poultry Trucking Company and the New Jersey Coop Company, as well as in the Metropolitan Feed Company. He was a labor leader, a transportation contractor, and a feed supplier at the same time. And wholesalers and dealers who refused to do business with him found that he could easily destroy their enterprises.

In 1929 the live-chicken racketeers ran afoul of the Federal Government, after District Attorney Samuel J. Foley of the Bronx had obtained the conviction of Joey Wiener and had him sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

It is interesting to note how lightly these men got off, in spite of the crimes which they were proved to have committed and the murders which had occurred during their reign of terror in this industry. Tootsie got eight weeks in the Federal House of Detention; his

brother Charlie, who had succeeded Joey Wiener in the Shochtim Union and who was now a Number One Racketeer, got four weeks, but the sentence was suspended. In 1933, however, Tootsie got six months in the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, for contempt.

In the 1933 case a curious incident occurred which sheds light on the public reaction to racketeers. It was shown that Joey Wiener never earned more than \$10,000 a year. Yet philanthropic organizations in the Bronx appealed to the judge to be lenient in his case because he contributed \$50,000 a year to charity, which was proved from the books of the charitable organizations. The racketeer was not regarded as a criminal in his environment; he was only a smart fellow who beat the law. Thus, when Tootsie came out of prison, he was greeted at the railroad station in New York by a sixty-foot sign bearing the slogan: 'Welcome Home, Tootsie!' And he was provided with ample funds.

Meanwhile, Jewish communal leaders were becoming concerned over the scandals in an essentially ritualistic industry. Judge Otto A. Rosalsky, a highly respected orthodox Jew who was senior judge of the Court of General Sessions in New York, was invited by Mayor La Guardia to try to find a solution to this live-chicken problem. One of the difficulties he faced was that seventy-two *shochtim* had consistently refused to join the union on religious grounds. They feared that racketeer control would result in a slackening of religious prohibition. The union had been forcing them out of their jobs, no matter how long they had held them.

Judge Rosalsky, in September 1934, drew up an agreement by which these seventy-two men were to be admitted into the union and their jobs restored to them. Tootsie, when he got out of prison and was back on his old job running the live-chicken industry, sought to break this agreement. He now took over con-

trol of both unions in this industry; the seventy-two shochtim were stricken from the rolls of the union, and the Rosalsky Agreement became a mere scrap of paper because a racketeer objected to it.

In all these malefactions, Tootsie found assistance in the American Federation of Labor's policy of the autonomy of each international union, and the Teamster and Meat Cutters internationals were satisfied with conditions as they found them. The A. F. of L. could not discipline officers of an autonomous union.

The ramifications of this \$4,000,000 a year racket are endless, with their trickeries, machinations, political arrangements, and the concomitant brutality toward workers and employers. Thomas Dewey, in pressing charges against the Herberts, said:—

The domination by Tootsie Herbert of the poultry industry was assured when Herbert procured his election as business agent of the union for life. The constitution and bylaws of the union required election of officers each year, but only two elections have been held in the last seven years, each time when forced by members.

Herbert's salary is \$10,400 a year from the union.

In the trials which followed, Tootsie and his brother both pleaded guilty to embezzlement charges and were sentenced to long-term imprisonment.

VI

Gurrah and Lepke were typical small-time racketeers who developed a big business. Gurrah gave himself up recently; Lepke is still at large.

Louis Buchalter (Lepke) and Jacob Shapiro (Gurrah) were 'gorillas' apparently employed by unions to use strong-arm methods against 'scabs' and bosses who were 'unfair to organized labor.' They naturally took advantage of the employment in their own interest.

Starting as petty gangsters on the East Side of New York, they first

achieved distinction as extortionists who forced pushcart peddlers to pay them small fees for protection. The pushcart peddler who refused to pay would find his cart overturned and his apples, bananas, handkerchiefs, or whatever he sold, thrown into the mud of an East Side street and ruined.

From this miserable business these two racketeers graduated into union strong-arm men who beat up scabs. In time they were undoubtedly able to make arrangements with employers *not* to beat up scabs. That provided another lucrative income. Working in various branches of the garment industry, Gurrah and Lepke found it most profitable to specialize in furs.

The fur industry is situated in a congested area in New York. It is operated by small business men, and the workers are principally Jews and Italians. The industry is thoroughly unionized, but there is a conflict between a Communist and an anti-Communist element within the union.

Furs are perishable. They can easily be destroyed by acids, fires, rough handling, or other sabotage methods. A racketeer could ruin a stock of furs in no time.

Whereas the Herberts resorted to finesse and schemes, Gurrah and Lepke were just 'tough babies,' who collected tribute by force. They beat men up, destroyed their stocks, and gathered about them a gang who preyed upon industry. Thomas Dewey spoke of these activities as follows: 'I have satisfied myself that this situation in the fur industry presents a case of organized violence; I consider it my business to prosecute every case of this kind.'

VII

By legal definition, a racket is 'an organized conspiracy to commit the crimes of extortion and coercion.'

A labor racket is organized not only to commit the crimes of extortion and

coercion, but also to use the normal procedures of labor unions — such as strikes, picketing, and so forth — to effect the purpose of the racketeer.

According to this definition, the labor racketeer is usually an outside gangster who organizes a bogus union or comes into control of a bona fide union that he uses for his own purposes. Labor-union officials have tended to encourage the racketeer by denouncing his opponents as Communists, Fascists, 'anti-laborites,' and so forth. It is important, however, to note that when the first effective onslaught on labor racketeering was made in New York City many labor leaders, particularly such men as David Dubinsky and Matthew Woll, are reported to have given Mr. Dewey their strongest support.

The Norris-La Guardia Act, which limits the authority of the Federal Courts to grant injunctions in labor cases, serves as a specific aid to the racketeer, for the labor racketeer, disguising the crime of extortion as a labor problem, finds protection under this act. When local officials protect the labor racketeer, the employer or merchant is at his mercy unless the courts intervene, and in many states even state legislatures and courts follow the theory of the Norris-La Guardia Act. Thus the labor racketeer is free to pursue his course unmolested. Granting that this act was passed to lessen evils which arose from excessive use of the injunction in labor cases, currently the law serves to assist labor racketeers in acts of intimidation and coercion. Similar laws, designed to benefit labor, have played into the hands of the labor racketeer.

It is important to remember that no labor racketeer could function at all if employers resisted coercion and blackmail, and if public officials strictly and impartially enforced existing laws. In nearly every instance some group of employers are in partnership with the racketeers, benefiting by special privilege and placing their competitors in an un-

favorable position. The union of corrupt labor leaders with tricky and corrupt employers places not only the worker, but industry, the employer, and the public at the mercy of these racketeers.

There are, of course, many instances when an employer fears to testify against a racketeer, who threatens to destroy his business, kidnap his child, or take his life. But too often the employer is not only timid but corrupt. Such an employer finds the corruption beneficial to his business, and therefore he does not assist the public authorities when they seek to smash the rackets. He stands in the way of getting at the facts.

The principal impediments to the ousting of the racketeer are the irresponsibility of labor unions under the law, and the full autonomy, I repeat, of each particular international union within the American Federation of Labor. Most American labor unions are unincorporated mutual-benefit societies which perform their functions according to their own rules without any public responsibility or any regulation under the law. That is not true of all labor unions. Many of the Railway Brotherhoods are incorporated. So far as I know, all of them issue full and conclusive annual reports and none of them have been known to harbor a racketeer.

Many unions issue annual reports, and many unions voluntarily accept full public responsibility for their conduct. No better example of such practice can be offered than the annual report of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, of which David Dubinsky is president. Not only are the receipts and expenditures of the parent organization audited and published, but also of all locals, joint boards, and affiliates.

Until all unions are prepared to accept full responsibility for their conduct, to open their accounts, and to force their leaders to submit to democratic controls, racketeering will flourish. For secrecy breeds racketeering and makes the money prize in American labor-union activity

too tempting for weak men in possession of great power.

The second weakness — namely, the structure of the A. F. of L. — is an even greater factor in racketeering than the irresponsibility of unions under the law. For, even against their own desires, national officials of the American Federation of Labor protect labor racketeers who are actually in control of unions. The autonomous character of each International forces the Federation to refuse to go beyond the chosen officials of that union. Mr. Green, for instance, could not suspend Tootsie Herbert. That was for the Teamsters to do, and they were unwilling to do it. Herbert was reelected to office after he had been exposed as a racketeer and even convicted in a court of law, and his International recognized and protected him. This evil must be corrected if the more influential American trade-unionism is to prevail.

Agile minds have turned to various forms of racketeering because it is a swift way to make money in new fields. The opportunity existed and the men turned to it. It seems like a far cry from

overturning pushcarts because peddlers refused to pay a few pennies for protection to the great realm of labor racketeering which Gurrah and Lepke developed. The principle is the same — they took their opportunities when they saw them.

What makes the opportunity? Political connivance, civic corruption, chiseling in business, dishonesty in labor organizations, chaos and confusion in the law, the desire for stabilization of trade and industry at a certain level.

The racketeer knows that everybody, in bad times, is afraid to lose what he has, and therefore depressions are particularly good times for racketeers. The business man knows that it is often cheaper to pay the racketeer than to fight a combination of politicians, union officials, and gangsters. So he pays and he obeys.

I once discussed this with a house painter who complained bitterly of what the racketeer had done to his industry. His answer was succinct but tragic: —

‘Mister,’ he said, ‘I have a wife and three children. I should start an argument!’

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. In this and successive issues, space will be reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty — letters that speak vigorously, honestly, and with free rein. Each letter should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words. Contributions are invited, and those published will be paid for. In special cases, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITORS]

THE BREADWINNER

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

I'm one of the more fortunate victims of the mess we're in.

Oh, certainly I am. No doubt about it. I'm not on relief like half the fellows I was raised with. My family is n't on relief, either — we never have been. I finished three years of college before things got too bad, and now we even manage to help the kid brother and sister get their education. We're all healthy; we get enough to eat, keep the house together, wear decent clothes, keep up face pretty well. We're a pretty solid American family.

And, besides that, I've got a job I enjoy in the field I want to be in. Fortunate? Why, I'm the luckiest guy in the world. Not a day passes in which some poor gent I was raised with does n't tell me about it.

But it's a situation such as Daniel Boone described. A friend asked him if he had ever been lost. 'Nope, I never got lost,' said Daniel, 'but I was bewildered for three days once.'

I've been bewildered for five years!

It's simple, really. We're a family of five — unless you want to count a four-year-old who does n't figure much in the budget, and the budget is the problem that concerns me. We don't own our own home, we don't have a bank account, we lost all our insurance, we have n't any-

thing worth a red cent except my \$35 a week and a car that is half paid for. We do own a sizable collection of debts. Two years ago they totaled about \$5000. Since then, what with a small inheritance and a few bucks a week here and there, we have cut them down to about \$1700. At the present rate we ought to have them all cleaned up by 1945.

That is n't either a very terrible or a very unusual situation, admittedly. Lots of families are situated just about the same way. Lots of men got married, raised some kids, and wound up in the depression with the kids and debts on their hands.

That is n't what bothers me. My problem is this: —

I've become head of a family. I never married, yet I have kids on my hands and a father and mother besides. I never ran up bills, — never had reason to, except for an occasional poker debt or a suit of clothes, — yet I had \$5000 in debts to worry about and still have \$1700 worth left. I never did any of the things normal, middle-class people do — yet I have incurred all the normal responsibilities and the job of paying bills (material and mental) that I never had the fun of creating. It's like suffering hives for someone who ate strawberries.

Nobody's to blame for it. None of us like things this way. Dad has n't been able to get a job for six years — but

there are thousands of others just like him. He did n't lose his job through lack of ability, competence, or ambition. He always had a pretty good job, always made enough to keep us going along in good shape, always met his responsibilities — until the depression. Nothing could hurt him more than having to depend on me — the feeling that he is all caught up. Yet he accepts the situation without being ungracious or resentful. All in all, I have as thoughtful and good a family from top to bottom as anyone could wish for.

Yet things are n't right. I should n't be head of a family and they should n't have to look to me for everything they need. It's bad for all of us. Mentally, socially, morally, it warps us all. I can't do the things I want to. I don't have dates because there is always a gas bill past due or a grocery bill to meet — childish as it sounds, I keep away from girls for fear I'll fall in love and make matters worse than they are. But these things are n't most important.

One thing is important, however. I am a case of what a psychiatrist would probably call 'arrested development.' The first two years I worked I advanced quickly. For the past three years I have been as far as I can ever go with my present firm. Despite general lack of jobs, I have two jobs in other cities I can have to-morrow — jobs with unlimited opportunities in the field I'm in. But, even with more money, I can't take them. Even with more money I can't leave my home without leaving my family stranded. I'm tied down because we can get by better where we live on \$35 a week than on \$60 in a bigger city. So I can't leave, and, meanwhile, I go to seed and lose opportunities.

If there was an end in sight it would n't be bad. But there is n't — not until the kids get out of school, pay back what they have borrowed for their educations, and get to work. And even then there is no guarantee I won't still be at home paying the bills and digging deeper into

my rut, losing contacts, and making my employer suspicious that I lack initiative because I don't grab at opportunities he has thrown in my way.

I'm not crying. I'm glad to be able to do the things I do. But I'm roped into something I can't fight.

Maybe those members of my generation (with long strings of degrees and no jobs) who write to you are discouraged, behind the eight ball, cornered by forces they can't control.

But, somehow, I envy them. I envy them their freedom, strange as it sounds, sneer as they may at it. I envy them the fact that they are responsible for nobody but themselves, job or no job. I envy them their chance to worry about nothing but themselves and their own futures, and to hell with everything else.

H. O. F.

[*Twenty-six years old, H. O. F. is an editorial writer on a Midwestern newspaper.*]

A WOMAN'S PLAN FOR SECURITY

Boston, Massachusetts

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

As I look around my own immediate family, there are three Phi Beta Kappa's who earn less than the minimum union living-wage requirement for bricklayers! And all about me are my friends and contemporaries, young, alert, with much to give to a world which does not want it — a world which is already seemingly surfeited with youth!

How can we be expected to marry young, raise families, become citizens of the world, satisfy our intellectual curiosity, read Keats on a hillside? How can we do and be all these when we either have no jobs or else have mediocre ones which carry remuneration not even deserving of the term 'salary'? And 1938 sees a fresh, new crop of youth let loose from our high schools, clerical schools, trade schools, colleges, and professional schools — yes, prison reformatories also — to what and for what?

Numberless thousands of us are huddled in the insidious security of \$20-a-week bread-and-butter jobs, in law offices as 'junior lawyers,' in department stores as 'assistant buyers,' in large firms as 'minor executives.' The old idea of a 'creative' job, adequately rewarded, has become largely a myth except for a fortunate few. Under such conditions youth blindly feels its way, frustrated economically, frightened morally, and vegetating intellectually.

The vicious circle creates its own paradox: on the one hand, increased educational opportunities for all, together with the tempting leisure activities of our urban civilization; on the other hand, the crippled inability of this same civilization to give us an opportunity to enjoy the fruits thereof.

We have become so conditioned to uncertainty that the one thing we are sure of is — insecurity. All this is tied up with something far too powerful for us to cope with alone. We need help and need it now, from those who are *in*, the powers that be, our elders.

What is to become of us? Here are just a few unpleasant eventualities: —

1. Popular anthropologists talk of our reversion to the ape — in other words, modern man's retrogression. Surely this concept is well supported by our crime and similar antisocial records.

2. There is a good chance that the Malthusian theory may work itself out; that is, we can conveniently be killed off by war, and so forth.

3. Or we can look at the state of German youth fifteen years ago, when Ph. D.'s were either waiting on tables or collecting the dole. In a like manner, the seeds of Fascism can well be sown in a culture medium of an unhappy, purposeless youth.

4. Or we can, at least temporarily, maintain the status quo, and grow old quickly, before our time, into a soulless middle-aged generation, the like of which America has never seen.

Give us a chance, help us, for we are

the *you* of to-morrow! We are not ruthlessly trying to break down or disrupt what exists, nor do we expect a full-fledged planned society overnight. Here are a few random (neither rabid nor radical) suggestions, down-to-the-earth ideas, which if carried out might enlarge youth's horizons.

1. Lower the retirement age of Federal, state, and city employees, such as clerks, teachers, librarians, and so forth, so that youth may be given a much-retarded opportunity to step in. This, in turn, may encourage a similar movement in private industry. Of course these are only indications of what can effectively be done; there are as many more ideas on the subject as there are young people under thirty in America.

2. After these many years let us now take steps to limit the Veterans' Preference clause in Civil Service examinations, so that all may be judged on merit alone.

3. Tax the salaries of government, state, and city employees over a reasonable figure. Let the perennial objection of 'taxing taxes' be once and forever met by using the money to augment activity for youth.

4. Give financial assistance to help those who should marry, and aid of a similar nature to help finance parenthood.

If we are to take our place in the generations, if we hope to leave a splendid past and create a glorious future, give us a meaningful present in which to live.

SARAJO SAWYER

[Mrs. Sawyer graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Boston University in 1931. She and her husband are both twenty-seven.]

THE OPEN MIND

Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

You asked about aims and perplexities! My problem has been to avoid the mistake everyone seems to make, that of forming definite opinions and prejudices

at a time when the pull of emotion is stronger than that of reason.

I had always thought that all intelligent men possessed minds free from bias and endowed with a certain amount of fairness in judgment. Now I am undecided, torn between an ideal of an open mind and the reality of men who are intelligent, but prejudiced and easily deceived. Although many of them are active in education, they are apparently incapable of rising out of the mud of trivia and intellectual phobias. I once knew a professor of music who stated that Brahms was the *best* symphonic writer and Tschaikowsky the *worst*. I sat in course under another professor who 'loathed' realism, and I have many friends who are still convinced that *all* Germans are either war lords or sheep. I have looked for some middle-ground point of view in vain, for none existed.

Somewhere along the frontier of youth and maturity there is a force which crystallizes intellectual affectation into habit and turns the emotional judgments of Twenty into the rationalized intellectual prejudices of Forty. It is personally frightening to realize that one's mental structure may be undergoing such a transformation.

Then, if one recognizes this transformation and evaluates its results, what are the reactions? First, there is a strong tendency toward skepticism, which in turn will lead to crystallization of a more harmful kind unless carefully controlled. Secondly, there can arise an extreme liberty of thought which may undergo a sea change and come out as inability to pass judgment.

For me, the third and only way out is the acceptance of the 'middle ground' as a solution to all questions. By that I mean merely the realization that nothing is ever entirely right or entirely wrong. Yes, you say — that's nothing new. Well, perhaps the theory is old, but the practice is still unborn.

When I was ten or eleven I divided my toy soldiers into two armies. I then

threw marbles at them, and when all the soldiers on either side had been overturned, that army was defeated. One division was either American, French, or English; the other was always German, and was always vanquished by the thunderbolts of marbles. Here was the concrete expression of an emotional judgment which had probably originated with my parents or in the pages of the *Boy Allies at Verdun*. By the age of fifteen, I had abandoned the thought of Germany as America's *Todfeind*, and my methods of judgment in most things still had no ties with either emotion or reason.

Then came German Fascism, which has always been painted unfavorably in this country. That was the period, when I was about seventeen, when temporary emotional judgments started hunting for rational bases. One summer I went to Germany, intent on discovering the right and wrong of National Socialism. After talking with Germans violently pro-Hitler, and sitting in a long conversation with a very pleasant old lady even more violently against him, I returned to this country with no more definite opinion on the Third Reich than that no one was completely right or wrong. There was some middle-ground solution. But that many people should share my views is a strange and wonderful thing that I have yet to encounter.

Perhaps in that small example is my aim, my disillusionment, my perplexity, and a prayer. The aim is an open mind; the disillusionment is the realization that the 'Elder Generation' have crystallized their emotional judgments by the age of forty; my problem is how to retain the middle ground of judgment, and my prayer is that I may do so in the face of the obstacles which education, the press, and society in general have erected.

JOHN CLAIBORNE DAVIS

[A graduate of Union College, Mr. Davis has been studying Romance Languages at the Princeton Graduate School.]

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MERELY A MATTER OF GRAMMAR

THERE were about thirty Negro convicts working on the road along Moccasin Bayou when I rode by that morning on my way to hunt squirrels in the woods behind Weeping Willow slough. They were short-termers sent up for little things like slapping a woman in the face with a lighted coal-oil lamp or running off with money that belonged to the lodge. Times were hard out in the free world, but here in the road camp a nigger was sure of three meals a day, the work was easy because there was more labor than you could shake a stick at, and the white folks did n't bear down too hard as long as a man knew his place.

For that matter, even if a nigger had wanted to run away the guards would n't have bothered to kill him. Jodie Eubanks and Son Boggs stood there with .30-30 rifles, and both of them could knock the ears off a rabbit at fifty yards as he hopped down a turnrow. Jodie and Son were hill boys from counties where they would n't even let a nigger chauffeur driving a white man's car pass through, but, although they were now down in the Delta where niggers were thicker 'n flies, they did n't have shooting on their minds. There was n't any sense in it. Suppose you did kill a convict? Well, the county would have to bury him at its own expense, the Board of Supervisors would call you up on the carpet and give you hell, and more than likely you'd lose your job.

And the funny part of it is that prisoners in Dromgoole County did n't try to run off. Why should they? If they were first-termers they had a good time meeting new people and having no worries on their minds. If they were old-timers, all they had to do was to pick up their shovels and start up where they had knocked off. Then, a lot of the convicts got on friendly terms with the women of near-by plantations, and on the Sunday visiting days the guards made out like they did n't know what was going on in camp and everybody had a heap of fun. The whole neighborhood around the camp, as far south as Rolling Fork, twenty miles away, is

chockablock with what the niggers call 'yard chillun.'

So, all in all, the convicts have a pretty good time and I have to laugh whenever I think of the government man from Washington City who came to my house last summer to ask my advice about establishing what he called 'recreation projects' for niggers in the Delta.

Well, while I was sitting there on my horse watching the work, along came a high-brown girl. 'Boys, watch me strike her 'tention,' said Willie Washington. He was in for thirty days for throwing bricks at a woman at a church social because she would n't do ugly for forty cents. When the girl got near him Willie started singing.

'I'm a stranger here,
I jes' flowed in dis town.
De Mississippi wimmens
Don't want no strangers round.

I'm a travelin' man,
I travels de whole world roun';
Now, little lady, I ain't got no place to go,
Please, m'am, lady, lemme lay down on yo' flo'.

Lemme lay till break er day,
Den I'm gwine make my getaway.'

When Willie had finished singing he whispered something in the girl's ear and she went on down the road laughing.

'That nigger, Willie Washington, reminds me of some nigger I seen before,' said Jodie Eubanks. 'Now who could it a been?'

'I'll tell you,' said Son Boggs. 'You ain't got the memory of a bedbug. You remember when we was guarding up in Bailer County for Old Man Skinner? They had a kinder slow-footed chicken thief in camp up there. Everybody said he was crazy. Well, don't you recollect the time just after breakfast when we was fixing a bridge over Buzzard Bend creek and that crazy nigger lit out through the cornfields like he had firecrackers in his pants and we drilled him full of holes before you could say Jack Roberson? That's who Willie reminds me of.'

Jodie looked at Son and laughed. 'What you mean we drilled him full of holes? Boy,

ain't you had no schooling? Don't you know no grammar? You mean *you* drilled him. You ain't never been known to give nobody else a chance when it come to shooting, whether it was rabbits or niggers. That nigger was well ventilated before I could even get my gun up to my shoulder. You better get on back to school and get you some learning.'

Jodie and Son laughed fit to kill, and it was pretty funny the way they told it, though it may not look that way to you. But the sun was getting pretty hot, so I rode on off to Weeping Willow, where you can get the best squirrel shooting in the State of Mississippi if the mosquitoes don't drive you crazy.

HYDROPHOBIA

FOR some months past I have witnessed the meeting of an irresistible force and an immovable object. The irresistible force is my desire to have my twelve-year-old nephew, who is temporarily in my care, take a bath. The immovable object is Robert himself, who keeps as far away from a bathtub as is possible in a modern and urban society.

Belonging as I do to the sex which even in the time of Solomon washed to its elbows, I found it hard to believe that there was anything congenital about a boy's desire to avoid water. Given a dirty boy, warm water, plenty of soap, and fluffy dry towels, why should n't there be a bath, I asked. I was soon to learn the answers — many answers.

At first the reasons were prosaic. Robert did n't think he had time for a bath before school. By the time we finished arguing on that first morning, Robert was right; but the next morning I filled the tub, and before Robert's eyes and wits were fully opened I had him hustled from his bed to the bathroom door. The results were indifferently good, but by the third morning Robert had discovered that by dawdling long enough he could make himself late for school, and so the morning bath was tacitly abandoned.

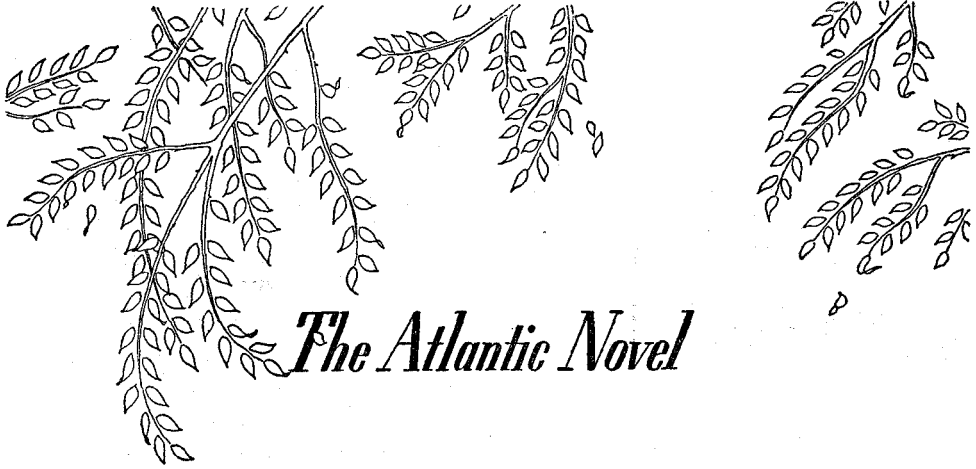
If I were Robert's mother, duty might impel me to carry the assault to and over his last rampart, but as I am only an aunt the wear and tear of a daily bath is greater than our relationship warrants. After the first week I capitulated to the extent of compro-

mise. Some nights are bath nights, and some are not. On the latter, our apartment is as serene as a convent garden; but on bath nights the train dispatcher at the Grand Central Station is not so busy as my nephew. All the clubs to which he belongs hold long sessions; teachers have assigned extraordinary amounts of homework; visitors and telephones are imminent from dinner on past bedtime. As these excuses wear thin under what I strive to make a hard and cold blue eye, more imagination develops. The most elaborate, though least successful, flight of fancy was a sprained ankle carefully bandaged by Robert about an hour before bath time. In his opinion the bandage should not be removed; in mine, especially after I caught him limping with the wrong foot, a good soaking in hot water was just what Robert's ankle needed, not to mention the rest of him.

I understand that there are two points of view about the inevitable that happens when the irresistible force and the immovable object meet: one school believing that the resulting debris will cover several townships; the other, that the collision results in absolutely nothing. As a result of experience to date, I incline to the second belief. My desire continues in force irresistibly; Robert continues unmoved; and as far as I can see into the future, nothing is going to happen unless the irresistible force gives way to nervous prostration before the return of Robert's mother.

I can hear the laments of those who profess to know how to train bent twigs into straight and sturdy oaks: 'My dear, it's your method. Properly handled, boys take to water like ducks.'

Maybe they are right. Exhausted as I am from a five months' sanitary campaign, I can summon strength for only two random shots: first, the greatest king of ancient Israel picked out the boys from the girls by the amount of water they did not apply to their persons; and, second, six out of every ten women wishing to usher themselves from a depressing world jump into a river, whereas most men prefer a dry exit with a pistol. Maybe some boys are different, but I doubt it. In fact, I am beginning to wonder if the magnificent impulse that started Man on his upward climb through the ages was no more than a normal masculine reaction to the repugnant water found in primordial ooze.



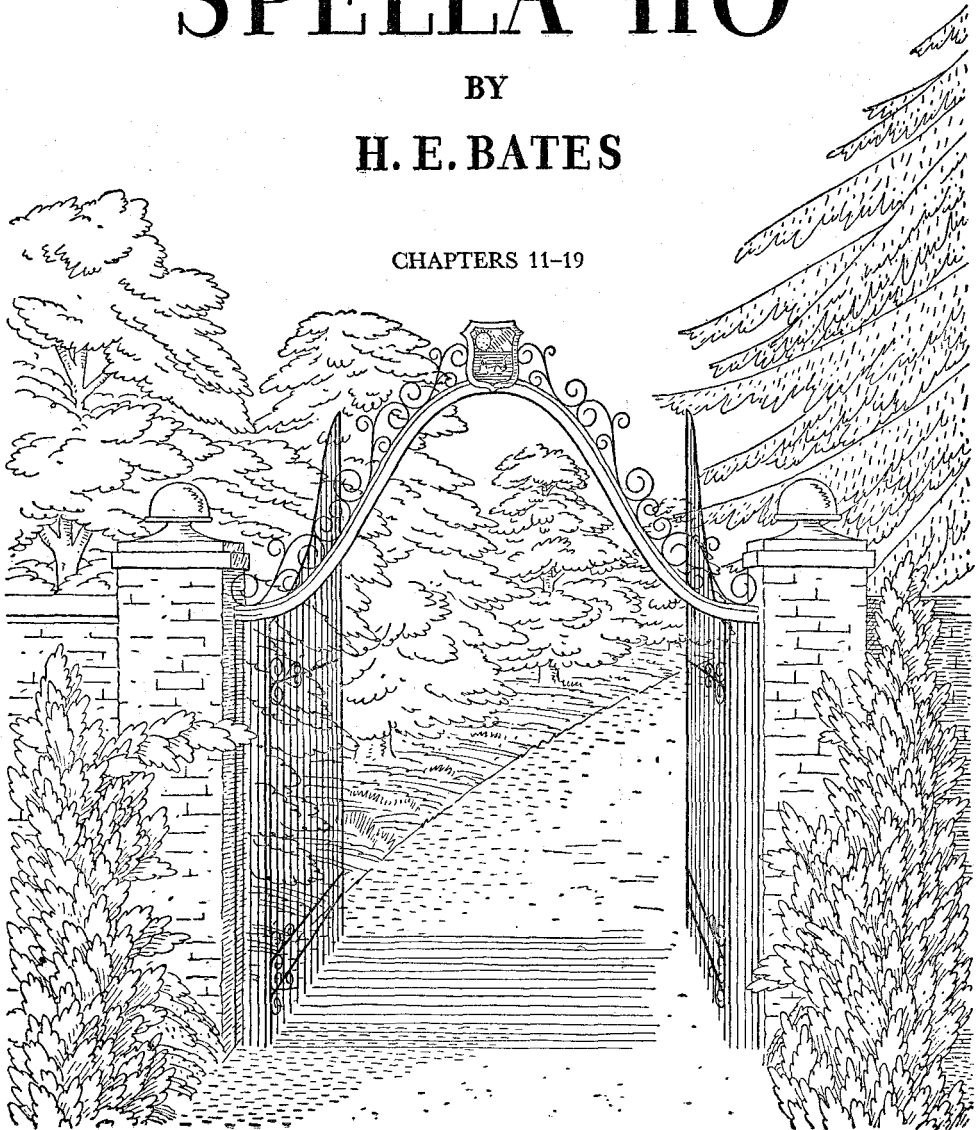
The Atlantic Novel

SPELLA HO

BY

H. E. BATES

CHAPTERS 11-19



The meaning of SPELLA HO

SPELLA HO is the name of a great stone country house built in the eighteenth century and standing out like a clipper ship above the rolling English Midlands. The house is empty and deserted when this novel begins, yet the wealth and power which it represents are a living tradition even in the minds of such a poor and miserable family as the Shadbolts, who live within sight of its chimneys.

At twenty, Bruno Shadbolt is no credit to himself. His father is a drunken carter who does odd jobs in the village of Castor, and as his assistant Bruno once goes to the great house to deliver a load of coal. When his mother dies and his father abandons the family, Bruno has to support them. He pilfers coal from Spella Ho and peddles it through the village. Living from hand to mouth, he gains his first glimmering recognition of the value of money. Not until a young widow in the village takes pity on his uncouth ignorance, helps to clean him up and in so doing succumbs to his strength, has Bruno even the first vestige of self-respect.

He is a swart, powerful figure, very broad, coarse-haired, blunt-featured. So he sees himself one evening in a pier glass at Spella Ho as he prowls through the empty rooms. But through his being there runs a vein of iron determination — determination which has been roused by the widow and which from now on is to give him power over men and an irresistible magnetism for women.

So the boundaries of Bruno's world expand. From Coutts, a loan shark, he hears of 'business,' 'discount,' 'speculation,' and from the trickery practised upon him Bruno begins to learn the use of money.

When Spella Ho is reopened in the summer of 1874, Bruno contrives to meet the new owner, fiery, shrewd old Mrs. Lanchester, with her wealth and her shady past. He beats her down in a deal — and does n't miss the grudging admiration in her eyes. From this angry beginning comes a larger opportunity. For, when Finch the bailiff takes to drink, it is Bruno who is called in to replace him. Bruno can neither read nor write, a defect which he does not confide to Mrs. Lanchester. Instead he seeks out Louise, the secretary and companion to the old lady, and wins first her help and then her love.

Louise explains to him the dishonesty of his agreement with the loan shark, and when Coutts next comes to collect his interest Bruno kicks him off the estate. In his rage Coutts returns to Castor and rouses the townsfolk, who are jealous of Bruno's advance and bitter against his methods of collecting Mrs. Lanchester's rents. Led by smart, flashy Rufus Chamberlain, a mob of fifty men and women storm Spella Ho, breaking windows, pelting rotten vegetables at the façade. Bruno is at his home, undressing for bed, when the news reaches him. Back he races across the fields, meets the crowd head on, and beats down Rufus Chamberlain in a slugging match which is to be the talk of the county for decades to come.

With each twelve months of the Atlantic
**THREE GREAT BOOKS
OF THE YEAR**

SPELLA HO

BY H. E. BATES

XI

IT was also a beginning. That day was responsible for two things: a sudden hardening of Bruno's determination to go away, and the establishment, in Castor and in the towns for fifteen miles round, of his reputation as a man of terrific fighting qualities.

At the time he had no conception of how tremendous the effect of that fight was. He still had, at the end of the fight as at the beginning, only one concern: Louise. That evening he heard how she and Mrs. Lanchester, alone upstairs, had heard the smashing of every window in the south aspect, the old lady stalking up and down the room in fury, stabbing her silver-headed walking stick into the carpet, spitting, swearing, and calling at intervals for a gun; then how they had from the windows of another room seen the fight, the old lady again beside herself, this time with a kind of bloodthirsty joy; how finally Louise, unable to stand such excitement in a period of tight lacing, had fainted on the bed and had come round again before the old lady was conscious of what had happened.

So that evening, Louise pale and ill, he himself sick and thick-eyed and thick-lipped, they sat in her small sitting room and discussed how and when, if possible, they could get away. He wanted to go to London. Louise had told him much about it and he had a natural desire to see it for himself. Where he had once been driven by a single ambition, he was now pulled

by three. He wanted Louise; wanted money; wanted to see London. He was going to strike out for himself. What he was going to do in London, how he was going to make money, was not clear. He felt he relied on the obscure revolutions of fate. It was this that dissatisfied Louise. She also had struggled. She knew London. She felt that she knew just what chances he stood there.

She had another reason. For some time it had been clear that the old lady would leave her money. 'It might be a lot of money. It might not be very much. I don't know,' she said. 'But it would be foolish to lose the chance of it.'

'You mean she'd cut you out of the will if you went now?'

'You know she would.'

That impressed him.

'Supposing it's only a hundred pounds,' Louise said. 'We could do a lot with that.'

That also impressed him. A little patience — and how much he might possibly do.

In the end, rather to the surprise of Louise, he gave in to patience. They would wait. When he had said so, she gave him a new and better reason for having said it: the old lady. She also had been impressed by the fight; she felt he had done a magnificent thing.

'You can't tell,' she said, 'what she might do for you some day.'

She had hardly said this when a message came in from Mrs. Lanchester. It was time to play chess, and would

Shadbolt go in too? So Louise went and he followed after an interval of five minutes. Mrs. Lanchester was in the great drawing-room, looking more than ever like some small irate mummified caricature of the reigning queen. She was sitting at the chess table, and for some reason four candles had been lighted, and as a further act of generosity the butler brought in a decanter of Madeira and another of port and some thin biscuits. For more than two hours Bruno sat watching Louise and Mrs. Lanchester move the Chinese chessmen, making small manœuvres of cherry-color and ivory in the smoky-gold candle-light.

When the game was over, just before ten o'clock, the old lady stood up and, hands clasped about each other like gray crabs, ejected the nearest thing to a speech Bruno ever heard her make. She said: 'Shadbolt, you did a magnificent thing this afternoon. If it had n't been for you we might have been seriously hurt or smoked out or something. I don't know. Anyway, I don't feel safe any more. I want you to come and live here completely. Sleep here and everything. Well?' It was all shot out at him with generous and yet emotionless rapidity.

He saw no reason to refuse and, in fact, many reasons to accept.

'Good,' she said. 'Can you sleep to-night?'

'There's my sister,' he said. 'She'll wonder about me. She's upset enough as it is.'

'Go home,' she said, 'and tell her and come back again. I'll have a room got ready for you while you're gone.'

Louise and he walked across the park and the fields, in the sultry October darkness, to tell Maria and fetch his things. Coming back, wandering off the paths, they walked as it were in a sea of dew. He walked with his arms round her.

'Which room do you sleep in?' he said.

She told him: a small white-paneled room, high up, with a mirror on the wall.

'Shall I be near it?'

'You can find your way,' she said.

Two days later he went down into Castor to buy himself some shirts. There were two drapers in Castor, Faulkner's in High Street, Beamer's in the square. He looked into Faulkner's and then went on to Beamer's, and it was like looking into a mirror. He saw in Beamer's window the reflected arrangement of Faulkner's: the same rolls of winter flannel, the same flyblown dickies, the same cat, as it were, asleep on the same rolls of dust-fledged calico. Hardly anyone in Castor bought shirts ready-made, and there were no shirts in the windows. He did not know what to do.

Turning away from Beamer's, he ran straight into Chamberlain. The two men knocked against each other and there was a moment of silence. Chamberlain's left hand was bandaged and he held it resting between the front buttons of his jacket, and his eyes were a smoky plum-color. The slash across Bruno's eye had not healed, and his hands were swollen. The two men stared at each other as though not believing the things they had inflicted on each other. They were men who had been through something together and suddenly it was as though the experience had taken them very close together.

Suddenly, showing very handsome white teeth under his bruise-thickened lips, Chamberlain grinned. He put out his hand and Bruno took it.

Bruno grinned too, but could not speak, and Chamberlain said, 'Have a drink?'

They went into the Bell. They sat there for more than two hours, drinking — always at Chamberlain's expense and in spite of Bruno's protests — first porter and then whiskey. And gradually, as they sat there, in the pub, softened by porter and then fired by whiskey, they began to be slightly fascinated by

each other. They had already great respect for each other, and now, Bruno so squat and ugly, Chamberlain so flashily dressed and good-looking, it was as though they began to see in each other a counterpart. It was an attraction of opposites, and time and liquor increased it.

That morning, also, each was much impressed by one thing about the other: Bruno by the fact that Chamberlain had money, Chamberlain by the fact that Bruno could drink. 'That's what I like,' Chamberlain said. 'Head like a rock, by God.' He grew excited, painted a picture for Bruno of life in London, of gin palaces and music halls, of women in skintights and even of women in nothing at all. 'By God, Shadbolt,' he said, 'we must go to London.' He put into the picture the touches of a man who knew his subject. He clasped Bruno's shoulders as they came out of the pub, swaggering, thick-talking, spitting in emphasis of fabulous truths. 'Even in Bedford I know a tart who for next to nothing —'

Bruno was fired also by a spirit of devilry. By God, they would go to Bedford. 'Next Saturday,' Chamberlain said. 'First the shirts. Then —' He looked at Bruno. 'And a new hat.' He took off Bruno's hat and looked at it as though it were a lump of horse dung. 'How the hell d' ye expect a woman to look at you in a hat like that?'

XII

Whenever he came up to the house, in the mornings, he would find Louise on the edge of the park, feeding the chickens that had been let out from the disused pheasant pens under the sycamore trees. It was a job that, as a sort of recreation, she had taken out of the hands of the garden boy. That Saturday morning he could not see her there.

He went into the house. She had not been in the park, and for some reason no one could remember seeing her. He

went to her sitting room, but it was empty, and at last he went along to the small room with the candlesticks, the room which Mrs. Lanchester then called her office.

There Louise sat at the table, motionless, as though she had given up whatever it was she had been trying to do. She was very white, and in a moment he knew that she was in pain.

'What is it?' he said. 'What's up?'

'I had a pain down my side in the night and I could n't sleep, and now it's come again.'

'Whereabouts is it? What sort of pain?'

She tried to tell him. It was no use. 'I sat on the edge of the bed, trembling all over,' she said.

'Go and lie down,' he said.

He got her to lie down in her room. He went down into the kitchen, bringing back hot milk in a glass. 'The cook says if it's no better soon she'll put poultices on. They'll draw it out.' He gave her the milk. She burnt her hand on the glass as she took it. 'It's too hot; I can't hold it.'

'I'll get a basin,' he said. 'I'll get a basin and spoon. You'll drink it better.'

He went to the door. She protested a little and he, thinking of something, stopped. 'Have you taken your stays off?'

'Not yet. It's —'

'Take them off. Perhaps it's them that's doing it.'

'I'll try while you're gone.'

When he came back again she had taken off her high, impossible stays. Released, she breathed easily. Momentarily it was as though she had removed the cause of the pain. 'I feel better, much better. You go now and do your work. You're going out. You're going to Bedford.'

He watched her drink the milk. 'Not if you're no better.'

'I want you to. I want you to buy some things. I want you to.'

'What things? You made that up.'

'No. I mean it.'

'What things, then?'

She hesitated. 'For you. For you, if you must know.'

'For me?'

'For your birthday. You're twenty-one. I did n't want you to know. Now I've told you.'

He felt curiously touched. 'How did you know?'

'Oh, I found out.'

He bent down and, for a moment or two, put his arms about her. Without the stays, she was lovely to hold, soft and delicate, her body all tenderness. Holding her, he could not bear to think of anything happening to her.

He went out, leaving her to rest.

He could not work. In his phlegmatic mind, concern would not resolve itself into fear. His emotion was not centralized. Now and then he felt within himself an indication of something larger than fear.

But it was not conscious. It did not resolve itself, and it was some curious grumbling of premonition that took him suddenly into the house about eleven o'clock.

Louise, in her room, was kneeling down by the chair, pressing herself against it, in agony. He lifted her up. She stiffened out in pain, muttering a little, not speaking. He ran upstairs with her, calling as he went for Mrs. Lanchester.

He laid Louise on her bed upstairs. Mrs. Lanchester came up after him, stumping her stick on the carpets, grousing. She took one look at Louise. 'Is there a doctor in Castor?'

'Yes. Dr. Black.'

'Get him. Get the phaeton out and drive yourself down. Fast.'

'Yes.'

'Make him come.' He saw Louise roll in the bed and stiffen out her legs in agony. He went quickly.

He got out the old dark green and still high-polished phaeton, harnessed

up, and drove into Castor. He caught the doctor in the street. 'Doctor! A girl at Spella Ho. She's in great pain.'

'I'll come after dinner.'

'No. Now.'

'I'm off to another patient. What name is it?'

'Miss Williamson. Mine's Shadbolt.'

Suddenly the doctor looked at him. It was as though he had suddenly remembered something. Bruno stared back at him with immobility, his face hammered out by concern and determination into a passivity which was itself threatening. Suddenly the doctor got up into the phaeton. The significance of this incident did not, at the time, strike Bruno.

Later, much later, he remembered it. Then, as he drove back to Spella Ho, only one thing had any significance at all. Thinking of it, he did not speak to the doctor. The doctor, who also did not speak, was a young man, but, with a large brown beard already resting like a foxtail on his collar, he looked somewhere between forty and fifty. He had an indeterminate manner, keeping his eyes on the distance, and it was clear that his reason for not speaking was a social one.

Up in the room, from which Bruno was excluded, the doctor pressed his hands on Louise's right side. 'You feel it here?' She flinched. 'Not much?' He pressed his hands higher up, and then lower. 'Here?' She shot out her legs and drew them up again and lay still, paralyzed with pain. The doctor went to the window and looked out.

'Can't you give her something?' Mrs. Lanchester said. He seemed frightened by the alert spit of her voice.

'Oh yes, I can give her something. If Mr. Shadbolt will come down he can bring it back.' He seemed glad of the chance to get away.

Bruno drove back with the doctor to Castor. When they drove up to the large beautiful cream-plastered house on the square, the doctor disappeared

into the house and did not come out again. After twenty minutes an old woman emerged, to give Bruno a medicine bottle. The medicine, still unsettled, looked like milk.

On the way back the medicine settled, throwing its white deposit, leaving the liquid clear and not quite colorless. Curious, Bruno pulled the cork and smelled it. He smelled peppermint. Then he put his tongue on the bottle and let a little of the medicine run on to it. It seemed to him that underneath the peppermint he could taste Epsom salts.

Something about the whole thing, the doctor's indecision, the medicine, seemed to him unsatisfactory. He had no faith in what was being done. He took the medicine upstairs. He knocked on the door and the cook came out. 'You can't come in. We're putting poultices on her.' He gave her the medicine. 'I'll give you the wink when you can come up.' She hesitated. 'I tell you what I'll do. I'll pull the curtains back across the window.'

He went downstairs again, trying to measure his fear. It eluded him. He stood on the terrace, looking up at Louise's window. Suddenly the curtains were drawn back.

He went upstairs. She was alone. To his relief she looked much better. 'I'm all right. I want you to go,' she said.

'No.' He could not rid himself of his lack of faith. 'I got work to do here.'

'I want you to go. I want the things.'

'I don't want the things.'

His meaning was not clear. He meant to convey that, since it was a question of remaining with her or having the things, he would prefer to remain with her. She did not understand this. She started to cry. He stood helpless, with a feeling of compassion and stupidity. He tried to explain himself. Her tears started to fall on the bed.

'I'll go. I'll go,' he said.

'Don't go just for my sake.'

'No. I'll go. I want to go. He can drive me straight back.'

She dabbed her eyes on the sheet. Crying had given her face color, so that he felt for a moment reassured about her.

'I wanted you to get yourself a watch and chain.'

He was staggered. A watch and chain had always been beyond his scheme of material things. It was too much. 'You can't afford it,' he said.

'I can. I want to.' She told him where she kept her money: in the top small drawer of the chest, in a glove box. 'Take two sovereigns.'

'No, I —'

'Please.'

Impressed, in a conflict of misery and doubt, he at last got out the glove box. Then, as he held it in his hands, it seemed a very personal thing and he could not open it. 'No,' he said. 'You do it.'

She took it and opened it. 'Look,' she said. 'That's all my money. Fourteen pounds. And then you say I can't afford a watch and chain!'

'You can't, either.'

In answer she gave him the two sovereigns. She pressed them into his palm softly and firmly, with her thumb, in a way that recalled for him some game with buttons he had played with Maria as a child. 'Get the watch and chain and then get your shirts and your hat and come straight back.'

'All right.'

'You'll look so smart,' she said.

He hated leaving her, so small and, with her hair down, more than ever like some frightened little dog on the great pillows of the bed. 'I'll be back by five.' He suddenly leaned across the bed and kissed her, more out of fear than tenderness. 'Smart Bruno, with his watch and chain,' she said. 'I shall think about you. Now go and get ready.'

'You don't feel that pain now?'

'No. Not now.'

'You don't want anything?'

'No.'

'You're sure?'

'No. Yes.'

That small confusion and the smile which followed it reassured him. He went out at last. The two sovereigns seemed to stick to his hands like warm lozenges.

XIII

At one-thirty Chamberlain picked him up at the gates of Spella Ho. He drove a dandy little trap of bottle green with chrome-yellow wheels, with a black high-stepping mare. They spanked out at a fast pace into Bedford.

'What about a drink first?'

'I got to get a watch and chain.'

'A watch and chain? What the hell for?'

'It's a present from somebody. It's my birthday.'

'Birthday? You never said. Well, that calls for a drink.'

They stabled at a smart hotel by the river. 'The hottest shop,' Chamberlain said, 'in town. It does n't look it. But you wait. Wait till to-night.'

'I got to get that watch and chain first.'

'All right.'

At the jeweler's Chamberlain revealed himself as a man of luxurious taste. 'Have this hunter. It strikes. Listen. What's the price of this hunter?'

'Twelve pounds.'

Bruno picked up a small Swiss-made watch. It was smooth as a mirror, without engraving. 'Thirty shillings,' the jeweler said. 'See your face in it.'

'I'll take it.'

The jeweler wound it up. 'I'll set it right for you,' he said. 'Twenty minutes to four.'

Suddenly Bruno felt anxious. 'Show me a chain,' he said. 'Quick.' He envied Chamberlain's snake chain, and in the end he bought one like it, in supposed silver, for fifteen shillings. He felt suddenly very proud as he walked out of the shop, and, opening his jacket, he walked with his thumbs in his armholes.

Chamberlain was slightly disappointed.

'You should have had that hunter. You could have knocked 'em flat with that. Get 'em listening to a hunter striking and you can do anything.'

At one outfitter's which from time to time Chamberlain patronized — 'when I can't get up to London' — they bought shirts and a high-crowned squarish gray hat. It made Bruno look slightly taller. He had to buy collars and a necktie for the new shirts, and the whole purchase landed him for a sovereign more than he could afford. 'Hell, what's a quid?' Chamberlain said. 'Pay me when you like.' He put down a sovereign. 'You just put a new shirt and collar on while I hop round the corner. I got to get some cigars.'

Cigar in mouth, Chamberlain met him five minutes later. 'Have one?'

'It's late. I got to get back.'

'That don't prevent you having a cigar, does it?'

Bruno took a cigar, chewed the end off, and stuffed it into his mouth. Chamberlain lit it and Bruno blew large clouds of smoke. 'Suits you,' Chamberlain said. 'Makes you look somebody. But take the band off.'

They went back to the hotel. Bruno was uneasy. Looking out at the river, he thought of Louise.

'It's no use. I got to get back.'

'Just one drink. It's your birthday.'

They had large gins, twice. Chamberlain was stimulated to great ideas, to a great scheme whereby they should go back to Spella and then return about eleven that night. 'That's the time here. Enough to burn your whiskers off.'

A woman came and stood in the doorway as they talked. She looked first at Chamberlain, then, more slowly, at Bruno. She was dressed to kill, with a curiously saucy white hat that perched on the front of her head like a scallop shell, and large white ruffs to her flouncy black dress. After about a minute, she went out.

By her arrival and still more by her departure, Chamberlain was put into a

state of eager excitement. He passed his tongue once or twice over his lips, like a man confronted with a large portion of steak. Suddenly, and before Bruno could protest, he got up and went out too.

Bruno drank his gin and waited. After ten minutes Chamberlain had not come back. Bruno took out his watch: it was almost half-past four. He finished his drink, his cigar going out in his hand. Then suddenly he had a premonition that Chamberlain was not coming back. He pushed the dead cigar into his mouth and went out into the hotel yard. An ostler cleaning the wheels of a carriage was the only person there. 'See a gentleman go out just now? Wearing a check suit?'

'No.' Then, suddenly seeing the cigar, 'No, sir. No, sir. I ain't, sir. No, sir.'

'Or a lady?'

'No, sir. No, sir. I ain't, sir. No, sir, I ain't, sir.'

Bruno went back into the hotel; into the smoke room, and from there into the dining room; then out into the yard again. Nobody had seen Chamberlain. It was almost five o'clock.

Suddenly he had an immense and very powerful premonition about Louise. He had to go, he had to get home. Something was happening. He seemed to see her, in the bed at Spella Ho, shooting out her legs in pain.

He went straight out of the hotel and, not stopping, began to walk out of the town. It was ten miles; walking steadily, he could do it in something over two hours.

It was then getting dark. Suddenly he heard behind him the sound of wheels and, turning, saw Chamberlain coming, driving hard.

Up in the seat, he told Chamberlain to drive fast.

'What for? What's up? Why did you run off like that?'

Bruno told him about Louise, how he felt that something was wrong.

'Hell, why did n't you say?'

'I felt it was all right. Then all of a sudden I knew something was up.'

They drove in silence, fast. After a time Chamberlain said: 'That pain, is it down the right side? If it is, it sounds like an aunt of mine. They called that a stoppage.'

Bruno did not know what to say. He had a continual impression, increasing as they drove, that he was watching the course of something inevitable, and that nothing he could do would stop it. Chamberlain drove him through the gates and up the avenue, through great drifts of fallen lime leaves that were brushed by the horse's feet with a sound of sea waves in the darkness. It was a sound he was to hear again, but never with the same sea-like ghostliness. He was driven by that sound into his first phase of actual fear.

Chamberlain drove him to the door. 'Shall I wait? Do you want me to get the doctor?'

'No. It's all right. I'll get in.'

He went into the house. In the kitchen the cook met him, her face white. 'She's worse. It's no use denying it, either. She's bad. She got worse after that medicine.' She looked hard at him. 'Your cigar's out.'

'Can I go up?' At last he threw the cigar away, into the kitchen grate.

In the bedroom Louise lay stupefied by a long recurrence of pain. Her face was like the peel of an unripe lemon in the candlelight. He put his hands on hers; they were hot, and yet her arms were rough with goose-skin. 'Are you all right?' he said.

'Did you get your watch?'

'Yes. How you feeling?'

'I feel as if something's going to burst inside me. Have you got your watch on?'

'Yes.'

'Show it to me.' He showed it to her. She rubbed it against her hand, quietly.

'And the chain. That's nice. Like a snake.'

He held the watch against her ear and

she heard it ticking, her eyes far away. 'And is that your new hat?'

He had put his hat on the bed. 'Yes.'

'It's nice. You will look a swank in it.' She was smiling.

Suddenly she clutched him, fearfully, very hard, like someone sinking into an abyss. Pain destroyed her smile like a puff of evil air putting out a candle. She stared up at him out of a darkness of agony.

While she lay there in pain he thought of something. 'Stay with her,' he said to the cook. 'Stay here with her while I go down to Mrs. Lanchester. Where is she?'

'In the big drawing-room.'

He went downstairs. In the drawing-room Mrs. Lanchester was reading, by the aid of a large pair of silver lorgnettes, some cumbersome treatise on medicine and anatomy. She was concentrated, when he entered, on a large anatomical diagram of the female form. She was in a state of semi-outrage, brought on by what was, to Bruno, an astonishing display of affection for Louise and by contempt for Dr. Black. 'That medicine was nothing more than Epsom salts flavored with peppermint. The poor creature was fifty times worse less than an hour after she took it. It's my belief she may have an internal abscess. That being so, a physic could only aggravate it.'

She spoke with impressive vigor and sanity. What she said confirmed, in detail for which he could not help feeling a great respect, his own fears. He told her what was on his mind.

'Let me take her to the infirmary.'

'How? How far is it?'

'About fifteen miles. I could drive her in the phaeton. We could shut it up.'

She sat considering it. Suddenly as he stood there, immobile against the mahogany table, his coat undone, she saw his watch and chain.

'Where'd you get that watch?' she said.

'She bought it for me. Louise.'

As soon as complete understanding of the situation came to her she did not hesitate. 'Get the phaeton out,' she said. 'Tell them to get blankets ready. And see that you've got good candles in the lamps.'

Half an hour later, when he carried Louise downstairs wrapped like some small dark Eskimo in blankets, Mrs. Lanchester met him in the large hall. 'You'll want money. They'll do anything for money.' His hands being full, she put into his pocket what he later discovered to be ten pounds, in sovereigns. 'Go on, now. Good-bye.' He carried Louise out into the darkness and packed her into the back of the phaeton, and in a few minutes drove away.

He drove slowly, at very little above walking pace, the reins tight. The night was very dark, but not cold, with a promise of rain. He could hear things from a great distance. The sound of lime leaves rustling up again in the avenue seemed to pursue him for a long time.

He spoke to Louise in the back of the phaeton. 'Are you all right? Am I driving too fast?' She did not protest. He drove for long intervals without speaking.

Then she began to speak. 'What will they do to me?'

'Do to you?' He tried to make light of that too. 'Give you a new set of works.' But he knew that it was a poor attempt. He knew that whatever fear she had was not dispelled so easily. Again, at odd intervals, he knew that he was afraid himself. What would they do to her?

He drove so slowly, in the mild soft darkness hardly pricked by lights, that it was almost eleven o'clock before he drove up to the infirmary. He carried Louise into the waiting room and set her down on a wooden bench and left her there while he went to look for someone. He walked up and down several stone corridors. It was all shadowy, ill-lit by oil lamps, and there

were stale diffused odors of carbolic acid. There were many doors, and he did not know what to do.

He was coming back to Louise when a woman accosted him. 'What are you tramping up and down here for? How do you suppose patients can sleep?'

He told her. 'She's in great pain. I must see someone.'

'You ought to make proper application at the proper time.'

'It's an emergency.'

'See the night sister on duty at the women's ward. Ward No. 7.'

He turned to go. A man in a dingy black top hat went past, carrying a patent-leather bag. Bruno clutched him. 'Are you a doctor?'

'What do you want?'

'Are you a doctor?'

'Yes. I am a doctor.'

'There's a woman — a girl.' He told the doctor about it too. The doctor listened with the air of a man who was thinking of something quite different. Like Black, he had a large beard, which he kept stroking. It seemed like a gesture of both vanity and indifference.

'See the night sister on duty at the women's ward. At this hour —'

He walked away, down the corridor. Suddenly, watching him go, Bruno remembered something. He strode after him. He gripped the lapels of his coat and stopped him. 'Does it make any difference if I have the money?'

The doctor seemed affronted. He opened his mouth, then paused, as though framing an angry reply. Then, before he had time to speak, Bruno put into his hands Mrs. Lanchester's money. 'For God's sake do something. I brought her all this way in a phaeton. Fifteen miles!'

'In a phaeton?' The doctor stared at Bruno, at the money, and it seemed as though the aspect of things were at once altered. 'Where is this lady?'

Back in the waiting room, the doctor put his hand on Louise's forehead. He stood with watch in hand and took her

pulse. 'The sister will take you and find you a bed.'

'Can I go with her?'

'No. She may not be out for some time. It would be better if you went now and came back later.'

He did not know what to do or say. Then he saw the doctor putting his watch back into his pocket, and it reminded him of his own. He suddenly took it out and gave it, with the chain, to Louise.

'You'll be able to look at the time in the night. It won't seem so long.'

She did not want to take it.

'Yes,' he said. 'It'll help you. It won't seem so lonely. You have it.'

Suddenly she took it, nursing it in her hands. 'If I don't come out of here again,' she said, 'you're to have my things.'

He could not bear to speak, and suddenly the nurse lifted Louise in her arms and carried her out of the room.

He went out of the hospital and walked up and down in the dark street. His mind felt like a piece of worn elastic. Spiritless, it could not stretch out to either hope or despondency. He was kept by it in a state of implacable loneliness. He walked up and down for half an hour outside the hospital and then finally went back and sat in the phaeton. It was beginning to rain slightly and it was much colder. He saw before him the constant image of Louise with the watch in her hands, until it was lost at last in the dark swim of his own weariness.

He went to sleep. When he woke up, about seven o'clock, the carriage lamps were out and it was raining fast. The horse stood with lowered head, in misery. He climbed out of the phaeton and went into the hospital. It seemed an extraordinarily empty place, without life. He sat down in the waiting room. He could not think, and he sat watching the rain slide down the high hospital windows.

Not properly awake and afraid of falling asleep again, he went out into the rain. He let it fall on his face and wiped it off with his sleeve, feeling a little

fresher. Then he got into the phaeton and once more stared at the rain.

Almost an hour later he heard someone calling him. He got out of the phaeton and went across to the door of the waiting room, and it was the night sister. She was holding something in her hands.

'Is this your watch?'

He held out his hand without speaking. The watch was cold and the chain fell on his hand like a small cold snake. He stood looking at the watch. He stood for quite a minute, looking at it, in complete silence. Then it occurred to him, suddenly, that it had come back from the dead.

XIV

He came out of his ignorance slowly, stupefied by the death of Louise, and it was the year 1879 before anything of importance happened to him.

That winter the Chamberlains invited him to supper. They owned the third-largest house in Castor, a once six-roomed house to which, year by year, Charles Walker Chamberlain had added bays, cupolas, and turrets in the manner of French châteaux. Mr. Chamberlain was a muscular Christian: a small man with powerfully short thick arms and a face like ruckled bark. With the doctrines of the church he managed also to mix the doctrines of the Spartans. Winter and summer, indoors and out, he wore a straw hat. Bought in 1865 and worn continually ever since, this hat had ceased to be a hat and had become an emblem. Tilted slightly back on a pad of gingerish hair, it stood for something more than Sparta in the modern world. It combined Sparta and Christ, stood as a denunciation of the sin of pride.

'Accuse me,' Mr. Chamberlain would say, 'of what you like — the sin of unbelief, the sin of covetousness, almost any sin you like to name. But not the sin of pride.'

'And you, Mr. Shadbolt.' He looked at Bruno, who had just finished sucking

gravy off his knife and mopping lumps of bread over his plate and had now turned the bread-cleaned plate upside down, ready for the pudding. 'You, Mr. Shadbolt. I see you're not too proud. Good. I like that. Turning your plate over for the pudding. I like that. An action like that would have stood for something in Sparta.'

After supper Bruno went with Rufus and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain into a room built into one of the new turrets. It was a round room, completely windowless. It was filled with books.

'You read 'em all?' Bruno said.

'The books? Every one. Every one. Every one bought by me and read by me.' He jumped up. 'You read much? Ever read this?' He pounced at the bookshelves, claspings a large book in his hands like an eager red squirrel. He thrust it into Bruno's hands and snatched it away and was up at the shelves again. He began to call down titles. 'Like to borrow it? You read, don't you?' He began to pile books on a side table. 'Rufus, fetch string. Mr. Shadbolt, I'll give you a copy of my pamphlet on the meaning, justification, and necessity for Spartanism to-day, one penny. Yes, I charge you for it. If I did n't charge you it would be too easy for you. That's not Spartan.'

Bruno felt in his pockets.

'I got no money with me.'

'No money? Good. That's the wisest thing you could ever say, think, or do. If you never carry any money you never spend it. I never carry a cent myself. Never. You'll give me the penny some other time.'

He pounced off to the bookshelves, pausing to make a note in his pocket diary. 'Of a thousand pamphlets I have now sold two hundred and sixty-three. I calculate that in two or three years I shall show a slight profit. In ten years, fifty-four per cent.'

Bruno watched him mount the book ladder, red hair fiery against the mouse-dull books.

'Sometime,' he said, 'I'd like to get hold of some book on money-making.'

'Eh?' Chamberlain appeared ready to pounce. 'What's that? Making money? No such book, no such book. Mr. Shadbolt, that's the one book I never read. Any such book would be pure theory, Mr. Shadbolt, pure theory. I'm not interested in theory. Practice, practice, practice — that's what I'm interested in.' He half turned on the ladder. 'I started my business on a capital of three pounds, Mr. Shadbolt. Leather dressing. Try to imagine what that means. Three pounds. And I lost it all in the first year. A terrible affair, Mr. Shadbolt, terrible. It struck me down. And why? Pride, the old story. The sin of pride. Pride shows no profit, Mr. Shadbolt, that's the only rule I got. Pride shows no profit. Did n't you ever hear the story of the man who made a fortune out of shoveling up the dog-dirts in the street?'

Bruno said nothing and in a moment Mr. Chamberlain came down the ladder. At the foot, turning sharply, he almost knocked off his straw hat. He caught it with wild hands and turned to Bruno the face of a man suddenly taut with fear and avarice. 'Nearly, nearly, nearly. Never have another if I lost that. Never afford another.'

This incident of the hat seemed to subdue him a little. In half an hour Bruno left, taking with him a parcel of fifteen books tied up with scraps of boot-lace and string.

At Spella Ho, during the winter of 1880, bitterly oppressed by loneliness, he made slow, painful attempts to read these and other books. They forced him more and more into himself. On the flyleaves of the books Mr. Chamberlain had written his name, the dates of purchase, the prices: 'This book belongs to Charles Walker Chamberlain. Purchased October 4, 1874. Price paid, 2*d*. Present value, 4*d*.' Bruno chanced to say something about this, to ask where books could be bought. Mr. Chamber-

lain said that books could be bought at Orlingford market, Saturday nights, where he had himself bought books for twenty-five years. He was proud of his Spartan courage in having walked to this market, wet or fine, rain or snow, always in his straw hat, in order to satisfy twenty-five years' passionate interest in literature.

'And I shall walk there for another twenty-five. I shall walk. Even if the railway comes and picks me up and sets me down at my front door, I shall still walk. And the railway will come. I know it will come. One of the days I am waiting for, Mr. Shadbolt, is the day when the railway will link up Castor with the outside world.'

On a March Saturday night Bruno walked down to Orlingford market. He stood in a wild wind and looked with inexhaustible patience at many books. A man with the tired sunken face of a starved dog stood behind the paraffin flare and blew constantly into his thin red hands and stamped his feet on the cold cobbles.

'What sort o' books you lookin' for, mate?'

'Eh? Just books.'

As he stood there a woman also came to look at the books. She stood and looked at book after book with the same tireless patience as himself. She had very fair hair coiled into a magnificent too-large bunch that rested heavily on her neck. She had large soft blonde hands. He stood and stared at her hands.

He heard her ask for German books. The bookseller said yes, he had the poems of Goethe. He got the book out for her and blew on it, and she took it and looked at it. 'No,' she said, 'no. In German. Please, in German.'

'In German? No, you got me beat.' 'Please!'

'I say you got me beat. Ain't had a German book for donkeys' years.'

'Please? You might have something another week?'

'Might do. Must it be in German? Can't you read in English?'

'I am German,' she said.

She went away and Bruno stayed to buy Brock's *Treatise on Agriculture* for threepence, not wanting it.

A week later he was there again, and after a time she came too, asking again for books in German. She did not buy anything that week and Bruno did not buy anything. The next week she was there again, and as before he stood fascinated by her large and in some way beautifully comforting hands. They turned over the books together for almost an hour, not buying anything, until at last the bookseller was tired of it.

'Ain't you two licked the steam off for long enough?'

'Please?'

'He says if we don't want no books we better go.'

She turned away almost before he had spoken, and automatically he went with her. In the street they stopped and he looked at her.

'I could get you German books,' he said.

'Please, but where?'

He told her about Spella Ho, how he felt that there were German books in the library there.

'But they don't belong to you.'

'Yeh, but that don't matter. I could borrow 'em for you and take 'em back and she'd never know.'

'She?'

'The old lady. Mrs. Lanchester. Have n't you ever heard of her? Where do you live?'

'In Castor.'

He could not believe it. He stood in astonished silence.

'Yes, in Castor,' she said. 'I'm the wife of Dr. Black. I came back from Germany with him at Christmas last.'

Thinking of Louise, he could not speak. He felt crushed back into stupidity and apathy. He felt that there was nothing he could do, that there was nothing now that was worth doing.

Suddenly she was telling him how much she wanted books, above all books in her own language. 'It means so much to read in your own language. It means so much.' And he knew without her saying any more that she was homesick and lonely.

He said suddenly that he would try to bring her books the following week. He asked her to write down for him the names of the books she would like if he could get them. 'I'll write just the authors' names,' she said, and in her level German hand she penciled on a piece of paper the names of Goethe, Heine, Schiller.

'Anything by them. Anything,' she said. 'I've nothing to do with myself all day.' He asked her what he should do if it rained, not thinking she would come. 'I shall come in any case,' she said.

He struggled down to Orlingford on the following Saturday with a dozen books tied up in a sack. He was excited, a little perturbed lest they were not the right books. He had put on his best suit and was wearing the watch Louise had given him. When she saw him she threw up her hands in a sudden gesture of surprise and delight, laughing because he had brought the books in a sack. They went out of the market and into a back street and stood outside the window of a ham-and-beef shop and he opened the sack so that she could see the books by the light. She took the first book in her hands and looked at it but said nothing; then she took the others. She looked at all of them in the same way: at first excitedly, then without excitement, suddenly depressed. He saw her face flattened by despondency.

'Have n't I done right?' he said. 'They're the names you put down for me.'

'Yes,' she said, 'but they're in French, not German. They are translations from the German.'

'Eh?' he said. 'I thought French and German were the same.'

She loved that, and very shortly they

stood laughing together. He saw her despondency replaced by elation, her eyes lit up, her white teeth shining in her broad mouth. He wanted to go on talking to her, to prolong the pure pleasure of hearing her laugh. He put the books back into the bag and they stood together and looked into the ham-and-beef shop: fresh sausages, cured ham, warm fagots, snow-rippled basins of lard, spiced beef.

'Makes you feel hungry, don't it?' he said.

'Yes,' she said, 'I am hungry.'

He got the odor of fagots. 'What about a fagot?' he said. 'I could eat a bullock.'

'Please?'

'A fagot.' He pointed into the window. 'See 'em? Those brown things. Hot.'

'Yes.'

'You want one?'

'Yes, please yes.'

He went into the shop and came out with the fagots in a basin. 'She let me have a spoon and a basin. Only I got to take 'em back,' he said. 'You git yours down you while it's hot.'

'No,' she said. 'Now. With me. That's better.'

They began to eat. She would take a spoonful and then he. Sharing the spoon with her, he felt a sharpening sense of intimacy. He felt the friendliness between them solidify into something concrete and yet warm and secret.

'Good?' he said.

'Yes, good. Very good.'

'You can't get 'em in Castor. Dead-alive hole.' He gave her the spoon. 'You like living there?'

'No.'

He was startled. It came out so suddenly. He did not know what to make of her and could not speak.

'I like Germany,' she said. 'Only Germany.'

She had finished the last of the fagots and stood holding the empty basin.

'That was good,' she said.

'Yes,' he said. 'The last mite's the best.' He looked at the empty shining basin, and suddenly he saw the funny side of it all himself. 'Well, that's one dish she won't have to wipe up.'

He took the basin into the shop and then looked up to see the woman in the shop still watching them from behind the lamp in the window.

'She's looking at us,' he said. 'She thought we were going to nick the basin.'

'Please?'

'Steal it.'

They began to walk down the street, out of the shop light into darkness.

'When'll you come to Spella for the books?'

'What is to-day?' she said.

'Saturday.'

'It could n't be to-morrow. Not Sunday. It could be Monday.'

'I collect the rents Monday. It'll have to be after dark. I don't get back till six.'

'Then it must be after dark.'

They arranged that he should meet her at the gates. She said good-night and walked across the street.

Suddenly she was back again.

'No. That would not be right. I could n't come. Not to the house.'

'No?'

'No. You could come down to Castor? If you come to the corner of the street I will send out a maid for the books.'

She seemed suddenly frightened.

'All right,' he said. 'I'll come down.'

After darkness on Monday he went down to Castor with two volumes of Goethe, in marble boards, wrapped up into a brown paper parcel. It was raining. He walked up and down for almost three hours. Nobody came.

XV

He did not see the doctor's wife again for six weeks. During these six weeks something happened: he received an offer of business. It came through Rufus Chamberlain. A man named Stokes had

set up in business as a dealer in leather. Stokes had fifteen years' experience of leather and a small workshop in a back yard in Castor; the business needed money. Bruno could be a sleeping partner, putting in capital of ten pounds. He hesitated.

While he hesitated, Chamberlain pointed out something which had only vaguely occurred to him before. 'When the old lady pegs out,' he said, 'where are you?' He talked of the business as an insurance against the uncertainty of the future. 'There's no risk, no work. Stokes is a good man. There's money in it.' Impressed by Chamberlain's enthusiasm and by the thought that he was the son of a man who had also risen from nothing, Bruno decided to accept. To the surprise of both Chamberlain and Stokes he insisted on a deed of partnership.

Stokes was indignant. 'Ain't my word good enough?'

'No.'

Bruno was not impressed by Stokes. He was a small pale-faced man with a high squeaky pig-voice of protest and shifty hands. His workshop was a disused loft above a stable in the back yard of an empty house. Half a dozen sacks of scrap leather were piled up in one corner. 'What do you do with it?' Bruno said. Stokes then showed him how the leather was sorted and graded. 'Where do you send it?'

'Where Chamberlain used to send his. I never worked five year for Chamberlain for nothing.'

'I never knew you worked for Chamberlain. Where does he send it?'

'Two firms in London. One in Manchester. And there's others.'

'All right. Book everything down.'

'What?'

'Book everything down. Every ha'penny, every bit and scrap that goes out and in. I'll come in every Friday and look at the week's accounts.'

He felt momentarily elated: business, partnership, profits, money. He felt

himself swinging out to a new circle of experience. He was a big man, things were great, times were moving. In this mood of cocksureness he went down to the Bell to find Chamberlain.

There, as they ordered gin, drinking to a business of already mythical proportions, Bruno remembered something.

'You never mentioned that Stokes worked for your old man for five years.'

'Hell, not so loud. You want everybody to hear?'

'Why did n't you tell me?'

Chamberlain did not speak.

'Come on, what's at the bottom of it? Why did he leave? What was it?'

'The old man sacked him.'

'What for?'

Chamberlain was quiet again.

'Come on, what for?'

'Boozing. You know he's dead against it.'

'That all?'

'Yes.'

'Where do I come in?'

Chamberlain ordered another gin. For a moment he did not touch it. 'I got mixed up with his daughter. He found it out just after he got the sack. Said he'd tell the old man if I did n't do something for him.'

'And all you could think of was for me to cough up ten pounds.'

'No. No.'

'What then?'

'I was going to cough up. Then I could n't raise it. Every now and then the old man hears I've been on the loose and stops every ha'penny.'

Bruno stood with his hands tight together, the glass between. The thought of business suddenly meant nothing. Elation was ironed out, the flat plane of things dead. He felt he had said good-bye to his ten pounds, that the whole affair was a swindle.

This suddenly infuriated him. He slammed down his glass on the bar and cracked it. In the bar nobody said a word except himself. 'Where's he hang out?' he said to Chamberlain. 'Stokes.'

'You'll find him in the Swan.'

Bruno walked out of the bar without another word and across the square and down into High Street, head slightly down and forward, long arms loose, body rolling like that of an angry baboon. He reached the Swan in about five minutes. He went straight into the bar. Stokes was sitting on a wall bench, three-parts drunk, his eyes smoke-hazy. Bruno went to him, dragged him up and out of the bar, and, on the causeway outside, hit him in the face. Stokes rose to his feet like a man coming to the surface of water, arms paddling. Bruno hit him again. Stokes fell back against the wall of the pub and lay staring, and Bruno got ready to hit him again. Stokes did not move. Bruno lifted his arm. 'Get up off that street and back to the shop.'

Stokes walked dully up the street and Bruno followed him to the workshop. There Stokes sat on the pile of leather scrap and nursed his face.

'You're in business with me,' Bruno said, 'and don't forget it.'

'What's the bloody game?'

'You're in business with me,' Bruno said. 'That's the bloody game.'

After that he called every evening at the workshop. He lumbered heavily up the outside wooden stairs and into the upstairs room where Stokes would still be working by the light of a tin oil lamp hung on the whitewashed wall. He would take off his jacket, revealing the immensely thick ugly arms bare almost to elbows, and would work on for two, three, and sometimes four hours, poring chiefly over the small accounts, adding up simple columns of figures with agonized concentration, straightening out the muddle of Stokes's arrangements, slowly and painfully but at last triumphantly evolving for himself some crude system of bookkeeping.

He worked every evening. He knew, somehow, that he was getting nowhere. There was no trust between himself and Stokes. He tried to evolve new schemes.

He felt the lack of some kind of inspiring force. He thought of Louise, seeing her now as the lost mainspring of his ambition. Without her, ambition was a stopped watch.

Every evening, after locking up cash box and office and finally workshop, he walked out of the back streets into High Street and so up into the square. He would stand outside the doctor's house and watch the split of light in the dark curtains. He would stand and think of the German Mrs. Black, and the soft blonde hands as they had lain on the dark books. He wondered why she had not come or sent for the books. Then, for three weeks, he walked down to Orlingford on Saturday night and stood by the bookstall and hoped he would see her there. She never came.

He did not see her for six weeks. Just before this happened Mrs. Lanchester fell ill. She sent for him on the Saturday before Whitsuntide—a close day of oppressive sunlight, Spella Ho itself white in the sun above the surrounding may-colored park. She lay in the too-warm south bedroom. She had not been up since morning. 'Shadbolt,' she said, 'I've a feeling I shall never see Whitsuntide.'

He said he would get a doctor.

'Get me the Bible,' she said.

He went downstairs to the library, and after a long search found a Bible. He had never before heard her speak of God, religion, Bible, or church. She had remained aloof from these matters, like a hermit, as she had remained aloof from the rest of the world.

She took the Bible eagerly. 'Oh, Shadbolt, I need the comfort of the Word of God.'

He did not say anything.

'I'm a wicked sinner, Shadbolt.'

'Yes, mum,' he said.

Towards evening she pulled frantically at the bell rope, and he went up, the bell clanging all over the house as he mounted the stairs. He found her caught up in an orgy of self-chastisement, beating her

hands on the coverlet and her head on the pillows. 'I'm a wicked woman, Shadbolt, I'm a wicked woman! I've been a wicked woman.' He quieted her impassively.

'Have some tea, mum,' he said. 'Some camomile.'

He went out and downstairs, to the kitchen. She screamed and clanged the bell for him to come back. He came back at his own pace and in his own time, bringing the cup of steeped camomile. She was furious and exhausted.

'Here,' he said, 'you drink this. It'll cool your blood and open you out.' He moved the plush-covered mahogany commode nearer the bed. 'Ring the bell if you want me.'

She drank the camomile, muttering about religion, God, wickedness, the Bible. 'I'm a wicked sinner. I've been wicked. I've forgotten God, Shadbolt.'

He sat with her for the rest of the night. She breathed as though trying to break a hard crust of something in her throat — great labored frustrated breaths of crackling pain. In the morning, as soon as it was light, he called one of the maids and got out the one horse from the decaying stables and rode down to Castor for Dr. Black. Before he went, Mrs. Lanchester revived enough to hurl at him threats of damnation if he ever brought Black into the house again. 'Black's gone away,' he said. 'There's a new man named Mackenzie now.'

In the stable yard of Black's house he could smell coffee. It was not quite five o'clock, dead still, a little misty, the sun not really up. He knocked at the kitchen door and Mrs. Black opened it.

He stood dead still. She did not say anything. Fair, startled, with her broad un-English face, she looked remote and at the same time intimate. He felt a momentary breaking up of self-confidence, a split inside himself, a sudden baring of the idea that he wanted her. Then he spoke. He told her about Mrs. Lanchester, asked if the doctor would come. She asked him into the kitchen

and he went in and stood there, smelling the hot strong coffee heating on the stove, while she went upstairs to call her husband. Before she went he told her how on no account must the doctor call himself Black, how he must introduce himself as Mackenzie. She went upstairs and came back again in about five minutes, saying the doctor was going. She reached down two cups from the dresser and he followed the line of her upstretched body: fair arms, bodice pursed outward by the full German breasts, the rather heavy blonde neck. 'You have some coffee?' she said. He could not answer, but only nodded, and she poured it out, black and strong, with just a dash of milk. 'I was just going to have mine as you knocked. I wondered who it was. And it's you, of all people.'

As they stood there drinking the coffee he heard the doctor drive off from the yard outside. Mrs. Black stood with head up, listening. There was an expression of restrained relief on her face. 'He's in a bad temper. Did n't come in to say good-bye.'

'Why did n't you send for the books?' he said.

She looked out of the window. The sun was coming up, and he saw the golden shininess of her very fair eyebrows quiver slightly, and he knew quite well why she had not sent.

'They're still there,' he said.

She looked at him, straight, inescapably direct. He looked back, the point of intimacy explosive. He felt as if they had gone slap into each other. As though to escape it she said, 'What a nice day it's going to be! All the trees out, so warm. Very nice. But you should see spring in Germany.'

She drank her coffee. 'Cherry trees. Birches. Oh, so much cherry blossom!'

He was taking no notice, only fascinated by her voice and the reverberation, inside himself, of the moment of explosive contact between them. Then suddenly she said: —

'I'm going back to Germany.'

'When?'

'I don't know. Some day.'

'This year?'

'I don't know. I don't know when.'

'You want to go back?' he said.

For a moment she did not answer. He drained his coffee. Then: 'You go,' she said, 'now. It's better.' They were back at the point of intimacy and he said he would go.

'You'll come for the books?' he said. 'Sometime?'

'Yes,' she said.

XVI

As he rode back to Spella Ho he felt himself permeated by the idea of her, like sun beginning to soak into his flesh. The sun was already a little warm, and he could smell the odors of haw and chestnut bloom coming faintly off the half-misty park. At the entrance to the avenue he met the doctor.

'She seems to want to die,' he said. He spoke as though his task began and ended with the reluctance of Mrs. Lanchester to live. 'I've bolstered her up with a draft.'

'You're coming back?'

'I'll come this afternoon.'

Mrs. Lanchester slept till midday. At twelve-fifteen she sent for Bruno and he went up to her. She seemed fresher and she began to tell him about her life. 'I was born in the last year of last century,' she said. 'I had a rough time. A bad time. That's why I took to you. That's why I took to Louise.' She rambled on, talking of her life with alternate clarity and incoherence. 'Come from nothing, nobody. Now I own property in London. Handsome property, Shadbolt, nice property.' She would seem momentarily happy in the thought of achievement; then religion shook her again. She suffered torments at the thought of soul-damnation. Then sanity made her say: 'Shadbolt, it has been my wish to leave you something. Which would you rather — money or property?'

'I leave it to you,' he said.

'Property is money,' she said.

That was all. She made no promise. She rambled on until the middle of the sultry, may-drowsy afternoon. She was convincing him of the necessity of dying with her soul washed to the cleanness of the soul of a child, rambling wildly, when a maid came up to say that the doctor had come. 'Dr. Mackenzie has come back,' he said, and he went out of the room, passing Black on the stairs. Black, who was in white flannel trousers, did not speak, and Bruno went downstairs and opened the big front doors, to let in some air. He opened the doors and then went out on to the terrace. At the end of the terrace, on the drive, he could see the doctor's dogcart. Mrs. Black was sitting in it.

He went slowly along the terrace in the warm sunshine. He went to speak to her and he felt that she had come so that he could speak to her. She was wearing a white summer dress. She carried the correct white sunshade, silk-tasseled, and was wearing white kid boots. He stood by the dogcart and looked up at her. She did not speak. He did not know what to say either, and before they could think of anything to say Black himself came out of the house and in thirty seconds the dogcart was being driven away. He stood looking after it, in a state of furious inertia, angry at having done nothing and at the same time knowing nothing could be done.

Back in the house, he went up to Mrs. Lanchester. 'Sit with me, Shadbolt. Sit and talk to me.'

He decided to tell her about Stokes. 'I was a fool, but now I'm in it and perhaps we can make something of it.'

'Don't sound very lively to me.'

'No,' he said, 'it don't sound very lively.'

'You'd make a good bailiff,' she said, 'to somebody. I'll see you get references.'

'No,' he said, 'I'm done with bailiffing.'

'Want to make money? That it?'

'Yes. That's it.'

'Go in for property, Shadbolt,' she said. 'When you save a little money buy a little property. Draw your rents, save a bit more, buy a bit more property. No reason why you should n't own Castor some day.'

'Go on,' he said, 'tell me I'll own London.'

He talked with her for an hour. She seemed stronger, much livelier. When he left her to lock up the gates of Spella Ho for the evening she spent an hour and a half writing letters. About seven o'clock he walked down to Castor to post these letters and to pick up pills and medicine for her from Black's surgery. Instead of going to the surgery he went round to the kitchen. The door was opened, not by Mrs. Black, but by a servant girl.

'Mrs. Lanchester's worse. We want the doctor to come up as soon as he can.'

'Who's worse?' the girl said, and he said, 'Mrs. Lanchester. Up at Spella Ho.'

She opened her mouth. 'Up at Spella Ho? Why n't you say so?'

He turned away, taking grim revenge. 'I did,' he said, 'but some folk never seem to wash their ears out.'

In this mood of grim obsession, his mind permeated only by one idea, he went back to Spella Ho. Mrs. Lanchester was sleeping. He walked about in the park, in the dusk, thinking solely of Mrs. Black. In the still-warm, chestnut-scented air he listened for the approach of wheels in the avenue. When they came, towards nine o'clock, he went back to the terrace. The dogcart was standing there as it had stood there in the afternoon, but it was empty. He walked along the terrace, stood under the first trees of the avenue, and listened. Someone was moving on the grass, under the trees. He knew instinctively who it was, and he waited for her to come nearer. She must have known he was there too. She came on and finally they

stood together, each waiting for the other to say something. And once again, as in the afternoon, they could manage to think of nothing to say.

It was still very warm; she was in her white dress and she had long white gloves on her hands. He noticed these things vaguely, but he must have stared at the gloves, for suddenly she said: 'I must wear them. It's correct. I have to wear them.' 'Take them off,' he said, and she began to take them off. He saw the whiteness of gloves replaced by the living color of her hands. 'Feel,' she said. She put out the gloves and he touched them.

He knew why she had come up. Now he wanted to know only when she was coming again. He asked her.

'One day soon. I'll tell you when.'

They stood in silence again. A few moments later Black came out of the house. Bruno walked along and stood under the tree and saw the trap drive down the avenue.

On Sunday Mrs. Lanchester was the same, agitated by eternal fits of religious misgiving, bouts of semi-hysteria, talk of God and damnation, with small periods of sanity. He lifted her in and out of bed, attended her bodily needs, made her comfortable.

He could not rest. He felt completely permeated by the idea of Mrs. Black: saw her over and over again in the white dress, with the sweat-soaked white gloves; saw the soft blonde hands which fascinated him so much. He expected her that morning, with Black, about eleven. When he heard Black's trap arrive he went downstairs. He met Black in the hall. Black said, 'You're the bailiff, are n't you? I want a word with you before you go,' and he went upstairs.

Bruno went out on to the terrace. The trap was empty. He walked round the house, came back. She was not there and he could not believe it.

As he stood there Black came out of the house.

'Shadbolt?'

'Yes.'

'My wife is interested in English architecture. She would very much appreciate it if you would show her over Spella Ho.'

'Yes, Doctor.'

'She suggests Tuesday afternoon. That suit you?'

'Yes, Doctor.'

Black pulled on his Sunday gloves, got up into the trap, and drove off. Bruno went into the house. He thought dismally, with a kind of fateful determination and obsession, of Mrs. Black, knew now that he could not see her till Tuesday.

On Tuesday morning a Mr. Carmichael, solicitor, arrived from London with his clerk. They spent the two hours from eleven to one o'clock with Mrs. Lanchester. Shortly after one o'clock the bell clanged and Bruno went up to Mrs. Lanchester's bedroom. She was in a state of exceptional coherence, quite calm, not the old shrewd, down-right, calmly rapacious self, but ineffably calm as though she had put herself through the fire of self-chastisement. 'We need witnesses to some documents,' the solicitor said. 'Not you. Bring the cook and a maid. Ask if they can write their names.' Five minutes later Bruno stood at the bedside while the two servants witnessed with laborious scratchings various sheets of what he knew must be the will. At the conclusion of it all the old lady made a grand gesture. 'Now I can die in peace.'

He left her and went downstairs, and in the hall found Mrs. Black waiting. 'I walked up,' she said. 'Across the fields.' In her hands she had a bunch of cowslips. As he led her across the passages, into rooms, up stairs, he could smell the golden scent, the warm wininess of the flowers. In a voice that did not mean anything he told her about the rooms, bits of history, showed her dates carved in the stone above doors and fireplaces. They moved quietly. She

did not speak much. He knew by now that the house meant nothing to her: only the silence, the secure seclusion of it. 'Nobody can come?' He shook his head. Then he asked her the thing that was troubling him: 'Your other name. I don't know it.'

'Gerda,' she said.

'Gerda.' He repeated it. 'How do you spell it?'

She spelt it. He thought about it for a moment.

'You don't like it?' she said.

'Yes,' he said, 'I like it.'

Mrs. Lanchester lived over the weekend. He did not see Gerda on Sunday, a day of grim sacredness at the Black household, with Scottish prayers and bleak Scottish self-denial, nor on Monday, when from eight to six he collected the rents. Then as he drove back to the house on Monday evening he knew that something was happening. As he drove into the stable yard the cook came out to tell him how the doctor had called that afternoon. Mrs. Lanchester was dying.

He left the horse in harness and went up to Mrs. Lanchester. She put out a resigned, age-skinny hand on the counterpane. 'Shadbolt.' He sat with her. She shut her eyes. 'Shadbolt,' she said again. For half an hour she lay silent, only moving her lips as though trying to frame some difficult sentence that she wanted to say to him. Finally she succeeded. She roused herself to say, 'Shadbolt, you're ugly, but you're all right,' and died, very quietly, her mouth still open, just after seven.

He drove down to Castor to inform the doctor. Black was out. 'Is Mrs. Black in?' he said. He waited, and in a moment she came out and they stood together in the big stone porch. She shut the door and kept her hand on the knob. He told her that Mrs. Lanchester was dead.

'I feel somehow as if everything is finished,' he said.

For about a minute she did not say

anything. She put out her free hand and he took it and held it. 'How do you know it's not just beginning?'

XVII

Six weeks later he ran away with Mrs. Black, using a horse and trap he had bought at the four-day sale at Spella Ho. They drove away after darkness on the night of July 12, making east, towards the coast. That night they drove about thirty miles. From three to five o'clock in the morning they had a sort of half-sleep under a haystack, giving the horse a feed of hay, and at five o'clock they got up and had a meal of coffee and bread and meat and then drove on. They did not stop to wash, and Gerda combed her hair as they went along, an immense thick mass of polished yellow which she plaited into two ropes, holding one plait in her mouth while she finished the other.

They drove on all morning into strange flat country, potato fields, green-yellow fields of corn, lines of willow with shining leaves rippling over gray and gray-green in a perpendicular sun. At midday they stopped and spent their first money. He fetched beer and bread and cheese from a pub. They drank the beer outside the pub, giving the horse ten minutes' rest, and then drove on again, to rest again all afternoon by a brook, under willows, where they ate the bread and cheese and had a short sleep. About four o'clock Bruno woke up to find Gerda washing her feet. She dried them in the sun. Strong, flat, beautifully solid, they had the same look of utter dependability as her sun-brown arms and face. They were the sort of feet that might have gone on, in the same way, doing the same things, forever. And gradually he began to feel that this was exactly what Gerda and he were doing: going on, from village to village, in a succession of rests and journeys that must gradually pile up into infinite distance. They were then about fifty miles from home.

The horse was already tired and they

decided to put up for the night. They stopped about six o'clock at a small pub that was also a farm: a small low house of terra-cotta wash, with tarred out-buildings, a pond, a coop for hens.

'Beds for the night?' The woman clumped up the wooden stairs in front of them, a big panting asthmatical woman. 'Been a warm day, ain't it? Well, this is it. Ain't been used jes' lately and I'm ashamed on it. But I'll put clean sheets on and it'll be all right. One room or two?'

'One room,' Gerda said.

'Like to take it?'

'Yes,' Gerda said, 'we would like to take it.'

They went to bed early and lay together between the almost cold clean sheets in the wooden bed.

'You think she knows we're not married?'

'I don't know,' he said, 'and I don't care.'

'She seems nice, like a real fat German woman.'

'Asthmatical.' He was almost asleep.

They lay in silence. He was on the verge of sleep when she said, 'How far is it now to Harwich?'

He did not answer the question, but when he woke next morning, about five o'clock, it was as though she had only just asked it. He sat up in bed. Harwich, the sea, boats, Germany. He knew, then, why she had asked, why in fact they had come. He got up and put on his trousers and went downstairs, without waking her. In the yard, under a hovel, the man, Mitchell, was milking his one cow, and Bruno asked him for a pair of pincers. 'In the nail-box in the stable,' Mitchell said. 'Anything wrong?' 'I got a tracing buckle as is bent a bit,' Bruno said. 'I thought I'd straighten it.'

He went into the stable and found the pincers. What he was going to do had an almost unconscious spontaneity about it, as though the idea had been evolved in his sleep. He got the pincers and took

out three nails from the left fore shoe, loosening it, so that it clipped.

At seven o'clock he and Gerda had breakfast in the pub parlor. Sun was turning the slight summer mist to orange, dispersing it. She did not speak about Harwich, but she seemed happy. After breakfast he went out and fetched the horse, leading it into the yard, half-harnessed, as she herself came out of the house. The yard was cobbled with brown egg-pebbles and the clip of the loose shoe was sharp, the horse slightly lamed by it. He stood and regarded horse and shoe with a great show of annoyance, surprise, and disappointment. 'Just our luck.'

He fetched Mitchell. 'Blacksmith?' Mitchell said. 'About four miles on down the road. Lovell, name is. If you went now you'd get back in time to make a start afore dinner. Where you going?'

'Harwich,' Gerda said. 'Have n't you a horse you could lend us?'

'I got one,' Mitchell said, 'but things are all on top on me here and I got to get down to Stortford market to-morrow. I could n't do it.'

'I'll get straight down to the blacksmith's,' Bruno said.

It was noon when he got back to Mitchell's. Gerda was not in the yard. He tied the horse to a hovel post and went into the front parlor, to look for her. 'Here!' It came from the kitchen. He went down the passage and into the back kitchen. Gerda was standing at a small bread trough, sleeves rolled above her elbows, kneading dough. Fascinated, he watched her fine strong hands attacking the dough. She began to cut up the dough, batching it. He sensed a change in her; she said nothing about the horse, about going.

'When are we going?' he said.

'Us?' She stood flour-faced, happy. 'Oh! Don't ask me at least until the bread is done.'

He did not say anything. Mrs. Mitchell squeaked asthmatically. 'Look

at the time. Past twelve a'ready and we reckon t' eat at ha'past.'

'She knows about us,' Gerda said. 'I told her.'

'Some folks'd look down their noses,' he said.

'I ain't got time to look down my nose at folks,' Mrs. Mitchell said. 'We slave enough now for the little we git, let alone looking gift horses in the mouth.'

'I'll set the dinner table,' Gerda said.

He went out to the potato field that afternoon, with Mitchell, as though it were something he had always done. The heat of the day had reached its height; the dark earth rose in small gray clouds from the fork. Potatoes lay like rows of sun-yellow eggs and the afternoon unrolled with slow somnolence, hot, apparently infinite, the division of time not marked off, time itself something which had ceased to matter.

He felt an enormous contentment arise out of the use of strength. He felt excitement solidify into a permanence that was a new experience. When he looked into the future he saw it not in terms of Harwich, the sea, Germany, doubts, a complication of fears, but in terms of Mitchell's potatoes. 'How far is it to Stortford?' he said, as though his going there, with Mitchell and the potatoes, were already an accepted thing. Mitchell told him it was ten miles. 'Like to git a start about six or just after,' he said.

In the morning Bruno drove down in Mitchell's cart, with Mitchell, to take the potatoes to market. The day moved slowly. They arrived back in midafternoon. When they came back he had heard the beginning and end of Mitchell's life and philosophy. 'We git through,' Mitchell said, 'and as long as we git through I don't bother.'

The words, saturated with contentment, began to impress themselves, unnoticeably, on his own life and Gerda's. The anxiety to go on diminished; almost died completely. July moved on towards its end, and all through the month there

was a strange sea-washed loftiness over the flat land, a pure candescence of white cloud above white roads and whitening patches of barley. On the last day of the month Mitchell's oats were ready, and the four of them, the Mitchells, Gerda, and Bruno, were up at daybreak, Mitchell mowing, the women making bonds, Bruno bonding and setting the shocks. Wheat followed oats, and they worked on, in the same way, until the middle of August, going from wheat to barley.

The pause after harvest brought a change. Gerda grew restless. The days were less full; there were empty spaces in which the mind was made aware of itself. Bruno spoke to Mitchell: 'Mitchell, what I should like is a place round here, a place like yours. Field or two. Just mullock along. Cow, bit o' wheat or barley.'

'Well, that ain't much t'ask for.'

'Know of a place?'

'I got a brother,' Mitchell said, 'down at Ongar. Got a place down there, little house, about seven acres. Alla time talks about giving up.'

'You think he'd sell?'

'I ain't sure. No harm in going down to see.'

He spoke to Gerda, telling her about the house: how they could perhaps rent it, make it pay, save money. 'What you say?' he said. 'Let's go and see it.'

She did not speak. He was filled with an immediate sense of foreboding. He had an impression that something between them was about to break. 'What is it?' he said.

He saw her turn away her face. She was crying. He did not do anything. He saw that it was not something between them that was breaking, but something within herself. It was not only the first time he had seen her cry, but the first time he had seen in her a sign of weakness. In the anxiety of the moment he put his hands on her breasts, feeling love for her thicken within himself like a thundery curdling of the blood, realizing for a moment the agony of being without

her. 'Where do you want to go? Back to Castor? Where? Gerda.'

'I want to go back to Germany,' she said.

XVIII

Three days later they packed what few things they had, harnessed horse and trap, and set off to do, by easy stages, the rest of the journey to Harwich. It was raining in a half-gale as they came into Harwich, the sea ugly, the sun setting behind wild bars of crimson and iron-purple cloud. They got lodgings near the harbor: a gray bay-windowed house, the word 'Lodgings' written on a card hanging in the window, a woman with a face like a pale potato to take them up to a second-floor room overlooking the sea, a candle flagging in the draft as they went upstairs.

'You married? 'Cause I hope so.' Gerda, tired, sat on the edge of the bed. 'Yes, we're married.' The woman banged the candle on the marble washstand. 'Very like you sit on beds where you come from. But I don't.' Gerda stood up. 'That'll be ten shillings the two of you if you like it.'

In this atmosphere of suspicion they went to bed early and lay listening to the gale rising beyond the harbor. The gale came in long minor shrieks down the chimney, flapping the painted cardboard grate screen. Long after midnight they were still awake, and Gerda began talking. He listened vaguely; she was talking about Germany. She had an aunt in a village near Coblenz, a long way from Dresden, her home; and she began to tell him about this aunt: how they could go to her, stay for a little while on the pretense of having come for a holiday, then tell her the truth. He said stupidly, 'You mean we should both go?' And she said, 'Yes, of course. Why not?'

'Stop here,' he begged. He searched his mind for some convincing idea, a reason for her to stay. 'We'll start an eating place. Dining rooms. You could cook. I'd serve. Think of the foreign

sailors that come in here — they'd go for a place like that.'

'No,' she said, 'I shan't be happy until I can hear people speaking German again.'

They lay awake half the night, listening to the gale, trying to thrash things out. In the morning the gale had half blown itself out, there was a hard wild sun, and things seemed better. They went out and down to the sea.

Gerda stood looking at it with distant, slightly troubled eyes. 'Perhaps it will be better when we go over.'

'We? I'm not coming,' he said.

'Bruno.'

'No,' he said.

'Please? Not for me?'

'No,' he said.

They walked dully back into the town. She was curious to go to the shipping office, just to find out how often there were sailings. He stood outside in the street while she went into the little office. Something inside himself had massed into a block of bitterness, impregnably hard. He was losing her and, victim of his own stubbornness, was doing nothing about it. He was bitter against himself and the colossal intuitive stupidity that forced him to act as he did.

Gerda came out. 'There's a boat to-night. Then another on Friday.'

'What's to-day?' he said. 'I've lost count.'

'Tuesday.'

'That's three days if you stop till Friday.'

She knew what he meant. 'I'll stop,' she said.

Towards midday they walked back to their lodgings, arm in arm, feeling very much like lovers, happy but anxious, looking ahead to the moment of security in the bedroom. They climbed upstairs and Gerda opened the bedroom door, and there, in the bedroom, the woman of the house had Gerda's valise open on the bed. 'What are you doing?' Gerda said. 'Please, what are you doing?'

'Jes' finding out things.'

'What things? You have no right to touch this room.'

'What things? You ain't married. That's what things.'

'What the hell's it to do with you?' Bruno shouted. Gerda stood speechless.

'You mind your manners when you speak to a lady, mister!'

'What lady?' His mouth spewed out the old derisive speech before he knew what had happened. 'Shut your chops afore I shut 'em for you!'

'Bruno!'

'Let's get out o' here, quick.'

'Yes, and you better!' the woman shouted. 'First you ain't married and now bad language on top on it. I'll git the police.'

'You call the police and I'll strangle you,' he said.

Gerda was frightened. He pushed the woman outside the door, slamming it. 'Come on, let's hop it.'

She hastily packed the valise, really frightened, her face sick. He had no notion of fear and stormed downstairs, livid, hardly knowing what he did. At the foot of the stairs the woman came out of the glass-doored peephole sitting room, shouting again, 'My husband's aboard ship, and lucky for you he is! He'd knock y' into next week.'

He lifted his free arm. She dived back into the sitting room, holding the door. 'Ain't fit to be wi' decent folks! Dirty-minded way o' carrying on!'

Gerda and Bruno went out into the street. The door slammed and he walked away quickly, in a frenzy, not caring where he went or what happened. She followed, frightened, not speaking. They walked back to the town, found a dining room, and ordered a meal of boiled mutton and onions. The gale was dying a little, the white clouds kinder and slower. Gerda sat quiet, not eating much.

'Don't worry about it,' he said.

'I am worried,' she said.

'Don't you see? She had no business searching the valise,' he said. 'She dare n't do anything. It's all right.'

'Yes. But it would be better if I went to-night.'

He knew then that her mind, like his own, was in reality already made up. That afternoon she went back to the shipping office and paid her passage in a boat leaving that evening at six o'clock.

Just before the boat left he went on board with her and down to her small cabin. The boat was going, not to Germany, but to Rotterdam, and Gerda was sharing the cabin with a Dutchwoman, who lay on her bunk, ready to be seasick. They said good-bye in the presence of the Dutchwoman, kissing each other again in the passage outside, and then went back on deck.

Soon after six o'clock he stood on the quay and lifted his hand. On deck Gerda's head stood out magnificently, a heavy mass of gold against a sky of blue storminess lying out to east. She lifted her hand too, waved it. She was not crying. She stood statuesque, except for the moving arm, as though unutterably calm.

Just before the boat made the open sea he saw her name scrolled on the stern: *The Northern Belle*. He read it, fixing it in his mind, and a moment later Gerda held her hand still in the air, not waving it, for the last time.

That same evening, two hours after the boat had sailed, he set out for London.

XIX

'Ash Wilmer, Brakes and Wagonettes, Landaus for Hire, Funeral Arrangements,' was where he stopped on the following afternoon, a mile out of Stratford. He had been looking for some kind of place all day, hoping to sell the horse and trap.

'Whad'ye think we are?' Wilmer said. 'Knackers?'

'It's a good horse.'

'When was it? I don't see no good horse about it. Another thing, we ain't got no use for nothing only blacks. Owing to the funerals, like.'

'Dye it.'

'Eh?' The joke filtered slowly down through the fat layers of the man's mind. He was a bony man with perpetually open mouth, as though suffering from some aggravated form of adenoids. He took the joke seriously. 'Would n't do in the London trade. No, sorry, could n't make you no offer.'

'All right. I'll get on.'

'Tell you what,' Wilmer said. 'You like to leave it here, I'll do what I can for you. If we don't sell it we'll use it for wagonette work. Make it earn its keep if nothing else.'

'All right.'

'Goin' be in London long?'

'I don't know,' Bruno said; 'that I don't know.'

He left the horse and trap and walked on through Stratford, Bow, and Whitechapel in the darkening afternoon. He had a little over eight pounds in his pocket. He walked slowly, stolidly, as though going with deliberation to a given point. His mind had the dead lumpishness of cheese. About eight o'clock he had wandered as far as Clerkenwell. He had begun then to look into shops, stopping often, resting his feet. He had hardly begun to think about sleeping. Slightly hungry again, he looked into the windows of eating places, pubs, dining rooms, reading bills of fare: steak, trotters, hot peas, cuts from the joint, tripe, fried fish. He stood looking at a plate-glass window steamed from within by the frying of fish dipped in pans of batter.

He walked slowly on. And when, a little later, he saw a barber's shop he went in and sat in the chair and shut his eyes, letting himself be shaved in a world of relief and darkness. As he sat there he began to think about sleeping. He had money; it was all right. He came out of the barber's feeling better, but still vacant. Then a little later he stood and looked into a small bookshop, reading the titles under the sizzling gas-lights, fascinated a little, coming slowly

out of the stupor produced by sickness, strange surroundings, and the shock of Gerda's departure.

He looked into the bookshop for a quarter of an hour and then decided to go in. 'What sorta books you want? You want books on philosophy, religion? Summink like that?' The bookseller, a tall gray-haired Jew with thick glasses, peered him up and down. Bruno did not know what to say. He looked round, stared at the bookshelves as though they were piles of bricks, and felt briefly helpless. He thought suddenly of Gerda, the small bookstall in the market, the German books. 'If she were with me,' he thought, 'it would be all right.'

He stayed looking at the books for half an hour. 'You decided on anything? Because if you ain't I wanta shut up shop.'

Suddenly he decided to tell the bookseller how he was fixed: his first time in London, not knowing where to sleep, everything.

'You want a room? That it? You don't mind what sorta room?'

'No.'

'Ah, I dunno, I'm sure — I dunno, I'm sure. Can I trust you?'

'Yes.'

'I gotta room just offa Rosebery Avenue. Ain't much. No bed, just a couch. I just keep my surplus stock there.'

'I don't mind what it is.'

'All right. You can walk with me that way. I show you what it's like.'

He walked through the streets with the bookseller, who took him up three flights of stairs in a house off Rosebery Avenue. The room was about twelve feet square and lined on all sides with books, with an old leather couch in one corner. 'You think you can manage?'

'Yes, I'll manage. Thanks. It's all right.'

He listened to the bookseller go clumping down the bare wooden stairs, hearing the clang of the street door at the bottom. He lay down on the couch

without undressing. After a time he dozed a little and then woke. He could hear the sound of rain spilling and hissing off roofs and gutters, and for a long time he lay listening to it: London rain, strange rain falling on what was for him a strange place — the rain perhaps, he thought, of a new life.

In the morning he went round the corner from the bookshop to the eating house recommended by the bookseller: a dark little place, bare wooden tables, mustard spilled and dried on the cruet. He had lumpy porridge and a mug of tea, a tin spoon to eat and stir with. Eating, he looked out on the opposite wall of the alley: sun on gray windows, gray Nottingham curtains, finger writing on the dust-bloom of the glass. So this was it: London. The porridge was semi-cold, thickening like glue. London. What was he going to do? He had eight pounds; he reasoned that it might last him six weeks. He could live rough, poor, used to it. In six weeks he could walk all over London.

In this mood of confidence he went back to the bookshop. 'Work? I dunno, I'm sure. What kinda work?'

'I been in business.'

'Where? What kinda business?'

'Leather.'

The bookseller thought a minute. 'Well, there's a man in Bermondsey, a factor. What he don't sell ain't worth selling. Israel Kahn. Sells everything.'

'Where's Bermondsey?'

'I forgot you don't know.' He gave directions. 'You jus' keep asking your way. Where you goin' to sleep to-night? You want the room?'

'Can I have it?'

'You be here at nine.'

He walked to Bermondsey, losing his way, asking it again, feeling himself in an iron prison of streets, the sky slit into gray rectangles above endless gray roofs, the mist lifting reluctantly off the river, the air sulphur-sour, tiring his eyes. Towards noon he found the warehouse of I. Kahn and Co., entrance like

a tunnel, a crane suspended over two upstairs street doors, bales of belly leather lying outside on the pavement.

In the warehouse he saw a small spectacled Jew with pencil and paper, checking more bales of bellies. 'Mr. Kahn?'

'No. In the office. Upstairs. Knock and wait.'

He went upstairs to the first-floor warehouse, walls stacked with boxes, bales of lining, bundles of hessian, and knocked at the door of the partitioned office, very like the office he had put up for himself in Castor. After three or four minutes a voice made a sort of bubbling bellow beyond the glass. He went in. 'Mr. Kahn? I come from Mr. Paul Oppenheim.' A big egg-bald Jew sat on a high round stool, squabbling over.

'Vad Mr. Paul Oppenheim? Dere must be a million Paul Oppenheims.'

Bruno told him, explained why he had come.

'Ah, de bookseller? Vy n't you say so?' He looked half through, half over thick bulbous spectacles. 'Vell, I don't know vad you can do, but can you do it?'

'I been in this business. In leather.' 'Vere?'

Bruno told him.

'I never heard of it.' He looked suspicious. 'Still it ain't vere you been, it's vad you know. Come here. Come outside.' Kahn waddled out into the warehouse, padding on rubber slippers. 'Vad you know about leather?' He pulled the pink tapes of rolls of upper leather, brown and black. 'Show us.' He fingered with large soapy hands a skin of russet calf. 'Vad is 'is?'

'Willow.'

'An' vad is 'is?' Small skins of goat. 'Glacé.'

'An' vad is 'is?' Rolls of kip, greasy. 'Army.'

Kahn suddenly exploded. 'Army! Willow! Glacé! Git out! Git out afore I don't do something!' Kahn raised balled white hands, dithering, his eyes jellied with anger. 'For my mother's sake get

out afore I don't do something I am sorry for! Go on! Get out!' He flopped his hands in a last effect of despaired protestation. 'Git out!'

Bruno went down and into the street without a word. Defeated, he walked out into Bermondsey, riverwards, pointlessly, his chance gone. He walked slowly, hardly thinking. He went as far as the river, and from the end of London Bridge stood and looked downstream, towards the sea. The sea, Gerda, Germany. He groped about for confidence. Why had certain things happened, why was he here? Much more, where was he going? He walked across the river. Thin autumn sun lay like silver oil film on the water. The river moved thickly, with sleepy-muscle current. His mind reacted to the sight of it, felt just so heavy, moving without direction, laboriously impelled by sombre forces. Over the river he found a place to eat. Hot sausage, bread, potatoes, gravy into which he mopped the bread. Food again aroused a feeling of confidence, not strong, but living. What now?

He went on like this for another three or four days, then for another three or four weeks: up and down, courage ebbing and flowing according to the food he ate or according to the prospects of the moment. Each day he pared off a thin shaving of his money, as a man pares off the rind of cheese. He began to know London, yet he remained lost, trying to find himself. He tried to get work, burrowing in the back ways of city alleys, warehouse cellars, shops, factories, anywhere.

He had odd jobs, lasting a day, half a day. Once sandwich-boarding: 'Rescue the Heathen! God's Mission to Darkest Africa! Meeting To-night.' Once hand-bills, tramping all day through Walworth, down to Camberwell, pushing bills under doors and in letter boxes: 'Progress or Poverty? Capital or Labor? Socialism or Starvation?' — walking through thin sooty November rain until he could feel it seeping down to his chest,

the bills masses of pink blotting pulp in his hands, the fiery message extinguished. Standing in queues, turning away at their breaking up, eating in back-alley eating houses, he heard about him the growl of discontent, a rumor to cut wages of everything from an eighth to a half, anger, discontent, the mumble of empty bellies. He had come to London to feel the sting of the flipped tail of a trade depression and did not know it.

It was now November, and his money dropped below the five-pound mark by the end of the month. He saw the bookseller getting restless. He had so far paid nothing for the room, had done nothing. Kindness had gone as far as it could, farther than he had reason to expect. On the last day of November the bookseller explained how things were, how he would need the room for more books, but there was no need for this evasive, kindly method of eviction. Bruno understood, and on the first of the next month was out in the street. He spent all that day on the south side of the river, looking for rooms, up and down squalid stairs to the attics and basements of Walworth.

By evening he was on the verge of defeat, rooms dearer than he had expected. He had set himself a price, five shillings, less if he could get it. He tried bargaining. Landladies squawked at him until one said: 'You ain't thought about sharing a room? I got a room you could share for three-and-six. Ain't got no gas, that's all.'

'Gas don't matter,' he said, and followed her up dark feet-splintered stairs to see, on the top floor, the room about which she spoke. The door was open. 'The catch ain't very good,' she said. 'It shuts if you bang it proper.' He walked in, holding the candle she had brought. What struck him first was that the room had no window, only a small thick-glassed skylight. He saw a low iron bed, a chair, a chamber on the bare boards, caught the dust-fetid odor of a room into which even the street air had never penetrated. 'Where's the other

bed?' he said. 'Well,' the landlady said, 'I gotta get that up from downstairs. My daughter's been sleeping on it. It's all right, it's a good bed, only I ain't got nobody to help me up with it until Bandy comes in.' 'Who's Bandy?' he said, and she said, 'Bandy? He's the bloke what'll share the room with you if you take it.'

'I'll take it,' he said.

He went out again. He bought a loaf and a quarter of cheese and then, after about half an hour, went back to the room. He wanted to eat, think if he could, sleep. As the street door clanged and he began to climb the stairs, feet hollow-thumping the rotten boards, the landlady shot out her head from a downstairs door. 'Oh, it's you! Thought it was Bandy.' He stopped on the stairs. 'I can help you up with the bed if you like,' he said. She lifted her hands in surprise, thanks. 'You're a Christian,' she said. 'Which,' she said, as they carried up the bed in sections, iron slats flapping and rattling together and on the bare stairs, 'is more than Bandy is. He's a atheist.'

'What's that?'

'Don't believe in God.'

They slotted and screwed the bed together, she spreading the one bed-stained, iron-moulded blanket. Going, she put her head back round the door: 'And keep your mince pies open.'

'Eh?'

'Your mince pies. Your eye pies. Peepers. Keep 'em skinned. Your optics.'

'It's like that, is it?' he said.

'It's like that,' she said.

Taking off his boots, he lay on the bed. The room was cold. He lay and ate about a quarter of the loaf and the cheese. It was quite dark. He had forgotten to buy a candle. 'Must remember it,' he thought.

After he had eaten he got up off the bed and groped about for a place in which to keep the bread and cheese. He could find nothing, no cupboard,

and finally he put it in its newspaper under the bed.

He woke a long time later, to know that someone was in the room. A candle had been lighted. He saw a man taking off his waistcoat. The man turned, full into the candlelight. He saw a narrow, spectacled face, hair thinning at the temples, a studless shirt revealing a neck that seemed to have undergone some persistent pressure of iron. In his hand the man was holding collar, tie, and dicky bit. 'Ullo,' he said, 'you're awake.'

'How do?' Bruno said. 'My name's Shadbolt.'

'Bandy,' the other said. 'Mine. Clerk to Portslade and Wimbush, city. Ever hear of 'em?'

'No.'

'God help you if you do.'

'I thought,' Bruno said, 'you did n't believe in God.'

'Who said so?'

'Her downstairs. She let it slip.'

'As a figure of speech, yes. As an entity, no. That's all.'

Bruno lay silent, trying to figure it out.

'What time is it?' he said at last.

'Two. Just after.'

'Where you been?'

'Stocktaking,' the clerk said. 'Past twelve last night. Past one to-night. What do you do?'

'Nothing.'

'A capitalist.'

They laughed, the clerk tired, bitter.

Bruno lay silent.

The clerk went on talking, undressing, haranguing Bruno as though glad of a long-delayed chance of oratory: prolonged and involved talk of theoretical socialism, trade-unions, coöperative movements, the desire, the necessity for socializing the state by violence, talk of a man named Marx, another named Hyndman. He lay down on the bed, eyes on the ceiling, tired face rejuvenated by passion and the possession of an audience. He talked of plans and, getting up, pulled from under his bed a large tin trunk, which he opened. He set the

candle on the lid and from a mass of books and papers began to take out rolled sheets tied with office tape. He opened them briefly, letting them snap back like roller blinds. 'Plans. Diagrams. Plans of every important vantage point, every important building in London.' He spoke with a slight fanaticism, with the inspired incoherence of a man who has taken an excessive stimulant. 'They are the plans to smash the existing system of chaos. Chaos, yes — capitalistic chaos, chaos, chaos.'

'What are you?' said Bruno.

'I'm an anarchist,' he said.

He folded up his papers, put out the candle, and lay talking for a long time, not tired now, telling Bruno of meetings, secrecy, drumming out the theory of anarchy against chaos like a man playing the same hysterical tune over and over again on the keys of a piano slightly out of tune. In occasional bars of coherence, he spoke of a meeting that week. 'The night after next. You must come. In a church off the Waterloo Road. It'll be held like a church meeting, so that there can't be trouble. We have to guard against that. Suppression of meeting and so forth. You'll hear all the best speakers.'

He had gone when, about eight o'clock next morning, Bruno woke; but he had left the candle end. Bruno lit it and, stupefied from sleeping brokenly in the small airless room, groped under the bed for the bread and cheese. He could not find it. He went down on his hands and knees to look for it, bringing the candle closer. Then he saw a piece of bread, then another, and picked them up; and then saw how, in the night, rats had torn his loaf to pieces, carrying away the cheese altogether, gnawing the paper to shreds.

He put on his boots and coat and went downstairs, out into the street. It was raining. The tops of tenements had the dull shininess of lead sepulchres. He felt courage sink and curdle into a mass of sour dejection; thought became nullified.

(To be continued)



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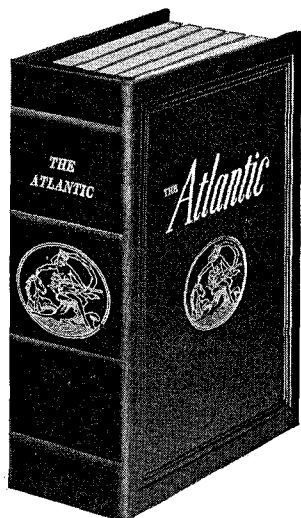
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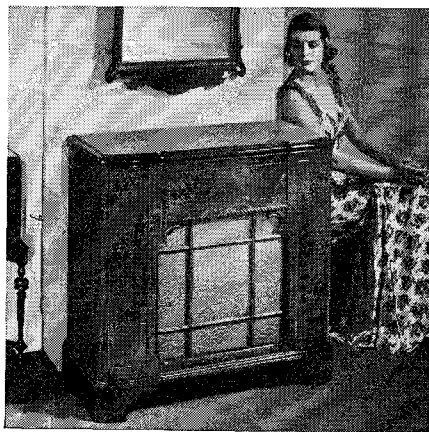
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